

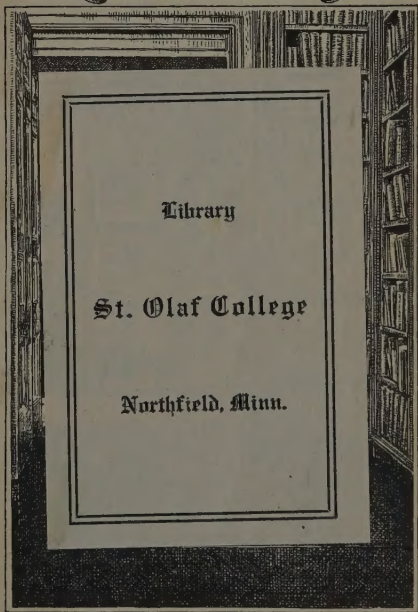
# MEDIEVAL TOWNS



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*The Story of Edinburgh*

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*James IV.*

*The Story of* **Edinburgh**  
*by* **Oliphant Smeaton**  
*Illustrated by* **Herbert Railton**  
*and* **J. Ayton Symington**



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## PREFACE

THE present edition of *Edinburgh*, though based on the larger volume published last year, is altogether an independent work and contains a considerable amount of matter which was not in its predecessor. It has been almost entirely re-written, and most of the chapters have been completely recast.

In response to the wishes of several of my critics and of private friends, I should have liked to say more, first with respect to the recent architectural development of Edinburgh along the best lines of artistic progress, also regarding the great debt the City owes in this connection to Professor Patrick Geddes for the details of his Outlook Tower Scheme; and second, respecting the intimate reciprocal influence exercised in Scotland and its capital by the Church and Literature upon each other's welfare. Space, however, did not here permit, but I hope during the coming winter (1905-6) to deliver two courses of lectures—to be published in book form at an early date—on these subjects, the first under the auspices of the Outlook Tower Committee, and the second under those of the United Free Church's Christian

## Preface

Training Scheme, when I shall supplement what may be lacking here on these two points.

I must express my obligations to Mr. William Cowan of the Edinburgh Bibliographical Society, the erudite author of *The Holyrood Press* and kindred works, for having given me the benefit of his great historical and topographical knowledge of Edinburgh, by reading the proofs. I am also indebted to Professor Niecks, Mus. Doc., of the Reid Chair of Music in Edinburgh University, for enabling me to reply to certain criticisms on early Scottish Music. To those who assisted me in the larger volume and who again have been so ready to help in furthering the interests of this one, both as regards Scottish ecclesiastical affairs past, present and future, and general social and literary history, Rev. Principal Rainy, D.D., the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Whyte, Rev. Dr. Robson, Mr. Taylor Innes, Miss Eve Simpson, daughter of the late Professor Sir James Simpson, M.D., Mr. John Geddie of the *Scotsman*, Mr. David Graham, the well-known dramatist and critic, Mr. George Stronach, M.A., of the Advocates' Library, and to many others who, if unnamed, are not unremembered, I would again make grateful acknowledgments.

O. S.

THE GRANGE,  
EDINBURGH, *August* 1905.

# CONTENTS

## CHAPTER I

<i>"Queen of the North"</i>	PAGE
	I

## CHAPTER II

<i>Edinburgh under the Stuarts to the end of the Reign of James II.</i>	15
---	----

## CHAPTER III

<i>In the Reign of James II.</i>	22
----------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER IV

<i>In the Reign of James III.</i>	33
-----------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER V

<i>In the Reign of James IV.</i>	49
----------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER VI

<i>In the Reign of James V.</i>	56
---------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VII

<i>In the Reign of Mary</i> . . . . .	PAGE 64
---------------------------------------	------------

CHAPTER VIII

<i>In the Reign of James VI.</i> . . . .	83
--	----

CHAPTER IX

<i>From the Union of the Crowns to the Union of the Kingdoms, 1603-1707</i> . . . .	98
---	----

CHAPTER X

<i>From the Union of the Kingdoms to the Rebellion of 1745</i> . . . . .	119
--	-----

CHAPTER XI

<i>From the Rebellion to the Present Time</i> . . .	125
---	-----

CHAPTER XII

<i>Edinburgh Castle</i> . . . . .	140
-----------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIII

<i>The Castlehill and the Lawnmarket</i> . . .	155
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV

<i>The Parliament Square and St. Giles' Church</i> .	174
--	-----

# Contents

## CHAPTER XV

	PAGE
<i>From St. Giles' to the Tron Church</i> . . .	192

## CHAPTER XVI

<i>From the Tron Church to St. Mary Street</i> .	207
--	-----

## CHAPTER XVII

<i>The Canongate : from St. Mary's Wynd to the Girth Strand</i> . . . . .	222
---	-----

## CHAPTER XVIII

<i>The Abbey and Palace of Holyrood</i> . . .	243
---	-----

## CHAPTER XIX

<i>The Cowgate, Grassmarket, Portsburgh, King's Stables</i> . . . . .	262
---	-----

## CHAPTER XX

<i>Princes Street and the Older Parts of the New Town</i> . . . . .	281
---	-----

## CHAPTER XXI

<i>The Older Parts of the New Town</i> . . .	304
--	-----

## CHAPTER XXII

<i>Modern Parts of the New Town</i> . . .	322
---	-----

CHAPTER XXIII

<i>From the Post Office by George IV. Bridge to</i>	PAGE
<i>Tollcross . . . . .</i>	332

CHAPTER XXIV

<i>The Southern Suburbs . . . . .</i>	363
---------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXV

<i>The Northern Environs . . . . .</i>	372
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVI

<i>The Southern Environs . . . . .</i>	390
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVII

<i>The Academic and Literary Associations of</i>	
<i>Edinburgh . . . . .</i>	400



## ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
<i>St. Margaret's Chapel</i> . . . . .	9
<i>The Castle, as it was before 1573</i> . . . . .	13
<i>Holyrood Palace, as it was before the fire of 1650.</i>	
<i>After Gordon of Rothiemay</i> . . . . .	29
<i>Trinity Hospital, Women's Ward</i> . . . . .	35
<i>The Flodden Wall</i> . . . . .	53
<i>Palace of Mary of Guise and the Laus Deo</i>	
<i>House</i> . . . . .	71
<i>The West Bow and Lawnmarket</i> . . . . .	163
<i>Bailie Macmorran's House</i> . . . . .	167
<i>Gladstone's Land</i> . . . . .	172
<i>Creech's Shop in the Luckenbooths</i> . . . . .	177
<i>The Old Parliament House</i> . . . . .	179
<i>Plan of St. Giles'</i> . . . . .	189
<i>Door Heads, Advocates' Close</i> . . . . .	194
<i>Advocates' Close</i> . . . . .	195
<i>Clerihugh's Tavern</i> . . . . .	196
<i>The Union Cellar</i> . . . . .	202

	PAGE
<i>The Black Turnpike and the Town Guard House</i>	205
<i>The House of Cardinal Beaton, Blackfriars Wynd</i>	211
<i>The Nether Bow Port</i>	215
<i>Paul's Work</i>	225
<i>Morocco Land</i>	228
<i>Moray House</i>	235
<i>The White Horse Inn, near Holyrood</i>	239
<i>The Great Western Doorway</i>	255
<i>Queen Mary's Bath</i>	258
<i>Palfrey's Inn, in the Cowgate</i>	265
<i>College Wynd</i>	267
<i>The Magdalen Chapel</i>	270
<i>The Gibbet at the foot of the West Bow</i>	273
<i>No. 39 Castle Street, Edinburgh</i>	297
<i>St. Mary's Cathedral</i>	323
<i>Greyfriars Church</i>	337
<i>The Old University</i>	345
<i>Potterrow</i>	347
<i>The New Medical School</i>	351
<i>The Royal Infirmary</i>	357
<i>Dalkeith Palace</i>	393
<i>Lasswade Cottage</i>	395
<i>Plan of Edinburgh</i>	facing 417



## CHAPTER I

### *"Queen of the North"*

"... thou fair city disarrayed  
Of battled war and rampart's aid;  
As stately seems but lovelier far  
Than in that panoply of war."

SUCH is the picture presented to the mind's eye, of that city whose name Walter Scott has indissolubly interlinked with his own in the phrase of fond appropriation, "*mine own romantic town.*" Upon him, as upon others of her sons before and since, the glamour of Edinburgh's solemn but seductive beauty continued strong from youth to age, and during his last illness, when the great intellect was already under eclipse, he constantly recalled "sights and scenes" in the "High Street and Canongate," every ancient building of which he knew so well. A better description of Edinburgh could scarcely be desired than that given in *Marmion* by Scotland's mightiest minstrel. After the English envoy and his guide, "Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, Lord Lyon

## The Story of Edinburgh

King-at-Arms," had reached the rounded summit of Blackford Hill on their journey to the Scottish Capital, and admired the fair scene around them, they let their gaze travel onward to—

“ Where the huge castle holds its state,  
And all the steep slope down,  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky  
Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
Mine own romantic town.”

If her claims to beauty could be urged then, with stronger reason may they be pressed now. Not alone the partiality of a Caledonian causes me to say that few fairer spots exist on earth, whether we view her charms from the vantage ground immortalised by Scott, or from “Arthur’s Seat,” whose altitude of 800 feet commands, under favouring conditions, a prospect of some seven or eight counties, from the banks of Forth to the hills overlooking Tweed.

On a clear May morning, one of those whereof Chaucer loved to sing, let us ascend the hill, early enough to admire the glorious landscape before the smoke from those countless chimneys, which has earned for Edinburgh the *sobriquet* “Auld Reekie,” has cast a haze over the scene. If young and agile, we shall probably scale the hill on its western side, where the feet of innumerable climbers throughout ages past have worn steps in the grassy slope; if the grey frost of years has tinged our hair, or the snows of age lie deep upon us, we shall probably prefer the easier path which advances on the eastern side from the shores of Dunsappie Loch by a gentle ascent, until the “pinch” is reached leading to the summit. Fortunately this steep portion of the track continues but for a short distance. Presently the top is reached called “King Arthur’s Chair.” Here, tradition records, the

## *“Queen of the North”*

monarch witnessed a battle between his followers (the Britons of the kingdom of Calatria) and the Picts, in which he contributed to the success of the issue by an expedient somewhat similar to that by which Moses ensured victory to the Israelites over the Amalekites at the Rock of Rephidim.

Only scenes of peace and rural beauty, however, greet the gaze of those who seat themselves in the “Chair” to-day. The vivid emerald of the embosoming woods, amid which in spring the city seems to nestle, contrasts with the deeper green of the grassy hills encircling it. On the north shimmers “the silver streak” of the estuary of the Forth, dotted with islands and the “white wings” of the shipping, while in the background is unfolded the panoramic view of the fertile fields in the “Kingdom of Fife.” Eastward, the estuary broadens into the noble expanse of what might be termed, as it was by some geographers last century, the “Bit” or “Bight of Eskmouth,” studded from Leith to Aberlady with seaboard villages and hamlets gleaming white in the sunshine, while from the blue waters of the Frith, the country rises gently in undulating slopes of exquisitely diversified landscape, towards the mountain range of the Lammermoors that bars the horizon. On the south are the rounded outlines of the Pentlands, the Lammermoors, the Moorfoots, and in the far south-west is misty Tinto, robed in the romantic azure of distance. Westward, the eye luxuriates over the rural contrasts of grove and meadow, of crag and stream, which present themselves in that long, rich strath that stretches towards Linlithgow. Verily a marvellously varied picture instinct with life, light and colour!

Edinburgh—or Edwinsburgh—has its foundation lost amidst the mists of a hoary antiquity. Its Castle was, in all probability, in existence long before the town—the latter possibly springing up around the fortress, the

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

protection and shelter of which were invoked in time of war. The name it bears is that of a comparatively modern Saxon king, Edwin of Deira, who, after his victory over Aethelfrith of Bernicia (A.D. 629), established it as his northern outpost. Long prior to that event, however, the huge, beetling rock, whereon the Castle stands, and which Sir Roderick Murchison proved must in distant prehistoric times have been washed on all sides by the sea, had been a fortress of almost impregnable strength, held first by the Picts and then by the Britons. It was certainly associated with that hero of romance, King Arthur, who gave his name to more than one of the outstanding physical features of the district. Some, of course, deny the existence of such a personage, but there can be little doubt that a man and a monarch bearing the name was in some manner associated with the entire western districts of Britain from Bristol to Dumbarton.

As the Greeks enthroned their Zeus in Olympus and out of a great warrior and administrator evolved the "Father of the Gods," so the half-mythical, half-historical heroes of the Western tribes were magnified into monarchs of surpassing greatness, physical as well as moral. That the Britons were intimately connected with the territory now called the "Lothians," in which were comprised the kingdoms of "Calatria" and "Bernicia," has been recently shown to be probable by both Mr. Andrew Lang and Professor Hume Brown. The British kingdom of Strathclyud extended from Wales up to the rock of Alcluyd (Dumbarton), and doubtless the intercourse between the districts was both frequent and close.

The early history of the district now called "Midlothian" is, however, so wrapped in the haze of romance and legend that it is not easy to discern the real figure of the great British Chieftain, "the blame-



## *“Queen of the North”*

less King” of the Tennysonian “Idylls,” or to trace even the more prominent features of his career. That one of his name waged fierce war with the Saxon kings of Northumbria and that many of his great exploits were performed in the district lying between the Tweed and the Forth is at least probable. To enter into any argument as to the authenticity of the Arthurian cycle of legends, and how much of historic fact mingles with fiction, would here be out of place. Suffice it to say that there seems little doubt that Arthur was the leader of those Northern Cymry who afterwards became absorbed in the population of Southern Scotland and of the English Border, and that the Welsh names which occur in such words as Tweed, Teviot, Clyde, Nith, Annan, Esk, Leven, were actually indicative of localities where Arthur waged his “last great conflict in the West,” when British valour made its final stand against Saxon aggression before retiring to the fastnesses of the hills.

For two or three centuries the fact has been known that “Arthur’s head” is preserved, cut out in profile against the rocks of Salisbury Crag. About the middle of the eighteenth century the resemblance of the rock-sculpture to a human face was very marked. Sir Walter Scott delighted to point it out, but even in his day it was disappearing, and now it needs favouring circumstances to enable one to detect it. Standing on the Calton Hill, however, and looking across towards Arthur’s Seat and Salisbury Crag anyone can verify the fact on a clear day, for there, just at the “Cat Nick,” standing out against the deep blue sky, the rugged, advanced edge of the crags presents the profile of a grand, kingly face—not unlike that which Doré has given to Arthur in his famous illustrations of Tennyson’s “Idylls”—looking southward over the hills and dales where he overthrew the Northern kings.

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

We see no reason to doubt that tradition here follows fact and that Arthur, worn out by the protracted struggle, seated himself to rest upon the hill and actually witnessed the battle which for the time checked the advancing Saxons.

The Castle, as has been already stated, was known far and wide as a place of strength as early as the fifth century. During the time it was held by the Britons they called it *Castelb Mynedh Agnedh*, which means, not as some think, the Castle of the Maidens or Virgins, owing to the supposition that there the daughters of the reigning British monarchs were kept during the period of their education—but “the hill of the plain” or “the hill overlooking the plain,” a meaning implying that the fort was used for purposes of observation in times of war. The prospect from it is, of course, of a most extensive character. Edwin of Deira, having conquered Aethelfrith of Bernicia, gained the throne of Northumbria. Among the Britons he made his power very strongly felt. That he might more effectively hold them in check, he occupied their rock fortress and built a new one, with a village attached, and this may be said to have been the origin of “the town of Edinburgh” or “Edwinsburgh.” By the Gaelic-speaking population of the Strathclyd, it was called “Dun-Edin”—hill or fort of Edwin, a form often used by Scott, and which has given a name to one of the largest cities in New Zealand. George Buchanan, the tutor of James VI., Latinised it as “Edina,” which also has become a favourite with our modern minstrels.

Protected by the Castle, the little Saxon hamlet increased in course of time and gradually stretched eastward towards the base of the crags. The protection of the fortress was not always effective. Shortly after the middle of the seventh century the Picts swept

## “*Queen of the North*”

down on the township and well-nigh destroyed it, to be almost exterminated in their turn by the warriors from the Castle, who unexpectedly returning from some expedition were in time to take their revenge. For at least three-fourths of the seventh century Edinburgh was rather a Saxon or Northumbrian than a Scots town. This is shown by the fact that the kings of Northumbria frequently resided there and kept their Court in the Castle. But in 685, in the great battle of Nectansmere (Dunnichen in Forfarshire), Ecgfrith was defeated and slain by the Pictish King Brudi, and Northumbrian influence was shattered. From that defeat until the year 844, at which time Kenneth MacAlpin united the Scottish and Pictish people, the relations of Picts and Scots to each other gradually became closer, until union resulted. They were thus able to present a firm front to the Angles of Bernicia and the Britons of Strathclyd.

Authentic history may be said to commence with the reign of Malcolm II. (1005-1034), which marks an epoch in Scots history as distinctively as those of Kenneth MacAlpin, David I., Robert I., or James I. The kingdom of Northumbria had again for a brief season risen into greatness and had reasserted its authority over the Lothians, which in those days extended as far as Durham. But in 966 its power had waned, and the territory had been divided by the King of England, on condition of his overlordship being recognised. After one or two reverses, Malcolm in 1018 led his forces into Lothian, for one supreme final effort. Aided by his kinsman, Owen, King of Cumbria, Malcolm met the Northumbrians at Carham, on the Tweed, and inflicted on them a defeat by which nearly the whole of the male population between Tweed and Tees was cut off. By a definite transaction afterward confirmed by King Cnut, all the territory

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

north of the Tweed was added to the kingdom of Scotland. This final cession of Lothian was an event second in importance to none in Scottish history. Had Lothian remained in the possession of England rather than Scotland, Edinburgh would have been an English town and would have probably not risen in importance beyond Berwick or Carlisle. The Battle of Carham, therefore, is an event of supreme moment in the history of the city.

The situation of the great Castle Rock as a point of observation overlooking all the various routes by which any invader could pass northward from the south, or southward from the north, suggested to Malcolm III. (*Ceanmohr* — Bighead) the advisability of erecting such a fortress as would be well-nigh impregnable. Accordingly, he spared neither trouble nor expense in rebuilding the Castle, in which he erected a royal residence wherein he lived with his beautiful and pious wife, Margaret, sister of Edgar the Atheling, and niece of Edward the Confessor, whose fine early Norman chapel is still in existence on the Castle Rock.

The aim of the young queen was to introduce culture and civilisation among the rude and semi-savage people with whom she lived. She also sought, but it is to be feared with scant success, to soften and enlighten her husband.

This princess (since canonised by the Roman Church) resided alternately in the Castle and in Dunfermline Tower; and the place where she crossed the Forth to and from her residences, is still commemorated in "The Queen's Ferry"—marked by two villages on either side the Frith.

Queen Margaret's memory is, however, preserved in connection with the Castle in the Early Norman Chapel, where she was wont to spend much of her time in prayer. Her chamber was situated on the site

## *"Queen of the North"*

of the Argyll Battery adjoining the Chapel, and Sir Daniel Wilson has shown with some probability that this was the veritable spot where the good queen died. Her husband and eldest son had both been slain at the siege of Alnwick Castle (November 13, 1093) and, as



Turgot, her confessor, tells us, on the fourth day after the king's death, before the news reached her, the queen—who then appears to have been dying of decline, induced by her ascetic life—went into her oratory to hear Mass, and having partaken of the Sacrament returned to her bed. She then asked to have the sacred relic, the Black Rood, alleged to be a piece of the true cross, brought to her, and was still grasping it when her second son entered the room and told the

## The Story of Edinburgh

sad tidings of Malcolm's death. Thereupon, raising her eyes and hands towards heaven, the saintly queen thanked God even for His trials of her faith, and passed peacefully away.

Edinburgh was not suffered to retain her hallowed dust. Scarcely had the king's death been announced, when his brother, Donalbain, who had caused himself to be proclaimed king in conformity with the ancient law of *tanistry*, surrounded the Castle with a force of savage Highlanders, bent on slaughtering his nephews, so as to obtain undisputed possession of the Crown. Through the postern or "Sally port," still existing on the western side of the ramparts, the youths escaped to find refuge in England; while by the same means Turgot conveyed the remains of the Queen for interment to Dunfermline, favoured in his design by a dense mist, which was ascribed to supernatural agency.

Her son Edgar returned to defeat his usurping uncle and recover the kingdom, but died shortly afterwards in Edinburgh Castle. By his brother, David I., who succeeded him, the land at the foot of the Castle Rock, a tangled wilderness of brambles, gorse, and thick underwood, interspersed with deep pools and dangerous morasses, was converted into a garden.

From the statements of Boece we obtain at once a confirmation of our idea that Edinburgh was at this time little better than a congeries of mud huts nestling under the shadow of the Castle, and a vivid picture of the exceedingly contracted limits of the town. He informs us that King David, who in the fourth year of his reign was residing at the Castle of Edinburgh, then surrounded by "ane gret forest," was induced to go out hunting on the day of the Holy Rood, and nearly lost his life, owing to an attack made upon him by an infuriated stag, which eventually was scared by the sight of a cross, mysteriously thrust into the king's hand.



## *"Queen of the North"*

That same night the "sair saunct to the Croon" was warned in a dream to build a monastery for the canons regular of the Augustinian order, on the exact spot where God had interposed to save his life. Thus the Abbey of Holyrood was endowed, though the actual building was not commenced until a later date.

David I. was henceforward so earnest in his piety and so generous a benefactor to the clergy that he extorted the angry jibe from James I., "Humph, he was a sair saunct to the Croon." Our present interest in him lies in the fact that he materially strengthened the Castle, erecting several of the outworks, in particular building the great Norman Keep, of which fragments are still to be traced in the lower portion of the Argyll Tower over the "Portcullis Gate." The Castle was for many years a royal residence, though Holyrood in times of peace shared the honour. Round the fortress a considerable town sprang up, which David referred to as enjoying the privileges of a burgh in his charter of 1128.

Almost from the first Edinburgh was regarded as a place of importance. In 1215 Alexander II. held a Parliament here, and in 1235 a provincial Synod of the Church met in the town, presided over by the Pope's Legate. The kings of Scotland were, it is true, crowned at Scone, but Edinburgh ranked as one of the four royal burghs, the others being Stirling, Roxburgh and Berwick.

References occur in contemporary chronicles to the residence in the Castle of all the successors of David I. down to the age of Edward I. It was the home of Margaret, daughter of Henry III., the girl-wife of Alexander III., who, however, complained of it as "a sad and solitary place without verdure and by reason of its vicinity to the sea unwholesome."

After the tragic death of Alexander in 1286, and

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

throughout the wars of the Scottish Succession, the Castle was held by Edward I. of England, having been captured by him in June 1291, after a siege of fifteen days; and in May 1296, within the church of the fortress, he received the submission of many of the nobles of the kingdom as their "Lord Paramount," to be followed two months later by the sworn fealty of the "alderman of the town," William de Dederyk.

Twice was the Castle captured and recaptured during the patriotic struggle of Robert Bruce, and on being finally taken by the Scots, under Randolph, Bruce ordered it to be dismantled.

The narrative of these assaults and captures is full of thrilling incidents. The Castle was in 1312 among the few places held by the English in Scotland, and its surprise by Thomas Randolph, nephew of Robert Bruce and afterwards Earl of Moray, was a splendid example of cool daring.

Another noteworthy capture of the Castle by the Scots is recorded as having taken place twenty-nine years later. Once more the English held the fortress, Edward III. having rebuilt it in 1336, as soon as he had temporarily wrested the country from David II., the worthless son of the great Bruce. This time the hero was Sir William Douglas of Liddesdale, but the stratagem was devised by an ex-priest, William Bullock.

King David, who returned to Scotland from France, only to fall a prisoner into the hands of the Southrons, after the disastrous defeat of Neville's Cross, was ransomed by the chief towns of his kingdom, each becoming security for the annual payment of a certain proportion of the sum exacted—viz., 100,000 marks. In making this engagement, which was enacted and sanctioned by a Parliament held at Edinburgh in 1357, the representatives of seventeen burghs were parties, and of these Edinburgh for the



The Castle  
as it was before  
1578.

first time stood at the head. On his return from captivity in England King David II. resided in the Castle and may be said to have completed the restoration of the fortress begun by the officers of Edward III. To assist him in rendering it as impregnable as possible, he called to his aid the military and engineering experience of John, Earl of Carrick (afterwards Robert III.), who, fresh from the French wars, was familiar with all the current modes of fortification. At the request of the king he erected that lofty tower which stood on the northern side of the fortress, and long bore the name "David's Tower." So impregnable did Carrick make the Castle, that in 1400 it was able to resist successfully the assaults of Henry IV. David II. died in the tower referred to in 1370, and was buried at Holyrood, terminating in his person the direct line of the Bruce.

Here ends the first epoch in the history of Edinburgh. The town hitherto has scarcely been worthy of the name. It was then but a small "burgh" or rather "village," the houses of which, because they were so often exposed to incursions from England, being for the most part thatched with straw and turf. When burned or demolished, therefore, they were soon restored. When an overwhelming host crossed the Borders and poured down in irresistible fury upon the neighbouring Lowlands, the citizens as soon as they had been warned by "the bale-fire's gleam," drove off their cattle, concealed their more bulky wealth, even carrying away the straw roofing of their houses as some security against a conflagration, and left the enemy to wreak his futile vengeance upon the walls, which could be replaced almost ere the retreating foe had reached their homes.

## CHAPTER II

### *Edinburgh under the Stuarts to the end of the Reign of James II.*

EDINBURGH was distinctively the city of the Stuarts. Although not founded by that gay, accomplished, improvident race, whose very faults seemed to render them dearer to their people, the town was extended, beautified, and raised in the scale of national importance during their era. By them, too, it was adopted as the capital of the kingdom, where the seat of justice was located, and where the king himself had his residence.

David II. was succeeded by his nephew Robert II., son of Walter the Steward. From his reign the history of Edinburgh takes definite shape. In 1383, the first of the Stuarts received in the Castle the ambassador of Charles VI. of France, and there (as stated by Froissart, who also describes the town as he saw it), that league of perpetual amity, entered into between the two nations nearly a century before, was formally renewed. In 1385, the truce having ended between England and Scotland, the Duke of Lancaster invaded Scotland and laid Edinburgh in ashes. In this incursion, the old Parish Church of St. Giles suffered severely, only parts of its great central tower being left to mark the place where it stood.

Another item of interest in the annals of the town occurs under date 1383, when the Earl of Carrick (afterwards Robert III.) confers on the burgesses the

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

singular privilege of building houses for themselves "within the Castle walls," owing to the sufferings they had undergone during the previous invasions. The permission was not largely taken advantage of, as the conditions attaching to such residence were inconvenient to householders.

Edinburgh Castle was also the scene of another renewing of the bonds of amity between France and Scotland. In 1390 Robert III. succeeded his father, and in the same year we find the ambassadors of Charles VI. once more in Scotland to obtain the re-affirming of the Treaty of 1383 regarding mutual aid and defence against the English. The reply of Henry IV. to this compact was to revive the ancient claim of supremacy over Scotland. To enforce his demands he appeared before Edinburgh with a large and well-appointed army. He had advanced through a desert, however, where supplies neither for man nor beast were to be obtained. Though he laid siege to the Castle and prosecuted it briskly for some time, the approach of winter, the rain, the cold, and the absence of proper food soon compelled the invader to raise the inglorious siege, and retreat across the Border as rapidly as possible, pursued as usual far into England by his remorseless but almost invisible enemy.

Robert III. and his queen, the once peerlessly beautiful Annabella Drummond (ancestress of the poet of Hawthornden), resided almost wholly in Edinburgh alternately between the Castle and Holyrood Abbey—even in its ecclesiastical state regarded as a semi-royal abode. Not in the town he loved so well was he to die, however, when, heart-broken over the mysterious death of his eldest son, the Duke of Rothesay, and the capture of his second son, James, by the emissaries of Henry IV., he laid down the burden of life. In Bute the sad event took place, in

## *Edinburgh under the Stuarts*

the year 1406, and for eighteen years Scotland was to groan under all the miseries, not only of a minority but of an absentee monarch. Under the regency of the Duke of Albany (1406-1420) Edinburgh became recognised as the "seat of Government." Its Castle was a convenient refuge when nobles proved refractory, and here he could better watch the movements of English invaders or the machinations of such traitors as the renegade Earl of March.

To Albany and to James I., however, Edinburgh owed little. The former was too weak to exercise the influence he wished upon the progress of the town, while the latter preferred Perth as a place of residence. Still, proofs are not lacking that Edinburgh was steadily growing both in size and importance. In 1430 James I. held a brilliant Court in the Abbey. There a singular scene occurred. Donald, Lord of the Isles, one of the nobility who threw off allegiance to the Crown during the regencies of Albany and Murdoch, his son, finding all his attempts to make headway against the king unavailing, appeared and placed his life and lands at the monarch's disposal, when the latter was at Mass in Holyrood. James accepted the submission, and sentenced Donald to a nominal term of imprisonment in the Castle of Tantallon, but the fact that within a few weeks he was standing sponsor for the royal twins, to which the queen gave birth at Holyrood shortly after, proves how short was his incarceration.

Towards the end of James I.'s reign (1437) and the commencement of that of his son, architecture began to make very real progress in the town. The king himself showed the example when he built and endowed the monastery of the Greyfriars which stood on the south side of the Grassmarket, nearly opposite the West Bow. Its spacious gardens are

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

now occupied by Greyfriars Churchyard and the grounds of Heriot's Hospital. The dwelling-houses were rarely more than two storeys in height, and were usually constructed of wood brought from the forests of the Boroughmuir. The danger from fire was great, and this consideration, as much as the growing culture and refinement of the people, led to the introduction of stone edifices. For example, as early as the fourth Parliament of James I.'s reign (1425), we read in the Statute book that "as anents fire, it is seene speedful that the Aldermen, Baillies, or the Governoures of the tounes, see and gif bidding within their tounes that na hempe, lint, stray (straw), haie, hedder nor broome be put near the fire; *item*, that sellers of haie, or fodder in burgh come not to their haie-house with candle but lanterne." Then, as if that were not enough, the legislators come back to the subject, "Item, in ilk burgh there be ordained of the commoun coaste (at the public expense) sex, seven or aught ledders, after the quantity of the burgh, twentie fute the ledder, and that they be kept in a reddie place of the toun and to that use and nane uther under the paine of unlaw. And of the samin wise ther be ordained thre or foure sayes (saws) to the commoun use, and six or maa (more) cleikes of iron to draw downe timber and roofs that are fired."

What a picture this old statute affords us of ancient Edinburgh, with its rude thatched houses, with their wooden galleries and quaint overhanging eaves. How primitive the customs and how happy-go-lucky the whole style of life. For example, when the houses were constructed of materials so inflammable, and when, in addition, each man kept his stock of firewood before his door or somewhere inside the building, one would imagine the common sense of the inhabitants



## *Edinburgh under the Stuarts*

would have deterred them from the practice of carrying lighted torches or "open fire."

James I. was fully conscious of the disadvantages his country had experienced in the past from lack of skill in archery among its people. The battles both of Halidon Hill and Homildon Hill had been decided by the English archers. He therefore enacted in his first Parliament (1 Jac. 1, cap. 17), that "na man playe at the fute-baa (football) under paine of fifetie schillings," but that "all men busk them to be archers fra they be twelfe zeir of aige." For this purpose the butts were prepared in Edinburgh on a green sward at the foot of the Castle Rock, near where the "King's Stables" are now situated. But all his royal anathemas were fruitless. The charms of football exceeded those of archery, and the Scots continued to fight in their own way.

In the time of James I. the Scots, despite their dislike to foreigners, had adopted many of the French customs as regards dress, food, architecture and the furnishing of their houses. Rude though their social economy still was, it exhibited a great change from what had prevailed in the days of Bruce and his son. The existence of inns or "hostillaries," as they were called, is evidence of this. Previous to 1424 we meet with no trace of them. Men lived with their friends while travelling from place to place, or sought shelter in the numerous religious houses. But James, who had come to know the value of such public places of entertainment from his stay in England, encouraged their establishment throughout the country. Apparently, however, this innovation did not win the patronage of the people, for, two years later, the monarch is constrained to take notice of a petition from the innkeepers, that the lieges did not patronise them but abode with friends, and the king is obliged

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

to threaten a penalty against all those who prefer to stay with friends to lodging in the wretched places of accommodation then provided.

To us to-day nothing is more remarkable than the nonchalant manner in which the king and his council interfered with the liberty of the subject. In no matter is this more evident than with regard to the regulation of attire. The Sumptuary Laws of James I. are exceedingly stringent in the rules they lay down. For example, in the Edinburgh of the Poet-king, none might wear silk or costly furring "of martrickes, funzies, purry, nor greater nor richer furring, bot allanerlie (only) Knichtes and Lordes of twa hundred marks at the least of zeir lie rent, and their eldest sonnes and their aires, but (save with) special leave of the king asked and obtained," and none others than they were to wear "broderie (embroidery), pearl nor bulzeone (gold lace), bot array them at their awin list in all their honest arraiments as serpes, belts, brooches, and cheinzies."

Although James I. had but little connection with Edinburgh, his cruel assassination in February 1437, in the Blackfriars Monastery at Perth, raised a storm of indignation which only subsided when the more important conspirators suffered at the Cross of Edinburgh.

We obtain a glimpse of Edinburgh in James I.'s time from the sketch of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, afterwards Pius II., who visited Scotland in 1434.

"The towns have no walls, and the houses are for the most part constructed without lime. The roofs of the houses are made of turf, and the doors of the humbler dwellings of the hides of oxen. The common people are poor and destitute of all refinement. They eat flesh and fish to repletion, and bread only as a dainty. The men are small in stature, bold and forward in temper; the women fair in complexion, comely and pleasing."—(*Commentarii Rerum Memorabilium.*)

## *Edinburgh under the Stuarts*

The long minority of James II., which was to inflict such miseries on Scotland, proved the turning-point in the fortunes of Edinburgh. The preference of James I. for Perth had led to St. Johnstone, as it was called, being regarded as the virtual capital of Scotland; but the assassination of James I. extinguished the hopes of Perth, and after the reign of James II. there was only one metropolis in Scotland—Edinburgh!

## CHAPTER III

### *In the Reign of James II.*

JAMES II., otherwise "James of the Fiery Face," may be styled the foster-father of Edinburgh as we know it to-day. Out of the depth of his affection for his birthplace—for the fact will be remembered that he saw the light in Holyrood and had Donald of the Isles as his sponsor—he sought to make Edinburgh what it really became, "the chief city" in his dominions. His youthful training during his minority led up to this affection for the town. In Edinburgh Castle he resided during the earlier years of his boyhood, and it was from that fortress that he was led in state by the Lords of Parliament down the "Hie Gait" and through the ecclesiastical burgh of the Canongate, until he was brought before the high altar in the Church of Holyrood, and solemnly crowned as James II.

Scarcely had he been brought safely back to the Castle, guarded on the one side by the great Earl of Douglas—Duke of Touraine in France—and now Lieutenant-Governor of the kingdom, and on the other by Crichton, the Lord Chancellor, and Sir Alexander Livingstone, the Regent—than the game of "king-stealing" commenced.

For two years (1438-40) the young monarch lived in the Castle under the care of Crichton. Gradually, however, the queen-mother (who was the child's guardian) and Livingstone found that they were being ousted by the Chancellor, who refused to allow them

## *In the Reign of James II.*

access to the king, and proceeded to exercise the functions of Government in the name of the latter. But the crafty statesman was outwitted by woman's wiles. Pretending to quarrel with Livingstone, the queen took up her residence with her son, nominally under the protection of the Chancellor. After remaining there some weeks and lulling all suspicion, she affected to remember that she was under vow to pay a visit to Whitekirk and bade adieu to the Chancellor overnight with many tender recommendations of the young king to his care. Early next morning she started with baggage, borne on sumpter horses, and in one of the chests was concealed her son. They reached Leith safely, where they took ship to Stirling, where Livingstone was in waiting.

Livingstone now besieged Crichton in the Castle. The Chancellor, finding he was not strong enough to withstand Livingstone, the king and the queen, surrendered the keys of the fortress into the hands of the youthful monarch, stipulating that he should be continued in his office of Chancellor, and as Governor of Edinburgh Castle, while Livingstone was to be Regent and, along with the queen, to retain the custody of the royal person. The agreement was confirmed and the parties supped together in high good humour, after which Livingstone and the queen returned with their charge to Stirling.

Still another scene in the drama falls to be chronicled. Queen Joanna soon quarrelled with the Regent, who apparently wished to play the same game as the Chancellor, and to leave her out in the cold. Once more she "stole" her son and repaired again to Edinburgh, where Crichton and she soon patched up their differences. Livingstone followed, and bloodshed was imminent, when the Bishops of Moray and Aberdeen proposed a conference for the settlement of their

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

differences. This settlement was all the more urgent owing to the increasing power of the House of Douglas, which was threatening to overshadow the Crown. In the Church of St. Giles the complete reconciliation of the rivals took place on the ground of their common enmity to the Earl of Douglas.

The Castle of Edinburgh was now to be the scene of a tragedy whereby the House of Douglas suffered irreparable loss. This great family, to which Scotland owed so much of weal and woe, had now reached the zenith of its power and influence. From the epoch of the trusty Achates of Robert the Bruce, the good Sir James, and for many a day thereafter, the Douglasses were the bulwarks of the kingdom. As their possessions and wealth increased, however, so did their pride, until they began to set themselves up as rivals of the Crown.

The great earl, who, as Lieutenant-Governor of the kingdom, had held both Chancellor and Regent in check, had recently died, and was succeeded by his son William, a lad of seventeen. The latter, because he was not invested with his father's dignity of Lieutenant-Governor, chose to manifest marked hostility towards the Crown. He never came to Edinburgh to reside at Restalrig but he was attended by 1500 men-at-arms all sheathed in mail, and Buchanan informs us that he sent Sir Malcolm Fleming and Sir John Lauder of the Bass as an embassy to France to obtain for him a new patent of the Duchy of Touraine conferred on his father by Charles VII. Arrogance so supreme, coupled with the assumption of the right to despatch ambassadors to foreign Courts, which was the prerogative of the Crown alone, startled both Chancellor and Regent. They could only see in it an open defiance of the monarch's rights.

They therefore laid their plans and invited William

## *In the Reign of James II.*

Douglas to return to Edinburgh, to take his share "in advising for the good of the realm." The youth was flattered, and with his brother repaired to Edinburgh Castle, where, after a mock trial, they were pronounced traitors and beheaded. James made repeated efforts to save them, even to taking up arms, until Crichton said sternly, that either they must die or he, as the kingdom could not hold both a Stuart and a Douglas.

To bring the perpetrators of this foul outrage to account no attempt was ever made. Little doubt is entertained now that James the Gross, great-uncle of the murdered man, who succeeded to the title and estates, had been at least privy, if not a party, to the crime.

When his son William succeeded him in 1443, the power of the Douglasses reached its height. The new earl formed a coalition with Livingstone in order to obtain possession of the king and to crush Crichton. They succeeded in the former part of their scheme; they failed in the latter. Crichton, secure in the Castle of Edinburgh, bade them defiance, and formed a close alliance with one of the greatest and noblest of Scots ecclesiastics, James Kennedy, a nephew of James I., and at that time Bishop of St. Andrews. Than his no name shines with greater lustre during all these troubled years in Scots history—a man of sterling integrity, splendid administrative powers, and a courage as dauntless as it was determined. He foresaw the danger to the country from the ambition of the Douglasses, and did what he could to counteract it by casting the authority of the Church on the side of Crichton.

The Douglasses, however, had been adding to their prestige and doing excellent service in Border warfare against the English, by harrying Northumberland in the trail of the retreating Earl of Salisbury, and next

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

by the severe defeat they inflicted on the Percies near Gretna, on the banks of the Sark.

Meantime James II. had been growing up to manhood, and when eighteen years of age was adjudged fit to assume the reins of Government. No sooner had he done so than he instantly showed himself in his true colours, as a strong, resolute, almost masterful ruler—the nobles being banded together into three great factions! Douglas—who for some years previous had stood high in favour with the youthful king—Crichton and Livingstone, were made to realise that their Sovereign Lord had now his own hand on the helm. The one man whom he trusted at this juncture was James Kennedy, nor was his trust betrayed!

In 1449 Edinburgh showed itself *en fête* to do honour to the bride-elect of the monarch, Mary, daughter of Arnold, Duke of Gueldres and niece of Philip the Good of Burgundy. She arrived at Leith on July 3, 1449, being met by the young king and many of his leading nobles, and escorted up to Holyrood Abbey Church, where the marriage was celebrated in the presence of a brilliant company.

Edinburgh, notwithstanding all the troubles to which Scotland had been exposed, had steadily increased both in size and in population. During the decade since the death of James I., a considerable proportion of the leading nobility had taken steps to erect town mansions for themselves, a custom which became more general when James II., after he had assumed the reins of Government, took up his residence almost wholly in Edinburgh Castle, and summoned nearly all his Parliaments to meet in the city which, every year, was coming to be regarded more unquestionably as the capital.

After his marriage with the beautiful Mary of Gueldres, and before he embarked on the final stage of



## *In the Reign of James II.*

his deadly duel with the Douglasses, James engaged in two undertakings, both connected with the defence and beautification of Edinburgh. The first of these was his scheme for surrounding it with a fortified wall, broken at intervals by those old "tower-forts," which in the science of fortification preceded the bastion. Of this wall only one fragment remains, the ruin of the Wellhouse Tower, situated at the foot of the Castle Rock on the northern side.

This earliest of the city walls seems to have commenced on the northern side with the "Wellhouse Tower," so called from a spring of excellent water, of which, owing to this fortification, the garrison never could be deprived. The line of circumvallation then ran eastward some eighty or a hundred yards, thereafter trended due south across what is now the Esplanade until it reached the edge of the steep declivity overlooking the Grassmarket and the deep ravine of the Cowgate. From this point it turned east again, crossed the West Bow, then the chief entrance into Edinburgh, and was carried along the line of the ridge overhanging the Cowgate "Glen," until it came to the foot of St. Mary's Wynd (now St. Mary's Street). Here it turned northward, crossed the High Street at the top of the Wynd in question, where was situate the Netherbow Port, and followed the steep slope of the northern declivity until it again reached the waters of the North Loch, a little below Halkerston's Wynd, where were the sluice gates to regulate the flow of water.

The Nor' or North Loch was at the time of its construction a broad and deep artificial sheet of water which filled the valley at the foot of the Castle Rock and the ridge whereon the town was placed. In prehistoric ages a river—possibly the Water of Leith—had flowed down this hollow, but its waters had been dried up or

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

the channel had been diverted, for by the era of Malcolm Canmore and Margaret there were only marshes and deep, sedgy pools to mark the spot where once it had flowed. These, however, were drained, and as we have seen, the "King's Gardens" were located there as early as the reign of David I.

James was quite prepared to forego the delights of his "pleasaunce" if only he could ensure the safety of the town. The gardens therefore were destroyed and a lake substituted which originally extended from the western end of the Castle Rock to a point a little above the line of the Netherbow. By the close of the eighteenth century it had decreased to at least one-fourth of its original size both as regards length and breadth. Its utility was then a thing of the past, and the loch was gradually allowed to silt up.

This was one "improvement," if such it could be called, which James effected with regard to his favourite city. The second was the erection of a palace where his queen could reside without her being brought into contact with the rough and coarse soldiery who formed the garrison of the Castle. In this way Holyrood Palace took its rise. Although the greater part of the more ancient portion of the Palace was altered and renewed fifty years afterwards when his grandson, James IV., brought his bride, Margaret of England, to the Scots capital, there can be no question that the Palace was at least commenced by James II. and was still further enlarged by his son, James III.

Meantime in the Castle of Stirling, probably at the very time when the royal residence at Holyrood was a-building, a tragedy was enacted which has affixed an indelible stain upon the memory of the king, when William, Earl of Douglas, was stabbed to death by James under circumstances of peculiar perfidy.



P.A.S.

Holmwood Palace.  
as it was before the fire of 1850.  
*After Gordon of Hallymoy*

## The Story of Edinburgh

The crime was bitterly resented by the Douglasses. James, the younger brother of the murdered man, took up the quarrel, and after in a theatric manner withdrawing his allegiance from "the so-called King of Scotland," he attacked and ravaged the royal lands and the town of Stirling.

The duel then began in deadly earnest. James led his forces into the territory of the Douglasses in Annandale and Galloway, and prosecuted the campaign with such vigour that in three months' time Earl James Douglas was a fugitive in England and his family splendour ruined for ever. At the Parliament held in Edinburgh in June 1455, the great chief of the Black Douglasses was attainted, along with his mother, his brother Archibald, Earl of Moray, and Douglas of Balveny, their estates being either attached to the Crown or granted to those nobles who had aided in the overthrow of the traitors.

During the last five years of his life James had peace within his borders, at least from any internal dissensions, and was therefore able to devote himself to the steady development of the resources of his realm. The progress and prosperity of Edinburgh was one of his prime cares, and in 1455 began that epoch of expansion lasting until 1603, during which the city increased by leaps and bounds.

Curious in the extreme are the enactments which stand in the old Scots *Corpus Legum* with regard to intercourse with the English. To his subjects he thought nothing could result therefrom but evil. To preserve them, therefore, from any approach to amity and intercourse with the hated Southron, he actually decreed *outlawry* against those who should desire, even in this time of peace, to smooth down the differences which divided the two peoples. Against Englishmen visiting Scotland without leave, the law was especially

## *In the Reign of James II.*

severe ; nor was any Scotsman to be allowed to become security or guarantor for an Englishman under any circumstances whatever, unless he wished to be accused of high treason. Nay, even legitimate trade was forbidden. No Scotsman was to supply the English garrisons in Berwick or Roxburgh with food.

One of the most important of these enactments related to the kindling of the signal fires, which flashed the news through Scotland by day or night that an English invasion was pending. Nothing shows more clearly that Edinburgh was now regarded as the capital of the country, than the position assigned to her in this system of signalling. She was the central point towards which all these signals were directed. The enactment provided that this was to be done by a series of "bale-fires" lighted according to a particular arrangement.

The law provided, as is indicated in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, that the watchers on Hume Castle—about seven miles from the Border—were to be warned by their comrades stationed at the fords of Tweed. Whenever an English army began to move towards Scotland, the alarm was to be given either by kindling a beacon or by special messenger. No sooner had the intelligence reached Hume than the "bale-fires" were lighted on the ramparts of the Castle. One "fire" signified that the Southrons were in motion, two that they were advancing to the fords, while four in a row betokened that the enemy was in great strength, and that a large force would be needed to check them. The moment the watchers at Eggerhope Castle, or on Boon Hill, saw the gleam of the "bales" at Hume, they lighted theirs ; the latter blaze was seen by the "bale-keepers" at "Soutra Edge," whose light in turn was seen by the garrison of Edinburgh Castle.

Within half an hour the news would be flashed from

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

Tweed to Tay, and thence to the North of Scotland. This system of signalling frustrated the success of many an English invasion.

James II. was at once a warrior and a statesman. Had he not met his untimely end before Roxburgh Castle, he probably would have become the greatest of the Stuarts, and redeemed that royal race from the charge of improvidence. To his initiative was due the choice of Edinburgh as the great central depot for military stores, and as the chief rendezvous for the forces of the kingdom in time of war; while his eagerness that his people should excel in martial exercises is also proved by the grant which he made in 1456 to the citizens of Edinburgh, of that piece of ground at Greenside (whereon Greenside Street now stands) on which tilts and tournaments could be held.

An eventful reign, therefore, in many respects was that of James II. Edinburgh owed much to him. Up to that date Perth had divided with it the honour of being the place of royal residence. But the murder of James I. at the Blackfriars Monastery in the "Fair City" settled for ever, as we have already said, the claims of the latter. Fearful lest any recrudescence of Highland savagery might lead to the slaughter of the young king, his nobles, as we have seen, kept him in Edinburgh during his minority. From the hour of his actually assuming the reins of government to that of his death he gave to Edinburgh the honours which were her due as the capital of the country.

## CHAPTER IV

### *In the Reign of James III.*

WE have now reached the epoch when every year saw some permanent improvement effected in connection with Edinburgh. James II. had been the founder of its prosperity by constituting it *de facto*, if not as yet *de jure*, the capital of the kingdom. By James III. and James IV. further improvements were made.

James II. was killed in August 1460, and our early historians following Pitscottie draw a pathetic picture of Mary of Gueldres, immediately after the sad event, advancing into the middle of the Scottish army, leading her little nine-year-old son, and beseeching the warriors to avenge their dead lord and show their loyalty to their new one, by taking Roxburgh Castle. Whether or not this was one of the imaginative Pitscottie's fictions is immaterial, but one fact is certain, that a week later James III. was crowned in Kelso Abbey, Roxburgh was captured, and the Scots thereafter ravaged the North of England.

The campaign on the Borders having prevented the Estates of the kingdom meeting before February 1461, on the 22nd of that month the first Parliament of James III. assembled in the Castle of Edinburgh. The work it performed was in the highest degree important. Owing to the quarrels of the two great parties in the State, those who followed the queen-mother, Mary of Gueldres, and those who acknowledged Kennedy, Bishop of St. Andrews, and George Douglas, fourth Earl of Angus, a strong hand was

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

needed at the political helm to steer the bark of State clear of ever imminent complications.

Meantime James III. was being educated, residing for the most part in Edinburgh Castle but occasionally visiting Stirling. His training was as liberal as the age permitted, and in all probability some seeds from the Renaissance harvest field in Italy must have been blown across to Scotland. The monarch, whencesoever he obtained them, undoubtedly showed traces of having been influenced by the warmth and colour of the New Culture. We are too apt to estimate his abilities at the valuation put upon him by his rebellious nobility. He was not a warrior, but loved letters, architecture and artistic handicraftsmanship, pursuits contemptible in the eyes of men whose sole occupations were war and the chase. Only when he was dead did his countrymen come to understand his nature, and James IV. benefited by his parent's misfortunes.

Shortly after her husband's death, Mary of Gueldres founded the ancient Church of Trinity College which, under the name of the "College Church," still exists in Jeffrey Street near the site it originally occupied in Leith Wynd. This thoroughfare was of old the great highroad to the Port of Leith and extended from the Netherbow Port or Eastern Gate of the town to Multries' Hill, thence along the present line of Leith Walk down to the "Shore."

The building of the church was vigorously proceeded with, but the original plan was never completed. After the choir, the aisles and the transepts of the church had been erected, and the edifice opened for worship, the foundress suddenly died, and on the 16th November 1463 was interred with solemn funeral rites in the northern aisle. At the Reformation, the Regent Murray bestowed this collegiate church and its revenues on Sir Simon Preston, Provost of the city, who gener-



## *In the Reign of James III.*

ously gave them to the Town Council. The church, which stood about two hundred yards north by west of the site of the modern "College Church," was one of the finest examples of pre-Reformation architecture in Scotland, and with its dusky and mouldering buttresses, its pinnacles, niches and Gothic windows,



was a familiar object to the citizens of Edinburgh. Unfortunately the inexorable march of railway construction in 1840-45 necessitated the demolition of the Trinity Church and the Trinity Hospital, and the North British Railway now occupies the site of the grand old foundation of Mary of Gueldres. The tomb of the foundress was situated in the sacristy, latterly the vestry, and there the body was discovered during the process of the church's demolition with the teeth still entire in the jaws. The bones were placed

## The Story of Edinburgh

in a handsome coffin of oak and velvet and re-interred at Holyrood.

Attached to the church was the famous Trinity Hospital endowed by the same generous patroness, which, although the original building has long since been demolished, still remains as the Trinity Fund, the oldest eleemosynary institution in connection with Edinburgh. The building was two-storied, forming two sides of a square and, as has been said, though far from ornamental, its air of extreme antiquity, the smallness and depth of its windows, its silent, melancholy and deserted aspect in the very heart of a crowded city, and latterly amid the uproar and bustle of the fast-encroaching railway terminus, seldom failed to strike the spectator with a mysterious interest. At its demolition in 1845, some forty-two persons were resident in the hospital, who thereafter received pensions of £26 each; and by interlocutor of the First Division of the Court of Session of 3rd February 1880, a new scheme was authorised for the distribution of its benefits. It is interesting to study the development of this great eleemosynary trust which, founded by a Scottish queen in 1462, still remains to carry out, in part at least, the wishes of the pious foundress.

We come now to note the foundation of another ecclesiastical building, which was associated with much of the history of Edinburgh, viz., the Cathedral Church of St. Giles, whose crown-shaped *campanile* is visible from nearly all parts of the town. Although a chapel of some kind existed on the site practically from the ninth century, not until 1120 is there definite mention made of the church, when Alexander I. erected a new building on the site. It consisted merely of a choir and nave with small side aisles and central tower, built in the massive

## *In the Reign of James III.*

style of the Early Norman period. Chambers describes it as "a substantial Parish Church bordered by the parish burying-ground on the south, the site of which ground is now occupied by Parliament Square and the Law Courts." In the year 1214, during the reign of Alexander II., it must have had a "vicar," for to certain copies of Papal Bulls and charters of Megginch, a dependency of the Abbey of Holyrood, "Baldredus, Deacon of Lothian, and John, perpetual Vicar of St. Giles', Edinburgh," affix their seals in attestation.

Richard II., in retaliation for alleged wrongs, invaded Scotland with an English army in 1385, laid waste the country, took possession of Edinburgh, then an unwallled town, and after an occupation of five days committed the city to the flames. The first building of St. Giles' perished in the conflagration. What remained was incorporated in the rebuilding of the Church which, commenced in 1387, continued to be prosecuted until 1416, during the Regency of Albany, and was also included in those renewed efforts to extend and beautify the building carried out by James III., in 1460, of which more anon.

In the year 1469, the town was again called upon to show its loyalty in a special manner on the occasion when Margaret, Princess of Denmark, having landed in Leith, with a large and brilliant train of nobles and attendants, was conducted up to Edinburgh to be married at Holyrood to the youthful monarch, then only in his nineteenth year. The ceremony was performed in Holyrood Abbey and the young pair began their wedded life under the most favourable auspices, a life that was to close amidst gloom so profound.

Shortly after his marriage, the king took a step which shows he had been making inquiries as to the

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

sources of revenue available in other countries. He found that in Denmark, France, England, and elsewhere, fish formed an article not only of diet but of commerce. Accordingly in the sixth Parliament of James III. (1471) we find an Act passed in which its exportation is encouraged. Edinburgh took her share in this enterprise. In the Council Record several entries occur relative to providing "twa busses (boats) with alle necessar gear," which may be regarded as the beginning of the Edinburgh Fish Market.

The eighth decade of the fifteenth century witnessed a great advance in social and commercial organisation. In 1475 the incorporation of the two important trades of the wrights and masons took place, followed next year by the incorporation of the weavers, both these events being of historic moment as indicating the date when the incorporated trades began to form themselves into those strong industrial associations which were, in several instances, to defy both the Sovereign and the Town Council when they conceived them to be acting unjustly.

Edinburgh at this period consisted of one long street, extending from the Castle to the Netherbow Port, and thence, through the ecclesiastical burgh of the Canon-gate, to Holyrood Abbey and Palace. Off-shoots, or alleys called "closes" (from the French word *clos*, a narrow enclosed space), ran from the High Street to the suburban districts of the Cowgate and the Grass-market. James having had the fact brought under his knowledge that there were no fixed places set apart for holding the different markets, and that the lack of such often gave rise to strife among the citizens, accordingly ordained by letters patent that the markets for the sale of the various commodities should be held in the following places of the burgh, viz., the hay, straw and horse-meat markets in the Cowgate from

## *In the Reign of James III.*

Forresters' Wynd down to Peebles' Wynd (which latter was pulled down three centuries afterwards in the construction of the South Bridge); the fish market from Friar Wynd to the Nether Bow, in the Hie Gait (High Street); the salt market in Niddry's Wynd; the Krames of chapmen from the Bellhouse down to the Tron (afterwards the Tron Kirk); the hat-makers and skimmers opposite to them on the south side of the street; the wood and timber market from Dalrymple Yard to the Greyfriars and westward; the shoe market from Forresters' Wynd westward; the nolt or flesh market about the Tron; the poultry market at the Cross; the cattle market at the King's Stables, at the back of the Castle; the meal and corn market from the Tolbooth up to Liberton's Wynd; from thence to the Treves (Bowhead), the cloth and lawn market. Butter, cheese, wool, and all goods be weighed at the Upper Bow, and a Tron or Weigh to be set up there (the Weigh House); the cutlers and all smith work was located beneath the Nether Bow about St. Mary's Wynd; while all saddlery work was to be executed at the Greyfriars, Grassmarket.

The markets were merely the gathering together into a special place of all those merchants who dealt in a particular commodity. The shops were only booths or frames about seven or eight feet square. Sometimes plastered on to the walls of adjoining churches or public buildings, or standing by themselves in a long row, as in the case of the whitesmiths at the Bowhead. From a very early period this custom prevailed, while the craftsmen with their apprentices kept up the constant repetition of the invitation to buy, with the enumeration of the goods. The streets of Edinburgh therefore in the fifteenth century were quite as noisy as those of London. But the booths, as in the Lawn-

## The Story of Edinburgh

market, were often of a movable kind, being simply a sort of table-counter with a canopy affording shelter both to goods and merchant. The booth could therefore be shifted from place to place as the fancy of the trader suggested. At this time great complaints began to be made about the debasing of the coinage. Those who presented a piece of money in exchange for goods, only received in return commodities up to 80 per cent. of the coin's face value. The people complained bitterly of this, and, of course, laid all the blame upon the monarch. From the records of Parliament we note that he made a strenuous effort to cope with the crisis, summoning a Parliament in 1475 to meet at Edinburgh, wherein it was enacted that no one should coin money without the king's license, also that

"in time to come—the Rose Noble to be worth 35s.; the Henry Noble 31s.; the Angel 23s.; the French Crown 13s. 4d.; the Demy 13s. 4d.; the Scots Crown 13s.; the Salute 15s. 6d.; the Lew 17s. 6d.; the Rydar 15s. 6d."

In 1478, the citizens of Edinburgh were involved in the lamentable strife which broke out between the king and his brothers, the Duke of Albany and the Earl of Mar. Hitherto James's career had been one of almost unbroken prosperity. The tide was now to turn. While the monarch was a man devoted to studious pursuits and to the science of the age, which may be summed up in the one word "alchemy," his brothers were men of action and decision of character.

Albany, the second son of James II., was a man of affairs—the most accomplished knight of his age, as Leslie calls him, and one whose achievements won for him in France the title of "The Father of Chivalry." Mar, the third son, seems to have been one of like tastes with Albany, a *preux chevalier* in every sense of the word, though he died at so early an age that he really had not had time to show his mettle.

## *In the Reign of James III.*

The king by allowing his mind to brood over the difference of the feelings entertained by the people towards his brothers, and those towards himself, had become morbid and suspicious. Nor did the study of astrology improve matters, inasmuch as it led him to suspect treason where none existed. The astrologer (Dr. Andrews) whom the king maintained and consulted on all occasions, had informed him that he would be slain by the followers of a kinsman. Immediately his suspicions pointed to his two brothers, whom he caused to be arrested and imprisoned, Albany in Edinburgh Castle and the Earl of Mar in Craigmillar.

The charges against the two brothers were never put to the proof, and their guilt was almost decided by the bare assertions of enemies. The whole story is a romantic one. At the time when Mar was arrested he was ill with fever. After a few days' incarceration at Craigmillar, he was brought into a house in the Canongate, where he was attended by the king's own physician. Tradition reports that, having been found guilty of conspiring with witches against the king's life, he was sentenced to have a vein in his leg opened, then to be placed in a warm bath and allowed to bleed to death. But the discoveries regarding his treason from the testimonies of the witches, were not made until after he was in his grave. Therefore it is impossible to blame the king for this result. The most probable surmise is that he had been surgically bled to reduce the fever, in accordance with the medical ideas of the time, that he insisted on taking a warm bath, and that the heat of the water induced the recurrence of hæmorrhage.

The Duke of Albany was, in one way, more fortunate. He lived to reveal himself the traitor he was alleged to have been. He was committed to close ward in King David's Tower in Edinburgh Castle,

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

his gaolers being informed that their lives would answer for his, if he escaped. His friends, nevertheless, managed to acquaint him with the fact that, off the Port of Leith, lay a small vessel laden with Gascon wine, by which he might escape if only he could break out of the Castle.

From the vessel came a present to him of two small kegs or runlets of wine, which contained also a rope, with a waxen roll enclosing an unsigned letter, stating that "the king's minions had resolved he should die ere to-morrow's sun set," and adding that the boats of the French vessel would await him at the harbour of Leith. Albany took his measures at once. He invited the captain of the guard and three of his principal officers to sup with him, and having succeeded in making them intoxicated, killed them in their stupefied condition, and threw their bodies on the fire.

Albany and his attendant then lowered themselves over the walls, and escaped. The attendant, however, had a bad fall and broke his leg, and Albany, unwilling to leave him to the certain death awaiting him, with a nobility of nature contrasting strangely with his recent ferocity, raised him on his back and actually carried him to Leith! He proceeded in the vessel to Dunbar, where having obtained surgical aid for his attendant, and supplies for his vessel, he betook himself to France. With daylight, of course, came the discovery of the escape by the inmates of the Castle.

James, meantime, with his cultured instincts and intense devotion to letters, was drifting apart from his nobility. If it be not his culture which casts so strange a glamour over his personality, the mystery of his life is rendered all the more inexplicable. Whither was he to turn for companionship? His nobles were utterly uncongenial alike in sympathies



## *In the Reign of James III.*

and manners. There was, however, a small group of men who had been affected by the early breath of Renaissance learning, as it blew northward from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. These were Thomas Cochrane, an architect, a man of sterling ability; William Roger, a musician and composer whose eminence is attested by many of his contemporaries; William Torphichen, a fencing master, mentioned as one of the best teachers of the age, in an accomplishment, at this very time, held in such esteem in France and Italy that its professors were regarded as associates for the highest in the land; John Leonard, a goldsmith from Milan, who had also worked for Cosimo de' Medici of Florence; John Ireland, a doctor of the Sorbonne, a diplomatist and man of letters, whom his contemporaries styled "Doctor doctissimus." Now these men would, of course, be *caviare* to the rude nobility, inasmuch as while belonging to the people they nevertheless took rank by their accomplishments in the king's estimation before the peers of the realm.

In 1481 James summoned a great army to meet him on the Borders, while he himself, after obtaining supplies from the Parliament meeting at Edinburgh in April 1481, had authority to raise the country in its own defence, set out to place himself at the head of his forces. Edward IV. by a trick induced him to disband his army. Scarcely was the Scots army disbanded, however, when the English attacked them both by land and sea, Leith and the seaboard towns of the Firth of Forth suffering severely from the English fleet.

In March 1482, however, the Parliament which met at Edinburgh took up the matter of the defence of the kingdom and of the invasion of England in right earnest. The spirit in which they met may be

judged by the phrase used towards Edward, "that revare (robber) Edward calland hymself Kynge of Ingeland." For the defence of the kingdom, the proclamation was made that all fighting men should be ready to appear on a warning of eight days, also that the Castles of Dunbar and Lochmaben should be victualled and supplied with ammunition, while the castles near the Borders or on the sea coast, such as St. Andrews, Aberdeen, Tantallon, Hume, Douglas, Adrington (Haddington), the Hermitage, were to be strongly garrisoned and defended from our enemies of England; also that each lord "stuff his own house and strengthen them with victuals, men and artillery."

Albany had in the meantime broken off relations with the King of France. The efforts of the latter to reconcile him to his brother had proved futile, and Albany accordingly played the traitor right manfully, by throwing himself into the arms of Edward IV. The latter was too astute a diplomatist not to improve the occasion. An agreement was come to, that, in consideration of Edward assisting "Alexander, King of Scotland"—as Albany styled himself—to "regain" his kingdom, the latter would do homage for the same, and fourteen days after entering Edinburgh would surrender the town and Castle of Berwick.

The plot began to work at once. By the middle of June, the Duke of Gloucester accompanied by Albany was moving north. But James was not idle. After his army had assembled on the Boroughmuir, he set out for the south and reached Lauder. He, however, committed the fatal error of taking with him the whole train of his Court favourites. The painful sequel has no connection with Edinburgh, so that we need not describe it in detail. Suffice to say the leading nobility, headed by the Earls of Angus, Huntly and Lennox, proceeded to the royal quarters, laid hands

## *In the Reign of James III.*

on the favourites, and hanged them over Lauder Bridge. They then placed James under restraint, and proceeded with him back to Edinburgh, where they lodged him in the Castle, under the charge of his uncle, the Earl of Athole.

Meantime, Gloucester and Albany advanced through Scotland, laying waste the country as they proceeded. In the circumstances nothing could be done to check them. Accordingly, when the expedition appeared before Edinburgh, overtures were made for peace. For reasons now inexplicable, the Duke of Gloucester concluded a treaty, the conditions of which were manifestly unfair to his brother, King Edward. Albany was to be reinstated in all his former honours, and, on condition of his acknowledgment of James's authority, was to receive absolution for all past offences. Nevertheless the king was not released from his confinement in Edinburgh Castle. Albany was made Lieutenant-General and Earl of Mar. Yet this singular fact has now been authenticated without possibility of doubt, that in January he despatched into England his confederate Angus with other agents, and through them renewed the dastardly contract of the previous year (Feb. 11, 1483) By the provisions of this document, Edward was to assist Albany to secure the Crown. Should the latter die, the traitor earls were to be lieges of the English king and hold their castles for him. "Bell-the-Cat" was actually a traitor, and one of the meanest of all traitors, because he allowed another to bear the blame of his crime! And yet by the 19th of March of the same year—only four weeks later—we find James liberated from durance, largely by the help of his brother and the citizens of Edinburgh, Albany humbly acknowledging his treason to his royal brother, while Angus and Buchan were forbidden to approach the royal presence. Any real reconciliation, however, between the brothers

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

was impossible, and in July 1483, Albany was declared a traitor and an outlaw, his estates being forfeited.

We have now to record an interesting event immediately affecting the municipal government of the Scottish capital. When Albany made that inexplicable move on the political chess-board by which James was freed from durance in Edinburgh Castle, he had called in the assistance of the citizens of the town under the command of Walter Bertram, the Provost. Out of gratitude for his so-called "deliverance," James granted two important charters "to the Provost, Town Council and Community," by which he conferred on the citizens many valuable privileges. The chief magistrate was created Hereditary High Sheriff within the city—an office by the way which the Lord Provost of Edinburgh still enjoys as Lord Lieutenant of the County of the City of Edinburgh. At the same time the magistrates were invested with the power of making laws for the better government of the town. The citizens, moreover, were not only freed from the payment of duty on many necessary commodities, but a grant was given them whereby they were empowered to levy custom on certain merchandise imported and exported at the Port of Leith. This grant is termed the "Golden Charter." Further, the incorporated trades, in recognition of their loyalty, were presented with a banner or standard, which, from its colour, received the name of the "*Blue Blanket*."

As showing how small must have been the population of Edinburgh at this time we may mention that the Petty Customs of the town were let for 27 merks Scots (£1, 19s. 11½d.). The Petty Customs and Haven Silver of Leith were let at 110 merks Scots (£6, 2s. 2d.), the Common Mills fetched 480 merks (£26, 13s. 1d.). To give our readers some idea of the

## *In the Reign of James III.*

rents for booths or shops which ruled in Edinburgh in the year 1484, the said booths being about six or seven feet square, eight of them on the northern side of the old Tolbooth were rented at £4 Scots per annum each (6s. 8d.), while five shops on the southern side fetched prices ranging from £5 Scots (8s. 4d.) to £2 Scots (3s. 4d.).

About this time also the citizens of Edinburgh acquired the superiority over the port and town of Leith by purchasing it from Logan of Restalrig. Under this document there accrued to them the exclusive privilege of carrying on every species of traffic in the town, also of keeping inns and warehouses for the reception of travellers and the storing of their goods. In order, however, to prevent the inhabitants of Leith from rivalling or competing with the citizens of Edinburgh in trade, the magistrates of the capital actually passed an Act ordaining that—

“No merchant of Edinburgh should presume to take into partnership with him an inhabitant of Leith, under the penalty of 40s. Scots to the Church work, and to be deprived of the freedom of the town for one year; also that none of the town's revenues should be let to an inhabitant of Leith, nor any of the ‘farmers’ of the said revenues take a Leither as a partner in any contract relative to the same under the above penalties.”

At this time great activity seems to have prevailed among the Guilds or Trades. They were all seeking incorporation under special charters, for which they were prepared to pay handsomely. In 1483-84, the famous Society of Hammermen, whose constitution included the blacksmiths, lorimers, saddlers, cutlers, bucklers, or armourers, received their charter, the terms of which throw a curious light upon the trade customs of the time.

James was now nearing the end of his troubled reign. Darker and yet more dark grew the thunder-

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

clouds of national dissatisfaction with his irresolute rule. The nobles considered they had no guarantee for the stability of the tenure of their estates. Accordingly in 1488 a conspiracy was formed against him, which might well have caused a bolder spirit than James's to quail. In its ranks were included the Earls of Angus and Argyle, the Lords Gray, Hume, Hailes, Drummond, and Lyle, who had obtained possession of the person of the heir-apparent, James, Duke of Rothesay, afterwards James IV. In fact, so dangerous was it that James was forced to leave Edinburgh and to take refuge in the north, where many of the nobles were still faithful to him, viz., the Earls of Huntly, Errol, Crawford, Athole, Rothes, Sutherland, Caithness, the Earl Mareschal, and others. Both parties prepared for the struggle by levying forces.

At last the quarrel came to a crisis. In June 1488 at Sauchieburn, in sight of the field of Bannockburn, the two armies met. In two hours all was over and James was a fugitive. He had not ridden far before he leaped from his horse and took refuge in a neighbouring mill with the intention of lying concealed till dusk. But the victory of the insurgents would have been but half gained if the king had escaped; and the pursuit was eager. The discovery of the king's horse was a sure token its master could not be far off; and before nightfall the unhappy king was found in his hiding-place and slain in cold blood.

## CHAPTER V

### *In the Reign of James IV.*

JAMES IV. was but a lad of fifteen when he came to the throne. He had many things to reproach himself with in connection with his father's death, and there is little doubt he bitterly regretted having been dragged into the conspiracy against his unfortunate parent. For several years he wore a chain of iron around his waist in token of penance, and history records he added a heavy link to it each year.

James IV., next to Robert Bruce, was the greatest of Scotland's kings, certainly he was the best and the noblest of the Stuarts, and his policy, until his last fatal error, which he expiated with his life, was as provident as it was public-spirited. By him learning, the laws, the social progress of his people, commerce, printing, nay, even music and painting, were consistently fostered, and if he sometimes mistook extravagance for liberality, his very faults leaned to virtue's side, and he erred out of excess of desire to do what was best for his country.

To him Edinburgh owed much. He was the first king who really "kept Court" in Edinburgh in a style becoming the growing wealth and importance of his kingdom. He encouraged the nobles to erect town houses for themselves and showed them the example in prosecuting the erection of Holyrood Palace, begun by his father. Every work promising benefit to his subjects was eagerly approved by him.

The state of education was at this time very low all

## The Story of Edinburgh

over Scotland, and the children of the nobility fared little better than those of commoners. Few of them could read and fewer still could write. To remedy this disgraceful state of affairs, and to qualify the eldest sons of barons' and freeholders for exercising the functions of Sheriffs and Judges ordinary, James directed that an Act of Parliament be passed which enjoined

“that all barons and freeholders that are of substance put their eldest sons and aires (heirs) to the schules frae they be sex or nine years of age and till (to) remaine at them quhill (until) they be competentlie founded and have perfite Latine; and thereafter to remaine three zeirs at the schules of art and jure, swa that they may have knowledge and understanding of the lawes.”

James, as has been said, showed himself a strong, in addition to being a wise, governor, earning the respect as well as the affection of his subjects. Trade rapidly increased in consequence of the policy he pursued, manufactures began to be started in the country, the people commenced to slough their semi-savage habits as regards their domiciles and *ménage*, and Edinburgh as his chosen capital, was the first to feel and benefit by the new customs. Architecture was carefully considered in erecting the town mansions of the nobles and great churchmen, while the pageants, processions and tournaments, of which it was the daily scene, brought money to the artificers and tradespeople.

His marriage with Margaret of England was spoken of for a century afterwards as one of the most gorgeous spectacles ever witnessed in the grand old city. He met his fair bride at Liberton, on her way from the Earl of Morton's castle at Dalkeith, where he had previously visited her. She then left the litter wherein she had been travelling and mounted pillion-



## *In the Reign of James IV.*

wise on a palfrey behind her husband-elect. They were received with great pomp and rejoicings as they entered the city. Pageants and processions met them at every turn. The Cross was temporarily converted into a fountain discharging different sorts of wines into specially-prepared basins; "bonnie bairns" descended from golden globes and harangued them on the duty of sovereigns, the Grey Friars met them with holy relics, including the arm-bone of St. Giles, while the Black Friars presented to them for their adoration, the celebrated phial containing "three drops of the blood of Christ." On high stages "Mystery and Morality plays" were enacted, in which such diverse personages as Paris, Venus, Juno and Minerva, the Angel Gabriel, the Virgin, the Four Virtues, Holofernes, Nero, and Sardanapalus took part, while the houses all along the royal route were hung with tapestry, scarlet cloth edged with gold. Everywhere the old grey walls were hidden under flags and streamers. Next day the illustrious pair were married by the Archbishop of Glasgow, in the Abbey Church, and in view of this auspicious event, William Dunbar, unquestionably the greatest poet of his age, wrote his beautiful epithalamium, *The Thistle and the Rose*.

Although Margaret, only fourteen years of age at the date of her marriage, was far from proving an ideal wife, being headstrong and of violent temper, testimony is not lacking that she became genuinely fond of her manly husband—"the beste jouter and the most parfite knyghte" of the age—as he of her until the differences over the invasion of England alienated them. The Court of Scotland at this epoch was reckoned among the most brilliant in Europe, being the resort of all the chivalrous spirits of the time. But James's own indiscretion was to mar this fair prospect. He allowed himself to be seduced into

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

supporting the cause of France against England, when Anne of Brittany, wife of Louis XII., sending him her ring and her glove, named him her chosen knight, and begged him to advance three feet into English ground and strike a blow for her honour. Thus it came to pass that Scotland was thrown into mourning for a foolish woman's whim over Flodden's deadly field on that dark 9th September 1513, when Scotland's bravest and best, literally her "Flowers of the Forest," were "a' wede awa." The defeat was severe, but during the last year or two documents have been discovered in the Rolls Office giving the details of the losses on the English side. From these one learns that the latter had suffered in rank and file even more heavily than the Scots. Their leaders, however, had been practically untouched by the awful hand-to-hand fighting and were able to direct the operations of their men, while the Scots had lost every general worth the name, including the king.

After intelligence of the disaster reached Edinburgh, but before the fact became known that Surrey was slowly retreating southwards, unable owing to his losses to reap any advantage from the victory, a municipal proclamation had been made at the City Cross by which all good citizens were enjoined to muster "at the jowing (ringing) of the common bell," while the women were exhorted "to cease their clamour and repair to church and pray for the welfare of the State." All males (and as many females as volunteered) were impressed into the service of building a strong wall round the city, in order to bid defiance to the English should they come. The old wall of James II. was both ruinous and insufficient, the city, having expanded far beyond its limits. Under the direction of craftsmen the new circumvallation, with its ramparts, bastions and gates, was

## *In the Reign of James IV.*

completed in a very few days. Its line extended from the Castle Hill across the Grassmarket to the



*The Plodden  
Wall.*

middle of the Vennel, thence S.E. to Bristo Port, thence E. and N.E. by the Potterrow Port and the line of Drummond Street to the Pleasance and the

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

foot of St. Mary's Wynd, and thence North by the Netherbow Port to Leith Wynd Port.

Though James IV. by his will had left his wife Regent of the kingdom and governor of their infant son, she only held these offices some seven months. After giving birth prematurely to a posthumous son, she suddenly married, within three months, the Earl of Angus, a handsome youth not yet one-and-twenty, and three or four years her own junior. This foolish act lost her the support of all the leading men in the kingdom. Henceforth she was simply the tool of her brother, in working up the English party in Scotland. The Duke of Albany, son of a younger brother of James III., became Regent, and between him and Margaret a deadly feud arose, to be prolonged during the whole of her troubled life.

Any sketch of Edinburgh in the days of James IV. presents us with the picture of a busy, bustling town, already expanding far beyond the limits of the "hog's back" ridge and its off-shooting closes. The Cowgate was now beginning to be regarded as a fashionable thoroughfare. The Pleasance and Potterrow were thriving suburbs, while the Grassmarket was becoming a fine square for the sale of all kinds of produce. From the poems of Dunbar, Kennedy and Gawain Douglas, we obtain a vivid glimpse of the Edinburgh of James IV.

Albany, who had lived in France for the greater part of his life, was practically a Frenchman in tastes, sympathies, and habits. French customs, French ideas, and French institutions, became general, while from this epoch dates that Franco-Scottish style of architecture which became so common in Edinburgh during the succeeding century.

But Albany had neither the authority nor the power to control the turbulent baronage and Lowland Scot-

## *In the Reign of James IV.*

land. Edinburgh especially was kept in a perpetual state of alarm by the faction fights of the Douglasses and the Hamiltons. One of these brawls (or *tulzies*) passes current under the name of "Cleanse the Causeway," because the fighting took place in the High Street, and had the effect of clearing the street in a twinkling of all save the actual combatants.

Such episodes as these, occurring almost daily, soon disgusted the Duke of Albany, who, after a few years of a troubled Regency, returned to France, leaving Scotland's king in the hands of the Douglasses. Still, the great prosperity of the country during the reign of James IV. was not wholly arrested. Don Pedro de Ayala, Spanish Ambassador, wrote glowingly of the country shortly before Flodden, and his account is practically corroborated in every detail by John Major, writing in 1521.

Albany, during his Regency, did much for Edinburgh. He continued the building of Holyrood Palace, he erected the first part of the Tolbooth, he adorned St. Giles', and generously assisted many of the religious orders, whose houses had fallen into disrepair, to render their places of abode impervious to the weather. The ignorance, however, that prevailed in Scotland at this time is pathetically lamented by William Dunbar in more than one of his poems:

"Jok that was wont to keip the stirkis,  
Can now draw him ane clerk of kirkis,  
With ane fals cairt into his sleif,  
Worth all my ballattis undir the birkis,  
Excess of thocht dois me mischief."

Interest, not merit, settled promotion, and the most unsuitable individuals were literally pitchforked into benefices. Not until after the Reformation was learning to become popular in the "land of the mountain and the flood."

## CHAPTER VI

### *In the Reign of James V.*

JAMES V. was crowned at Stirling, September 21, 1515, and during his long minority the kingdom of Scotland retrograded in many ways, owing to the lawlessness that began to prevail. The stern justice that was meted out to wrong-doers in the reign of his father disappeared, and manslayers, provided they had purchased the protection of the Douglasses, might be seen defying the law, by appearing, as it was termed, "at kirk and causey" with impunity.

Edinburgh, notwithstanding all, continued to grow. Scarcely a year passed but one of the greater nobles or churchmen erected a town house in one of the closes off the "Hie Gait" (High Street) or in the ecclesiastical borough of the Canongate. James was then residing in the Castle of Edinburgh, prosecuting his studies under the care of Gavin Dunbar, afterwards Archbishop of Glasgow, and Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, Lord Lyon King-at-Arms; and from the poems of the latter we obtain an interesting insight into the intimate relations existing between them.

Not alone at the Castle did the boy pursue his studies, but also at Craigmillar and Dalkeith. When, however, he reached the age of twelve, the Douglas party felt that if he was to be of any use to them in furthering their schemes of family aggrandisement, James must be invested, nominally at least, with the full powers of royalty. Accordingly, the king, who had been taken to Stirling that he might not fall under

## *In the Reign of James V.*

his mother's influence, was brought through the town to Holyrood. From the citizens he received a warm welcome, entertaining as they did the hope that now the king had come into his own again, the state of anarchy would cease. Alas, this was a fond delusion. The Douglasses found the sweets of power too tempting to be lightly resigned. Every precaution was taken to prevent the king acquiring any real influence in the affairs of the kingdom.

From that moment James's whole endeavours were directed to escaping from the power of the Douglasses, and the credit of his liberation is due to his own ingenuity, in proclaiming, while at Falkland Palace, a series of hunting parties, and when suspicion had been allayed regarding these early morning rides, in suddenly making a dash for Stirling Castle and liberty. Within ten hours the Douglasses were outlaws in the land whereof the day before they had been practically the rulers.

The reign of James V. was at first singularly prosperous. The young king was popular with all parties. He set himself to render justice to gentle and simple, with a stern impartiality, that reminds one of James I., his great-great-grandfather. The lawlessness of the nobles was repressed with a vigour and an iron resolution that struck terror into those who had been wont to deem themselves superior to all laws. The relentlessness of his hatred to the Douglasses may have been a fault, but when we consider all he had suffered from them, and the evils they had inflicted on the country, one can scarcely be surprised.

James was distinctively the "King of the Commons"—the title he afterwards received, owing to his habit of wandering in disguise among his subjects studying their characters and habits, and hearing their complaints. Alas, towards the end of his short life, he

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

became fond of unworthy favourites, and in that way alienated the respect and affection the nobility would otherwise have entertained for him. Difficulties with his uncle, Henry VIII., also ensued, and war became inevitable sooner or later, although the address of the statesmen on both sides postponed it for some years.

James was very fond of Edinburgh, and resided there during a great part of each year. He also did much to increase the importance of the town and to beautify it. This was especially the case after his marriage first to Madalene, daughter of Francis I., King of France, on January 1, 1537, and second to Mary, daughter of the Duke of Guise, and widow of the Duke de Longueville, June 1538. The first-named was his wife only six months when death claimed her. In fact she had been far gone in consumption when married, but both she and the King of Scots had fallen so deeply in love with each other, "that nothing else could be done but let them wed," says an old French chronicler. Madalene landed at Leith on Whitsun Eve, and falling on her knees kissed the soil of the land which was henceforth to be her home. Never was Scottish queen loved as she was loved. Her gentleness, her marvellous, almost unearthly beauty, and her deep piety all endeared her to the people, and these qualities were still further impressed upon their minds by her early death. Within six weeks of her arrival the young queen died, the sorrow of the nation breaking out into almost frenzied expressions of grief, while funeral customs were introduced then which have lasted until the present day.

Yet, despite this sorrow, within a year, James's second spouse, Mary of Guise, was welcomed with rejoicings and "sindrie showes," which in their arrangement look suspiciously like that programme drawn up for her predecessor, which that "heartless Thief"



## *In the Reign of James V.*

Death, whom Sir David Lyndsay had belaboured with so many epithets, had so unceremoniously interrupted. Mary's entry into Edinburgh was made on Saint Margaret's day "with greit triumphe and als with ordour of the hail nobillis; her Grace come in first at the West Port. and raid down the Hie Gait, to the Abbay of Halyrudhous, with greit sports playit to her Grace."

The influence of French fashions on Scottish life, manners, dress and architecture, became still more marked after these marriages. Several French courtiers and ladies-in-waiting had accompanied both "queens" to Scotland, and some of them settled in the country and exercised a civilising effect upon the somewhat rough customs of the native inhabitants. One great reform is due to this. James, when in Paris for his marriage with Madalene, had observed the advantages accruing from having the Law Courts stationary in the capital. Formerly the whole Courts of Justice had gone on circuit, obviously a very inconvenient arrangement for litigants. James IV. had unsuccessfully striven to remedy the matter in view of the bitter complaints regarding delay in hearing cases. (*Cf. Dunbar's Tidings fra the Sessioun and Lady Solicitors at Court.*) His son, however, wisely determined to decide the matter in such a way as still further to increase the importance of his capital, and henceforth the Court of Session was permanently located in Edinburgh—the judges taking circuit duty in turn (1532). By 1535, Edinburgh had become a busy, thriving town. The houses erected at this time and during the next eighty years, before religious austerity began to regard architectural beauty as a weakness of the flesh, were in the highest degree picturesque and romantic. James V. had an enlightened taste in architecture and encouraged his people to make the town beautiful. The majority of

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

the dwellings had their fronts either of polished ashlar, or were timber-fronted, with wooden galleries opening on to the "Hie Gait," from which the burgesses were wont to exchange salutations. As population increased and more accommodation was required, and as, moreover, it was considered "unfashionable" to live without the walls, the timber fronts gave place to those towering "lands" or tenements of fourteen and fifteen storeys for which Edinburgh became noted.

The craftsmen of the capital were deservedly held in esteem, an Edinburgh armourer being reckoned as amongst the most skilful in the Europe of the sixteenth century. A foundry in which various kinds of iron-work and excellent cannon were produced, had been established at the foot of the Castle Rock by Robert Borthwick, and the enterprising smith was liberally patronised by James and his nobles.

In the High Street the ground flat or lowest storey of the houses was usually allocated to the booths of the tradespeople, each booth being surmounted by a significant signboard indicating the nature of the business carried on beneath, while the nobles, gentry, and better-class citizens generally resided in the alleys or *closes*. These closes, as we have said, ran from the summit of the ridge extending from the Castle to Holyrood and occupied by the High Street, to the shores of the Nor' Loch on the north side and to the level of the suburb called the Cowgate on the south.

In 1532 the High Street was paved for the first time by Marlin, a Frenchman, who was interred at his own request under the street he had so notably improved. To understand the boon this innovation conferred, one has to picture the thoroughfare as a sort of quagmire owing to the amount of traffic that passed up and down.

Meantime relations with England, as we have seen,

## *In the Reign of James V.*

were going from bad to worse. In the year 1540, when the most casual observer could see that the maintenance of peace was only a question of days, James insisted that the walls of Edinburgh should be still further extended and strengthened. Had his advice been followed, Hertford's invasion, a few years later, would not have found the capital so easy a prey. As it was, the question of funds being a difficulty, only the extension from St. Mary's Wynd and the Netherbow to the point where Leith Wynd crossed the Nor' Loch, was completed, the old Scots Act directing "the Proveste and Baillies to bigge an honest, substantiall wall fra the Port of ye Netherbowe to ye Trinitie College."

At this same Parliament a statute was passed ordaining that every nobleman, gentleman and burghess should procure armour and arms suitable to his station, so as to be able to take the field. As showing the unrest in expectation of war that prevailed in the country, nearly every statute of this and the succeeding Parliament of James V. had some connection with military preparations.

Though the shadow of war thus lay dark over the land, the magistrates of Edinburgh did not neglect the welfare of the town, and accordingly we find that as it was inconvenient for the market of Edinburgh to be held in the open High Street owing to the fact that (*Cf. cap. 103, vii. James V.*)—

"Ane multitude of vile unhoneste and miserable creatures conveenis to the saide mercatte to get their sustentation and living, it is thocht expedient that the said meal mercatt be removed off the Hie-gate in sum honest gainand and convenient place, where the nichtboures of the saide toune and uthers the kingis lieges may conveene for selling and buying of sic victualles in time to cum."

Another evidence of the great progress made by Edinburgh is to be found in the statutes of James V.,

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

caps. 121, 122. Owing to the large numbers resorting to Court, or for other reasons going to reside in Edinburgh, there appears to have been a scarcity entailed both of bread and meat. Accordingly Monday, Wednesday and Friday were ordained as days for selling bread; and Sunday, Monday and Thursday for meat.

During the last three years of his reign (1539-42), James's relations with his nobles became very strained, and culminated in their desertion of him on the field of Solway Moss, when he committed the mistake of appointing Sir Oliver Sinclair (son of Sir Oliver Sinclair of Roslin, who in turn was the eldest son by second marriage of William, last Earl of Orkney), Commander-in-Chief of the forces advancing against the English. The latter, under the Duke of Norfolk, had invaded the Lowlands, burned many of the grand old abbeys, and were now striking westward to complete the devastation by harrying Nithsdale and Annandale. The English, seeing a state of confusion prevailing in their enemy's camp consequent on the proclamation of Sinclair's appointment, suddenly made an attack on the Scots' position, and within an hour James's fine army was well-nigh annihilated. To their credit, be it stated, that, though they brought this disaster on their king and country, the moment the English onset was made, the nobles endeavoured to stem the panic that ensued, but in vain.

To James, who had remained at Lochmaben, the intelligence was quickly conveyed, and the effect on him was terrible. He sank into a profound melancholy from which he could not be roused. From Lochmaben he proceeded to Edinburgh, and thence to Falkland, where he took to his bed. On the 8th December news was brought to him that his queen had given birth to a daughter, but the news only

## *In the Reign of James V.*

increased his gloom. Recalling the manner in which the Crown had come into the Stuart family, through the marriage of Walter the Steward (father of Robert II.) with Marjory, daughter of Robert Bruce, and also apprehending that Henry VIII., with only a feeble infant between him and the Scots throne, would refrain from no deed of violence to achieve his end, he muttered sadly, "It came wi' a lass and it will go wi' a lass." A week later the care-worn king breathed his last.

## CHAPTER VII

### *In the Reign of Mary*

THE apprehensions entertained by James V. regarding the purposes of his crafty uncle were fully justified by events. The luckless King of Scotland was scarcely cold before Henry VIII. revealed his intentions. Had the Scots not identified such proposals with the loss of their independence, there can be no doubt that the policy would have spared Scotland infinite suffering, and England the lives of thousands of brave men. Henry suggested that the daughter of James should marry his son, and that the kingdoms should be united. Blinded by ultra-patriotism and by the influence of the Church of Rome, ever malign to Scotland, the Scots of that period did not see that their political welfare was really bound up in such a line of action. It was therefore declined, and Henry prepared to exact it by force, despatching the Earl of Hertford "to bring the Scots to their senses." Had the advice of James V. been followed and an extension been made to the Flodden Wall, Hertford would have been able to inflict comparatively little injury upon Edinburgh.

But it made a poor defence. The cowardly Cardinal Beaton, at whose door lay the responsibility for all the trouble, fled panic-stricken to Stirling, accompanied by many of the leading townspeople, and the English easily made themselves masters of the place, but were unable to reduce the Castle. They, however, laid the town in ashes, and also burned Craigmillar Castle, Rosslyn Castle, with every abbey,

## *In the Reign of Mary*

town and village between Edinburgh and Dunbar; and ended by sacking Leith, just before sailing away.

This invasion of Hertford constitutes an era in the history of Edinburgh, inasmuch as there are very few buildings older than 1544. As Wilson remarks, "If we except portions of the Castle, the churches, and the north-west wing of Holyrood Palace, scarcely a single building anterior to this date exists in Edinburgh."

If Henry VIII. had exercised more patience he would have succeeded, because even then the Protestant leaven was at work. But bluff King Hal was better adapted for the Bluebeard *rôle* of wife-killing than for weaving the webs of subtle diplomacy. He sought to force where he should have flattered. Nor was his son, Edward VI. of pious memory, much better, where his own interests were concerned. A second expedition, again under Hertford; who had become Duke of Somerset, was despatched to Scotland in 1547, shortly after the accession of the young king, to exact a fulfilment of the marriage pledge, alleged to have been given by the Earl of Arran in 1543. At Pinkie the Scots were severely defeated, Edinburgh and Leith were once more pillaged, and the Abbey of Holyrood again given to the flames. Then the patience of the Scots gave way, and the young queen was betrothed to the Dauphin of France, being also sent thither to be educated.

Mary's reign nominally began in December 1542, at the death of her father, but her actual rule only extended from August 1561 to July 1567. She is historically credited, however, with all that was done in her name between these two dates—1542-1567.

Shortly before the departure of the young queen, her mother, by the exercise of her influence with her relatives in France, obtained assistance from that

country. In June 1548, a strong body of men-at-arms, numbering nearly 10,000, completely equipped and furnished with supplies and military engines of all kinds then in vogue, landed at Leith, under the command of André de Montalembert, Comte d'Esse, who also brought with him the formal confirmation of the matrimonial alliance between the Dauphin and Mary.

Comte d'Esse, after the departure of the young queen, strongly advised the Scots Estates to begin a systematic fortification of Edinburgh in view of the constant attacks by the English. The Estates agreed with him, and a commencement was made at Leith, to which we shall refer in our chapter on the port. As the English, before leaving the Forth, had erected a fort on the island of Inchkeith, which stands about two miles off the coast, immediately opposite the harbour, d'Esse considered that the initial step for regaining the command of the estuary was to capture the stronghold on the island. A general attack was therefore made upon it, and although the English fought with magnificent courage, they were overpowered by numbers and compelled to surrender at discretion. The ruins of the old fort are still visible.

Gradually the English invaders were driven from the remaining places of strength in Scotland—Hume Castle, Fast Castle, Broughty Ferry, Haddington—after a succession of desperate encounters in which both sides lost heavily, and in 1550 peace was concluded between the Powers. France and England had signed a treaty, and the former insisted that Scotland, her ancient ally, should be included in it.

Leith, rather than Edinburgh, had been the scene of these last conflicts. The defences of the port had been greatly strengthened by the French auxiliaries, who were the most expert military engineers in Europe. Many Edinburgh people therefore betook themselves to



## *In the Reign of Mary*

Leith, where they could live in peace and safety under the protection of the garrison.

The ravages which the English invasions of 1544 and 1547 had inflicted on the country were not without a certain amount of compensatory benefit. Formerly the houses had been mean and insignificant in most instances, while the citizens still clung to the use of thatch. But after these invasions, when the fact became known that, as compared with other nations, the Scots were far behind in the matter of household accommodation, a great stimulus was given to building, the style being mostly an imitation of the French baronial.

Their Gallic allies, however, before long came to be regarded by the Scots with feelings only a little less inimical than those they entertained towards the English. The French men-at-arms, accustomed to the luxury of their own highly-cultured and civilised country, did not take pains to conceal their contempt for the semi-barbarous Scots, and the latter were by nature only too ready to read insult into every action of their helpers.

After a visit paid to France in 1551, the queen-regent induced the Earl of Arran to resign the regency in her favour, an office he had held since the death of the late king. Strong pressure was brought to bear on him, and as even his own friends were obliged to admit his egregious unfitness for the office, an unfitness which entailed many evils on the country through misgovernment, the queen-mother attained the object of her ambition, at the Parliament convened in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh in April 1554. One has only to read the Town Council Register of Edinburgh to understand the state of anarchy which prevailed in the capital as the result of Arran's weak rule.

But the queen-regent had a strong hand, and after one or two of the most turbulent of the nobility had been

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

imprisoned and heavily fined, they realised that to purchase the revenge of an hour by long months of duration was short-sighted policy. Not that either she or her government was popular. This is shown by a statute passed by the Estates in 1555 entitled "Anent the speaking evil of the Queen's Grace or Frenchmen."

In looking through the statutes passed at this (1555) session of the Scots Parliament, and the next (1558), we are confronted with numerous facts illustrative of the rapid rise of the "commons" or great mass of the people into power. For example, the "Estates" considered it necessary to limit the power of the nobility over their people and to insist that the queen's writ should "run" everywhere in Scotland as regards nobles, gentry and people.

Moreover, the laws against exporting tallow, victuals, and flesh, also wool, skins, hides, and "all other staple gudes customable," were re-affirmed. True, attempts were made to check the power of the people, manifestly at the orders of the queen-mother and her advisers, by insisting that all deacons of the craft and "visitors of the trades" should be chosen by the Provost, Bailies, and Councils of the Boroughs. This was done because there had been "great trouble in boroughs, commotion and rising of the lieges in divers parts, and making of leagues and bands among themselves, and betwixt borough and borough, which deserves great punishment."

Singular also is it that we find the Romanist advisers of the queen-mother frowning upon the ancient games and spectacles of "Robin Hood," the "Abbot of Unreason," and the "May Queen," and forbidding them under severe penalties. Such austerity is usually ascribed to the period of Presbyterian ascendancy. Even maidens were to be forbidden to dance around the Maypole or to chant their lays in the streets of the towns.

## *In the Reign of Mary*

In the year 1555-56 John Knox returned for a short time to Scotland, after his imprisonment in France for being concerned in the slaughter of Cardinal Beaton at St. Andrews in 1546. His preaching against the abuses and immorality in the Church of Rome was attended with such success that he was summoned before the Provincial Council of the Church, held in the Blackfriars Monastery, May 1556. The charge, however, was suffered to drop, because the heads of the Church were warned they would lose more than they would gain by such a course.

In December 1557, owing to the outbreak of war between France and Spain, and the earnest desire of the former to strengthen itself against its antagonist, with which England was in close alliance, the Estates of the Realm were summoned to deliberate on a letter received from Henry II., King of France, proposing that the marriage between the Dauphin and Mary Queen of Scots should be solemnised.

The French had been severely defeated by the Spaniards assisted by the English at St. Quentin, and Henry urged Mary of Lorraine to create a diversion by declaring war against England. This the Scots nobles refused to do. With England they had no quarrel at present, they said, and the queen-regent, in anger and chagrin, had to resort to petty acts of provocation to effect her ends. To induce the Scots to prosecute such a policy as we have indicated, Henry II., on Mary of Lorraine indicating the failure of her attempt to breed strife between the two ancient enemies, wrote the letter proposing the consummation of the long-talked-of matrimonial scheme. The young queen had developed into one of the most beautiful and fascinating women in Europe. Her intellectual powers were on a par with her loveliness, and she was deeply versed in all the diplomacy of her time. She had

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

also studied under the best teachers, and had benefited so materially by their tuition that her culture was esteemed to be as marvellous as her charms. Such was the blooming young beauty who was to be wedded to the diseased and weakly Dauphin.

The Scots Estates agreed to send commissioners to the marriage, but empowered these representatives only to give their assent on receiving ample security for the preservation of the ancient laws and liberties of the kingdom. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, April 24, 1558. Immediately thereafter the commissioners were requested to tender the "Crown Matrimonial" to Francis, but replied they had no authority so to do. From that hour the interest of France in Scotland steadily decreased.

Edinburgh, as the capital of Mary's kingdom, was meantime increasing rapidly, both as regards population and importance. Large and magnificent mansions were being erected within the walls by the nobility, the queen-mother setting the example by building the splendid palace which long occupied the site where now stands the New College and Assembly Hall of the United Free Church. Some of these mansions are standing to this day.

The Reformed party was now steadily acquiring supreme power in the State, thanks to the bold and uncompromising attitude of John Knox and his coadjutors, whom he had entrusted with the direction of affairs during his absence in Geneva. Events came to a head at the Feast of St Giles, 1st September 1558, when the image of the Saint was thrown into the Nor' Loch.

The queen-regent was ordered by her relatives in France to adopt stringent measures to suppress the new Reforming party, the leaders of which had taken



*Palace of Mary of Guise  
and the Lauby House*

the name of "The Lords of the Congregation." Compelled to do so against her better judgment, she cited several of these leaders to appear before her and the ecclesiastical authorities, and to lend the colour of justice to her new policy, a Provincial Synod, the last of its kind ever held in Scotland while Roman Catholicism was the religion of the State, met in Blackfriars' Church, Edinburgh. As they were themselves fully conscious that the chief cause of the growth of the Reformed doctrines was the immoral lives and gross ignorance of the Romanist clergy, the Convention passed resolutions affirming the need for reformation in the lives of the priests, and also that several of the doctrines of the Church should be modified. All was of no avail. Suddenly the news was brought to the Convention that John Knox had returned to Scotland, and in a state of panic the Convention adjourned never to meet again.

The queen-mother with her French men-at-arms and the Romanist clergy withdrew to Dunbar, leaving Edinburgh in the hands of the "Congregation." After a meeting had taken place between representatives of the two parties at the Quarry Holes, when a pledge was given that the detested French soldiery would be despatched back to their own country, the Regent returned to Holyrood, and immediately began to plot how she might evade fulfilment of the conditions of the treaty. She was very anxious that St. Giles' should be "restored" for the purposes of Catholic worship. To this, however, the Lords of the Congregation would not consent, as it was daily used for service by themselves. In order to interfere as much as possible with the Reformed worship, the French soldiers used the great open space of the nave for lounging and promenading, while Willock or Knox was preaching in the choir. In vain the preachers

## *In the Reign of Mary*

and the people complained : redress of the grievance had to come in a more drastic way.

Meantime, Sir Ralph Sadler having been sent to Scotland by Elizabeth, had entered into negotiations with the Reformed party. War was seen to be imminent by both parties, and preparations for it were made accordingly. Reinforcements came from France, and Leith was strongly fortified by them, to which the Lords of the Congregation retaliated by proclaiming the queen-regent deposed. At first the raw levies of the Reformed party were decisively defeated by the experienced French men-at-arms in these assaults upon Leith. So disheartened were the Lords of the Congregation by these reverses that they abandoned Edinburgh, which was re-occupied by the queen-regent. Suddenly, at this juncture, several large vessels were seen bearing up the Forth. The French commander concluded they were reinforcements from France until, to his amazement, he saw his transports and food-ships captured. The newcomers were the long-promised "aid" from England. Now, for the first time, Scot and Englishman fought side by side. Gradually the dogged courage and experience of the English troops told, and the French, driven within the fortifications of Leith, began to suffer severely from famine.

The French artillery was mounted on the walls and on every point of vantage within the town of Leith, one very annoying battery being situated on the tower of the Preceptory of St. Anthony. The English mounted theirs on huge mounds on Leith Links, yet visible to this day, and named respectively Mount Pelham and Mount Somerset (though known locally as "Giant's Brae" and "Somers Brae"), from which St. Mary's Church suffered severely.

Meantime, the health of the queen-regent had been steadily growing worse. Shortly afterwards she

ended her life on the 9th or 10th of June 1560, and her body, wrapped in lead, was kept in the Castle till the 19th October, when it was conveyed by ship to France. She was buried in the abbey of St. Peter in Rheims, in Champagne, where her sister was then abbess.

No sooner was the queen-regent dead, than both parties showed that they were inclined for peace, and after a conference between their representatives, this end was brought about, the French undertaking to depart at once. On the 16th July of the same year they embarked, and thus ended the association of Scotland with France.

Scarcely had the first new Scottish Parliament been convened, on August 1, when news came of the sudden death of Francis II., Mary's consort. The young queen soon found that there was no place for her in France, owing to the persistent jealousy of her mother-in-law, Catherine de' Medici, and she therefore intimated, to the great joy of her people in Scotland, that she was about to return home.

By the time of Mary's return to the city of her fathers, the population of Edinburgh was beginning to feel a straitening of its borders that was rapidly becoming serious. The "hog's back ridge," from the Castle to Holyrood, was densely populated as far as the Netherbow. Every available yard of space was occupied. At the foot of that ridge on the north side was the artificial sheet of water known as the Nor' Loch, while on the south side of the ridge was a deep, rocky ravine, through which there had "bickered down" a little stream on its way to discharge itself into St. Margaret's Loch. The stream had been diverted, the marshes formed by it drained, and in process of time a noble street was formed, called the Sou-Gait or Cowgate—the first name being derived from its geographical position, and the



## *In the Reign of Mary*

second from cattle having been driven along it on their way to the pasture lands of St. Leonard's on the east, and King's Stables on the west. The new street had become one of the fashionable parts of the town, where many noble personages had their mansions, being connected with the "Hie Gait" (High Street) by wynds and closes. These wynds and closes were flanked on both sides with high tenements, as on the northern side of the High Street, where many of the alleys opened on to the banks of the Nor' Loch.

On the 19th August 1561, Mary Queen of Scots, the widowed spouse of Francis II. of France (who had died 3rd December 1560), landed in Leith, to spend seven of the most eventful years a woman ever crowded into a busy life. Attended by her three maternal uncles, Claude of Lorraine, Francis, Grand Prior of Malta, and Rene, Marquis d'Elbœuf, also by her four "Maries," she set foot upon her ancestral soil, amid the roar of cannon and the acclamations of her subjects. Received by her natural brother, Lord James Stewart, and by others of the nobility, she was conducted with great pomp and ceremony to Holyrood. Never had reign opened more auspiciously ; alas ! amid what disaster was it to close !

From the account of her State entry into Edinburgh, on September 2, we get an idea of what was the condition of the Scots capital in the middle of the sixteenth century. She was engaged to dine at the Castle that day, and accordingly she journeyed along the line of Princes Street, then called the "Lang Gait." She must either have entered the city by the West Port or West Gate, or have obtained ingress into the fortress from the line of the present Lothian Road by some pathway not known to us now. Sixteen of the most honourable citizens, clad in crimson satin doublets and long velvet robes, bore a canopy

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

of fine purple velvet lined with red taffeta over her. In the Castle she was entertained by the Scots nobility in the old banqueting hall, at a splendid collation in which French confections played no small part.

Leaving the Castle by the old "Drawbridge Entrance," she once more descended the Castlehill until she arrived at the "Butter Trone" (or the place where dairy produce was weighed and sold), which stood at the head of the West Bow almost on the site of the Church of Scotland Assembly Hall. Here she was met by a grand procession headed by fifty of the goodliest youths of the city disguised as black-amours, with crape vizors over their faces and wearing gilded fetters as a token that they were her slaves for ever. Here also she was stopped—

"by ane port (gate) maid of timber in the maist honourabil maner, coloured with fine colours and hung with sundry arms, upon the quhilk (which) 'port' were singand certaine bairnes in ye maist hevenlie wyse. Under ye port was ane clude (cloud), opening with four leaves in ye middis (midst), and in ye quhilk was put ane bonnie bairn. When ye Quene's Hieness was coming through ye said port, ye clude opened and ye bonnie bairne discended as if it had been ane angel and deliverit to Her Hieness ye keys of ye town together with ane Bible and Psalm Buke, covered with fine purpour velvet."

John Knox was present on the occasion and records in his *History* that when the Bible was presented to her, and the praise thereof declared, she frowned, and passed it on to one of her attendants who was an ardent Papist.

When Mary reached the Cross, in the High Street, a pageant of four fair Virgins "clad in most heavenly clothing" met her and discoursed to her upon various points in Reformed theology upon which Mary could not be expected to be very well informed. Of course the city fountain "played" wine in place of its natural fluid

## *In the Reign of Mary*

and the citizens crowded to drink the health of their beautiful queen from glass goblets, which they immediately broke that the vessels might not be profaned by any meaner toast. And so amid the roar of artillery from the Castle, the shouting of her loving subjects, and the crashing of glasses, Mary passed down the High Street, through the Netherbow, and back to her Palace of Holyrood. There were now nine "ports" at which ingress or egress could be obtained to and from the city—the West Port, Greyfriars or Bristo Port, Potterrow Port, Cowgate Port, Netherbow Port, College Kirk Port, the Port in Halkerston's Wynd, and the Dung Port in Leith Wynd.

Many changes in manners were effected by the Reformation. To the strict observance of all the severer virtues of the Calvinistic rule of faith, as practised in Geneva, the Reformers gave close attention. John Knox, whose association with Calvin had been very intimate, imbibed all his practice as well as his precepts. After 1559-60 a purer tone of social morals, at least on the surface, became manifest. The magistrates of the city, in their zeal to show themselves true sons of the Reformed Faith sometimes committed curious blunders, both in word and deed, as when they ordered all "idolaters and fornicators" to be banished the town within forty-eight hours, the former class being represented by the adherents of the old religion. Their efforts towards preserving the sanctity of the Sabbath met with more sympathy. During Roman Catholic times a practice had become general of observing the services of the Sunday in a very lax manner. The duties of religion were neglected, sports and recreations were indulged in, the Sabbath being made the principal day for business, and the one on which fairs and markets were regularly held. To put a stop to such practices, the magistrates enacted that the markets

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

should be held on *Thursday* and *Saturday*, that no shops or taverns should be opened during divine service nor goods sold, under the pain of corporal punishment.

Although the old Tolbooth had been most substantially built, it had now fallen into a ruinous state, and one of the first acts of Mary's reign was to order its re-erection or entire demolition. The Court of Session met there, and the Lords thereof threatened if better accommodation were not provided by the magistrates of the capital to remove the Law Courts to St. Andrews. Such a contingency by its very suggestion acted as a spur to the lagging intent of the "city fathers." They set about the work in earnest, and after certain unavoidable delays occasioned by the scarcity of money, the work was finished. Thus, standing near each other, were an old and a new Tolbooth. The old Tolbooth was still used as the prison, but in the new one were housed the Parliament, the Court of Session, and the Town Council, together with several municipal departments that had to be near the centre of affairs.

As showing the changes occasioned by the Reformation, we may state that the town's seal and standard were both altered by order of the Town Council, who specially enjoined the figure of St. Giles (called by the Reformers "*the Idol*"), to be cut out of the arms and the Thistle to be substituted. It also ordained, at the same time, that no person should be eligible for any office in the city but such as were of the Reformed Faith. Numerous riots took place between the representatives of the rival creeds. The Reformers demanded freedom of worship for themselves, but they refused to allow the queen the same privilege, hence she could attend no place of worship in the town, but was compelled to have Mass celebrated almost by stealth in her private chapel at Holyrood.

## *In the Reign of Mary*

In 1565, Mary having fallen desperately in love with the handsome face and figure of her cousin, Henry, Lord Darnley, eldest son of the Earl of Lennox, married him with a haste approaching the indecorous, and it is a curious instance of the irony of fate that a union in itself so unsuitable, and in its immediate results so unhappy, should have ultimately entailed consequences so important in their bearing upon the course of the after-history both of Scotland and Great Britain. Had this marriage not taken place, the Union of the Crowns might not have occurred, and England and Scotland might have remained in the same condition of jealous enmity for centuries to come. By this union between Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, and Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, Mary strengthened her position as the heir-presumptive to the Throne of England, for it was in virtue of his father's claims as the grandson of Margaret Tudor, as well as of his mother's rights that James VI. obtained the English Throne in 1603.

Three months of married life were sufficient to reveal to Mary that she was married to a vicious weakling, her husband's low amours speedily converting her love into loathing. The Earl of Moray, otherwise known as Lord James Stewart, and upon whom she had lavished honours and wealth, had been alienated from her by the Darnley marriage and was now a fugitive in England. She had literally no one to whom she could turn, and her nature was essentially one that needed some support on which to lean. She had quarrelled also with the "Protestant Lords," the Earls of Morton, Argyle, Glencairn, Rothes, and Lords Boyd, Ruthven, Lindsay, Ochiltree, and others, in her efforts to restore Roman Catholicism, and had driven them from the country by the short and sharp campaign known as the "Chaseabout Raid."

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

Even among the civic rulers of Edinburgh, there was not one who had any real influence or political power. In these circumstances she was thrown almost wholly upon the advice of Rizzio, who neither understood nor sympathised with the Scots character, and accordingly gave her evil counsel. On the 9th March 1566, therefore, a terrible scene was witnessed by the inmates of Holyrood Palace, when Rizzio was murdered by a party of nobles headed by Darnley.

“I shall weep no more,” said the queen, when she heard of her favourite’s fate, “but will now plan my revenge.” And she did. The first move in it was to detach Darnley from the other conspirators, so as to learn their plans; the second, to ally herself with one of the most dissolute and abandoned, yet at the time one of the ablest of the nobles of her Court, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. For him she appears to have conceived a consuming passion, which she took no pains to conceal. The conspirators, realising that they were in deadly danger, made their escape. Mary, however, was not in a position at that time to complete her revenge. Her time of accouchement had arrived, and having retired to the royal apartments in Edinburgh Castle, she there gave birth to her son, James—afterwards James VI.—(19th June 1566), ten months and a half after her marriage to Darnley. On the 17th December of the same year the infant was baptised in Stirling, and on the 10th February 1567 Mary’s revenge was consummated on Darnley, a revenge which, whether wrought by herself or through the ministry of others, has affixed an indelible stain on her memory.

Darnley, who, although in Stirling, was not invited to be present at the baptism of his own child, had determined to retire to Bothwell Castle, near Hamilton, and to reside with his father, when he was seized on

## *In the Reign of Mary*

the way with a dangerous illness. Historians differ as to its nature. Some assert it was induced by poison, others that it was caused by smallpox, others that it was due to his own low vices. Be this as it may he was able with difficulty to reach Glasgow, but could proceed no further and had to remain in close seclusion. There he was visited by the queen, who, after a reconciliation had been effected, urged Darnley to return with her to Craigmillar, near Edinburgh. He consented to return to the capital, but objected to Craigmillar on the ground that he would be so far separated from her. Therefore Maitland and Bothwell, as tradition relates, took the house, "Kirk of Field," situate immediately behind the line of the town wall and as nearly as possible on the spot now occupied by the south-east corner of the University. There Darnley took up his abode towards the end of January and there he was frequently visited by the queen. Apparently they were on the best of terms with each other, the breach seemingly being entirely healed. She showered caresses and endearments on him, and even up to the fatal 10th of February 1567, when he was murdered by being blown up by gunpowder, she had "petted and soothed" him until she left him to attend the marriage festivities of her servant, Bastian. By the apologists of Mary the events of that last day and night never have been, and never can be, explained in a manner calculated to acquit her from the guilt of being a moral if not an actual participator in the slaughter of her husband. The evidence elicited by the commissioners which met to examine the *Casket Letters* was damning to her innocence, even if we set aside the "Letters" themselves as unworthy of credence.

Her subsequent history as it is associated with Edinburgh may be told in a few words. She was

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

married to Bothwell in the Chapel Royal of Holyrood, by his kinsman, Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, May 15, 1567. They then proceeded to Borthwick Castle to spend their honeymoon. On June 10 the Scots nobility, having resolved on Bothwell's overthrow, appeared with strong forces before the Castle, but the guilty pair eluded their pursuers for the time and fled to Dunbar, where they summoned an army to join them. On the 15th June the two armies met at Carberry, but no engagement took place; Bothwell made his escape, Mary surrendered to the lords and was by them conveyed to Edinburgh, being lodged, amid cries of execration, in the house of Sir Simon Preston of Craigmillar, where the Royal Exchange now stands. On the following day she was taken for the last time to Holyrood, then was hurried to Lochleven on the 17th, never again to set foot in Edinburgh. Once more she appears on the stage of Scottish history. Albeit compelled to abdicate in favour of her son (July 24, 1567), she contrived to escape (May 2, 1568) and repaired to Hamilton, where she held Court, but the crushing defeat of her supporters at the battle of Langside, by the Regent Moray, so disheartened her that she fled to England to throw herself on the generosity of Elizabeth. She thus disappears for ever from the page of her country's annals—a picturesque yet pathetic figure whose misfortunes go far to condone her misdeeds.



## CHAPTER VIII

### *In the Reign of James VI.*

THE reign of James VI. began on the 29th January 1567, and as far as Scotland was immediately concerned, terminated on 5th April 1603. He cannot be said to have done much either for the improvement or beautifying of the city of Edinburgh.

The first years of his minority were characterised by the storm and stress of Civil War. Many of the leading men in the Reformed party were grievously offended by the rigorous measures adopted towards the fair and unfortunate Mary. Gradually a "queen's party" took shape, headed by Maitland of Lethington, and the heroic but headstrong soldier, Kirkcaldy of Grange, while those who supported the authority of her son, were styled "king's men."

But we are anticipating our narrative. No sooner had Mary been driven into abdication in the lonely Castle of Lochleven, than her half-brother, Lord James Stewart, created by her Earl of Moray, was elected Regent for the infant king (August 22, 1567). He was a man of undoubted ability and force of character, in earlier years politically crafty and ambitious, but, as time went on, that ambition was kept well in check by his sincere piety. While there can be no little doubt that at one time he cast his eyes longingly upon the Crown, to which his accession would have meant peace and prosperity for Scotland, for his powerful personality would have crushed the turbulent nobility into subjection, the infantile

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

helplessness of his nephew appealed irresistibly to his sense of pity, and he deliberately renounced his ambition in favour of the claims of kinship. During the seventeen months of his Regency, Scotland enjoyed such a period of quiescence as she had not experienced since the days of James IV., nor was to enjoy again till the days of the Commonwealth. While showing himself a great administrator by the manner in which he governed the kingdom, he also stands revealed as an able general by the skilful manner in which he defeated at Langside the numerically superior forces of the adherents of Mary. His very success, however, proved his destruction. The strong stand he made for the upholding of law and justice roused the resentment of the nobility, whom he compelled to respect the royal authority, and he fell by the bullet of an assassin in January 1570. He was interred in the south transept of St. Giles' Church, amid universal mourning, and Knox delivered an eloquent and touching oration over his bier.

Moray was succeeded by the Earl of Lennox, the father of Darnley, and therefore the grandfather of the king. Troubles began at once. No sooner was the news conveyed to Kirkcaldy of Grange that the Good Regent was dead, than he publicly declared his intention of replacing Mary on the Throne. He was in command of the Castle of Edinburgh, and he now openly defied the "king's party," shut the gates of the great fortress, and in April 1571 began to play his cannon upon the town, after ordering those citizens unfavourable to the cause of the queen to leave the place. Lennox, having held a Parliament in a private house in the Canongate, at which Kirkcaldy and the leaders of the queen's party were declared outlaws, withdrew to Stirling, leaving Morton to prosecute the war. Here he was attacked by Kirkcaldy's lieutenants, the Earl of

## *In the Reign of James VI.*

Huntly and the Lairds of Fernihurst and Buccleuch, and for some hours the Earls of Lennox, Morton, Glencairn and Ruthven were in the hands of the "queen's men" until rescued by the Earl of Mar. Lennox, however, was wounded by a pistol shot, of which he died in the course of the day, after a regency of fourteen months.

The Earl of Mar succeeded him, his regency being mainly notable for the ferocity with which the contest between Kirkcaldy of Grange and the Earl of Morton was carried on. Many citizens lost their lives, and the town of Edinburgh, which was held by the "queen's men," was the battle-ground of the parties. The regency of Mar only lasted thirteen months, and then he too died, the Earl of Morton being called to fill the vacancy. He set himself without delay to reduce the Castle, and gradually won so much of the town from the "queen's men" that at last Kirkcaldy could only claim the portion of Edinburgh on the Castlehill and on the northern slope. His cruel action in setting fire to a portion of the town and the news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew sealed the doom of the "queen's party." Realising that the two countries must unite for the defence of Protestantism, Elizabeth at last listened to the Earl of Morton, and sent Sir William Drury, with a train of siege-artillery and a body of well-equipped troops, to assist in reducing the fortress.

Kirkcaldy of Grange did all a brave man could to resist the forces against him. Though already short of provisions when the siege commenced—his underground passage leading into the town having been discovered and blown up—he yet held out for thirty-three days. In vain, the dying John Knox had sent him a prophetic message of warning which was fulfilled to the letter; in vain his friends among the "king's men" offered to make surrender easy; he refused all

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

such endeavours of friends to save him from himself, buoyed up by hopes of aid from France. Batteries were erected by Morton and Drury in front of the main entrance to the Castle, on the ground where Heriot's Hospital now stands, on the further bank of the Nor' Loch, and on a spur of the Calton Hill known as the "Doo Craig." Professor Hume Brown say :—

"The assault began on the 21st May, and when for the first time the terrors of a siege were realised, the shrieks of the women rose from the doomed stronghold. The batteries told with deadly effect ; St. David's Tower fell, the Wallace Tower followed, and before many days the prediction of Knox in his message to Kirkcaldy was fulfilled that the Castle walls would run down like a sandy brae. The position of the besieged was now desperate ; the wells within the Castle were choked, provisions failed, and a mutiny at length drove Grange to sue for terms."

But of mercy he could expect none. Maitland of Lethington, his companion, perished by his own hand, while Kirkcaldy was hanged at the Tolbooth (3rd August 1573), protesting with his last breath his regret that he had not listened to Knox's warning.

Morton's regency thereafter was singularly uneventful, and his influence upon Edinburgh was almost *nil*. His rapacity and his cruelty, however, discounted in the eyes of many the vigour and the justice of his government. He had many enemies among the nobles and the clergy, and they united to bring about his ruin, which they effected in January 1581, when he was publicly executed by the "Maiden," a species of guillotine erroneously believed to have been invented by himself.

In 1579 James resolved to take the government into his own hands, although he was then only in his fourteenth year. The usual triumphal entry was made, when he was harangued in Greek, Latin, Scots and

## *In the Reign of James VI.*

Hebrew ; which last the old historians say, "His Highness did understand rychte weill." The inevitable sermon had, of course, to be preached, after which the king was permitted to go to dinner, his remark on the occasion being that "doctrine and a toom wame (empty stomach) didna go well together."

James did little for Edinburgh. The one great benefit he conferred upon it was his establishment of the University in 1582, which, some years after, he graciously permitted to be called after himself. The attendance at first was far from large, though it steadily increased. When one considers its almost insignificant beginning and compares the numbers on the matriculation roll to-day, which render it the largest University in the United Kingdom, a useful lesson is imparted regarding the inadvisability of despising the day of small things. We shall have more to say about the University in the chapter devoted to Edinburgh as an educational centre.

In 1583-84 some reforms were passed in connection with the "Sett" or Constitution of the burgh and the position of its chief magistrate. Disputes having arisen in the previous year between the merchants and craftsmen relative to their respective rights, a reference of the points at issue to neutral parties was agreed upon, and James VI. was chosen as umpire. The adjudicators drew up an award called the "Decreet-arbitral," which settled the Sett or Constitution of the burgh, and was acted on until the Reform Bill of 1832. The chief magistrate of the city was, by virtue of his office, entitled to a seat in Parliament—a state of affairs prevailing down to the Union of the countries in 1707.

In 1587 a curious spectacle was witnessed in Edinburgh. James, being unable to suppress the quarrels constantly occurring among his nobility, determined to end all disputes by a summary process of reconciliation. Accordingly having assembled the nobles on Sunday,

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

14th May, at Holyrood, in the lodging of Sir James Maitland of Thirlestane (as Moyses tells us), he drank to them and then caused them all to shake hands. On the following day, after banqueting them in Holyrood, he caused the Earls of Angus, Montrose, Crawford, Mar, and Glencairn, also the Master of Glamis, and many others—all deadly enemies to one another—to march hand in hand two abreast from the Abbey of Holyrood up the Canongate and High Street of Edinburgh to the Town Cross, where the provost and bailies had a table spread with wines and sweetmeats. Here the company once more drank to their eternal amity and separated. Alas ! but a few weeks later they were lying in wait, as of old, to kill one another ! In this year also the High Court of Justiciary, formerly an itinerant tribunal, was permanently fixed at Edinburgh.

Though the intelligence of the execution of Queen Mary, mother of James VI., did not officially reach the Scots capital until nearly a month after the event, the news put the king into “very great displeasure and grief, so that *he went to bed that night without supper !*” For a time James vowed vengeance, declined to allow Elizabeth’s ambassador to enter Scotland, and sent a herald to demand official satisfaction for the deed. But Elizabeth soothed the young monarch by representing the act to have been done without her cognisance. Certainly the safety of both thrones had demanded that Mary should be removed from the political stage, and both monarchs realised the fact.

The next gay pageant which delighted the Edinburghers was the “welcome home” to James and his newly-wedded Danish bride. The king had done a very courageous thing—for him ! Gales having delayed the lady’s start for Scotland, the monarch fearing the fickle fair might back out of the business, embarked for Denmark, despite storms and witches’ incantations,

## *In the Reign of James VI.*

married the lady of his love and started homeward. Naturally such a display of courage on the part of the "Lord's anointed" deserved a triumphal pageant, and he got it! On the 1st of May 1590, the royal pair landed at Leith, where they were welcomed by their subjects with every demonstration of joy. Much the same order of procession was observed as had been the case in the "welcome to Scotland" tendered to James's mother, nine-and-twenty years before, when she returned to begin her six years of stormy rule.

James was at this time exceedingly poor, and some of his shifts to make a good appearance before the Danish ambassadors are very amusing. From the Earl of Mar he borrowed a pair of silk stockings for his own wear, saying in his letter, "Ye wadna wish that your king suld appear a scrub on sic an occasion." John Boswell of Balmuto lent the impecunious James 1000 marks (about £55), induced to do so perhaps by the king's artful appeal to his patriotism, "Ye will rather hurt yersel very far, than see the dishonour of your prince and native country, with the poverty of baith set down before the face of strangers."

The townsmen evidently were neither poor nor stingy; for they provided for the young queen a carriage richly gilt, lined with crimson velvet. Her maids of honour were with her, and the king (carefully packed on a side-saddle) rode on horseback by the door of the carriage, and in that way they reached Holyrood. Two days after her coronation (17th May), Queen Anne made a tour of the town in her coach, accompanied by the king and the ladies and gentlemen of the Court. The fountain at the Cross again flowed claret. Just above the Netherbow there was a pageant enacted representing the royal marriage. But what would appeal to James most of all, from the summit of the post was let down a casket which with contents was valued at

## The Story of Edinburgh

20,000 crowns (about £8,500), a present from the town of Edinburgh to the good Queen Anne!

Leprosy was still prevalent in Scotland. In 1591 the buildings and "foundation," which before the Reformation were used for the housing and support of a monastery of Carmelite friars, were now devoted to the purposes of providing a hospital for persons affected with the disease, the prevalence of which, especially in Edinburgh, resulted (1) from the extreme scarcity of water, there being very few wells in the town, while no supply was conveyed from a distance until the seventeenth century; (2) from the constant fish diet, many of the poorer classes living on this article of food three parts of the year. When the hospital was opened, seven lepers, all inhabitants of Edinburgh, were admitted. The restrictions put on them were very severe. They were allowed fourpence Scots per week in addition to what alms they could elicit from the public, but were debarred from leaving the hospital, nor were its doors to be open after sunset, under pain of death, a gallows being erected beside the gateway for the punishment of offenders.

In 1590-91 Edinburgh was unwontedly stirred by an extraordinary series of trials for witchcraft. David Seaton, a farmer in Tranent, having suspected his servant-maid, Geilie Duncan, to be a witch, because she manifested great skill in curing the diseases of man and beast, on his own authority subjected her to torture with the *pilniewinks* (finger screws), and compelled her in her anguish not only to acknowledge herself such, but to accuse John Fian (or Cunningham), schoolmaster at Prestonpans, Agnes Sampson, midwife of Keith (near Haddington), Barbara Napier, wife of a citizen of Edinburgh, and Euphame M'Calyean, of Edinburgh, a lady of high social position, wife of a lawyer and daughter of a judge of the Court of Session.



## *In the Reign of James VI.*

John Fian, when under examination by torture, confessed to many things utterly incredible and impossible. That they should have been believed, nay, that the king should have been so interested in these trials that he personally presided at them, and even assisted with his own hands in the examination by torture, casts a lurid light upon the degraded superstition of the age. "The nails of the unfortunate man were torn away with pincers, needles were thrust up to the head in his fingers, while his legs were crushed in the boots until the blood and marrow spouted forth." He resisted all for a long time, then made a confession in his agony that he had often had conferences with the devil, that he had attended several meetings or "Devil's Parliaments" in company with other wizards and witches, in North Berwick Kirk, at which the "Prince of Darkness" presided in the form of a huge black man with horns and a tail, which caudal appendage he was always anxious to conceal. On such occasions Fian stated that he had acted as the Fiend's scribe or secretary of proceedings, adding that he had gone with a company of witches from Prestonpans, one stormy night, out to a ship at sea which they caused to sink by their spells. He confessed he had chased a cat in Tranent for the purpose of throwing it into the sea to raise storms for the destruction of shipping, also that he had been able to leap over walls six feet high at a bound. In his indictment drawn up either by or at the instigation of James, the following was alleged against him, that

"Passing to Tranent on horseback, and ane man with him, he by his devilish craft raisit up four candles upon the horse's twa lugs (ears), and ane other candle upon the staff whilk the man had in his hand, and gave sic light as if it had been daylight: like as the said candles returnit with the said man at his hame-coming and causit him fall dead at the entry within the house!"

Fian afterwards withdrew his confession, and though

## The Story of Edinburgh

repeatedly tortured by James, he would not open his lips any more, which caused the sapient monarch to assert that the devil had again entered his heart. Fian was therefore condemned, strangled, and burned on the Castlehill.

Agnes Sampson, on being tortured also, confessed that she too had been at the night meeting in North Berwick Church. She then stated that

“The devil in man’s likeness met her going out into the fields from her own house in Keith, between five and sax at even, being alone, and commanded her to be at North Berwick Kirk the next night. She passed there on horseback and lighted down at the kirkyard. A little before she came to it, about eleven hours at even, she and others danced along the kirkyard; Geilie Duncan playing to them on a trump, John Fian *missalit* (masked) led all the rest, the said Agnes and her daughter followed next, and some others, in all about ane hundred persons, whereof sax were men, and all the rest women. The women first made their homage, then the men. The men turned nine times *withershins about* (*i.e.*, contrary to the course of the sun, that is from west to east). The witches then took hands and danced a reel to the music of Geilie Duncan’s Jew’s trump, singing the while—

“ ‘Cummer, go ye before, Cummer go ye,  
Gif ye will not go before, Cummer let me.’ ”

“John Fian touched the doors with his staff and they opened; he then with his breath blew in the lights, which were like muckle black candles sticking round the pulpit. The devil then started up in the pulpit, like ane muckle black man, and callit everyane by his or her name, and they answered ‘Here, Master.’ . . . On his command they openit up the graves, two within and ane without the kirk, and cut off the joints of the fingers, toes and knees of the dead, and partit them amang them, so that having ground them to a powder they might work mischief therewith. They also put to sea on the day James was expected back from Denmark with his bride, and threw a cat into the water, pronouncing at the same time an invocation to the devil. This was intended to raise such a storm that the vessel would be wrecked and the king drowned. (James stated that he could vouch for the truth of this, for his vessel had been greatly troubled by storms and contrary winds, while the other

## *In the Reign of James VI.*

vessels of the fleet were bowling along before a favourable wind.) The witches added that they asked the devil why they could not work the king any evil. And the Prince of Darkness replied, 'Because he is such a good man, I have no power over him. He is my greatest enemy.'"

It is said that James regarded this as a high compliment. These unfortunate people, all without doubt insane, were burned at the stake on the Castlehill.

In the year 1593 the Edinburgh Dean of Guild Court was formally constituted and defined as a recognised Municipal Court. It had been in existence for more than two centuries previous, but its duties were exceedingly vague. Now it was empowered to hear all causes between merchants or between merchants and mariners, was also directed to take cognisance of all buildings within the city, and previous to any building being erected a warrant had to be obtained from this court. It had also the right to "visit and inspect all buildings and to condemn those that are insecure." Two years later occurred the historic tragedy of Bailie MacMorran, when one of the leading magistrates of the city was shot dead by the High School boys.

The year 1596 was a very important one in the history of Edinburgh, owing to the disputes waged between the king and the clergy of the city, having come to a head over the question of the king permitting the popish lords to live within their own houses. To this the Presbyterian ministers objected, and the people, in a petition, vigorously supported their spiritual advisers. Offended by the tone of this document, the king declined to receive it, and on this being reported to the people, a violent tumult resulted, which was suppressed with difficulty. The clergy now took the false step of requesting Lord Hamilton to put himself at the head of the malcontents, in order that the evil advisers who were leading the king into these new and devious paths might be

punished. Hamilton was a born courtier, and seeing in this letter a means of ingratiating himself with his Majesty, he at once laid it before the monarch with many expressions of abhorrence at the part the ministers wished him to play. This patent piece of acting was just what James desired. Between him and his dream of absolute sovereignty the clergy alone stood. Affecting to be deeply offended at the insult, James, who had withdrawn to Linlithgow, ordered the Court of Session to follow him thither and to sit no longer in Edinburgh; and in addition commanded one minister to be imprisoned and certain others to be banished. James had of course no right to do any of these arbitrary acts, but there was no citizen of outstanding courage to withstand him, Andrew Melvil being in St. Andrews and the other leaders in exile. Great consternation prevailed, and the luckless burghesses of Edinburgh were only able to make their peace with the king through the intercession of the Queen of England, also by the payment of a round sum and by the forfeiture of many of their privileges, such as that of electing their own magistrates. As a result of this misunderstanding, James insisted on a "Town Guard" being appointed, thirty men being elected to watch the city and keep order therein. Hitherto the citizens themselves had discharged that duty, taking it in turns, but this new system was introduced which lasted until the creation of the Edinburgh Police Constabulary in 1818.

From this date, James, by every means in his power, sought to suppress Presbyterianism in favour of Episcopacy. He insisted that in future ministers must reside within their own parishes, that one minister must not meddle with the affairs of another, and that all appeals must be to the king alone.

In 1598 Fynes Moryson paid his historic visit to

## *In the Reign of James VI.*

Scotland, which he has recorded in his *Itinerary*. He travelled by road from Berwick and gives a most interesting and valuable description of the Edinburgh of his day :—

“From the village of *Fisherawe* (Fisherrow) I rode the rest of the way and so in one dayes journey, as I said, came to Edinborrow seated in *Lodoney* (Lothian) (of old called Pictland) the most civill region of Scotland, being hilly and fruitful in corn, but having little or no wood. This city is the seat of the King of Scotland and the Courts of Justice are held in the same. . . . The city is high-seated in a fruitful soyle and wholesome aire, and is adorned with many noblemen’s towers lying about it, and aboundeth with many springs of sweet waters. At the end towards the east is the King’s Palace joyning to the Monastery of the Holy Crosse (Holyrood Abbey) which King David the First built. From the King’s Palace on the east, the city still riseth higher and higher towards the west and consists especially of one broad and very faire street (which is the greatest part and sole ornament thereof), the rest of the side-streets and allies being of poor building and inhabited with very poore people. Towards the west is a very strong Castle which the Scots hold unexpugnable. In the midst of the aforesaid street is the Cathedrall Church, which is large and lightsome, but little stately for the building, and nothing at all for beauty and ornament. The houses of the city are built of unpolished stone and in the faire street good parte of them is of freestone, which in that broad streete would make a faire shew, but that the outsides of them are faced with wooden galleries, built upon the second story of the houses ; yet these galleries give the owners a faire and a pleasant prospect into the faire and broad street when they sit or stand in the same.”

As to food, Moryson says that the people

“Eate much red colewort and cabbage, but little fresh meate, using to salt their mutton and geese. . . . The gentlemen reckon their revenewes not by rents of monie but by chauldrons of victuals and keep many people in their families, yet living mostly on corne and roots, not spending any great quantity on flesh. Myself was at a knichte’s house who had many servants to attend him, that brought in his meate with their heads covered with blew caps, the table being more than halfe furnished with great platters of porredge (kail), each having a little piece of sodden meate. When the table was served the servants did

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

sit down with us, but the upper messe insteede of porredge had a pullet with some prunes in the brothe."

In the year 1599 Scotland was brought into line with all the other countries of the world in the matter of the commencement of the year. Hitherto the Day of the Annunciation (the 25th March) had been regarded as New Year's Day ; from this date, the 1st of January, by proclamation issued from Holyrood House and intimated at the Cross of Edinburgh, was constituted the beginning of "the legal year."

The ideas current at the present day regarding royal state and etiquette, receive a curious commentary when we come to note the familiar social relations whereon James lived with his subjects. When his own larder at Holyrood Palace was somewhat empty, he was not above asking for the wherewithal to make a brave show on his own table. At the baptism of Charles I. he thus writes to the Laird of Dundas :—

"Right traist friend, we grete you heartilie weel. The baptism of our dearest son being appointit at Holyrud-house upon the XXIII. of December instant, whereat some princes of France, strangers, with the specials of our nobility being invited to be present, necessar it is that great provisions, gude cheir and sic uther things necessar for decorations thereof be providit, whilks cannot be had without the help of sum of our lovand subjects, quhair of accounting you one of the specialis, we have thought good to request you effectuouslie to propyne (present) with vennysons, wyld meat, Brissil fowls (turkeys), capons and sic other provisions as are maist seasonable at that time and errand, to be sent into Holyrud-house upon the 22nd day of the said moreth of December instant and herewithal to invyte you to be present at that Solemnitie to take part of your awin gude cheir as you tender our honour and the honour of the country : Swa we commett you to God. From Lithgow, this 6th of Decemr. 1600.—'James R.'"

Towards the end of the century, the Town Council, inspired doubtless by the clergy, passed a by-law, or as it was called "an Act," enjoining that Wednesdays and Fridays were to be observed as Sunday, that all

## *In the Reign of James VI.*

the shops were to be closed, and that no person should go to a tavern or walk the streets during divine service. As there was the usual Thursday "Lecture on the Auld Testament," which was only abolished in 1769, the citizens of the good town were well "churched."

We now reach that event which went far to terminate Edinburgh's period of prosperity, by robbing her of the glory of being the residence of the reigning monarch. On the night of Wednesday, March 21, 1603, Elizabeth, Queen of England, died, and on the Saturday night following, shortly before midnight, a travel-stained horseman knocked loudly at the gates of Holyrood. Admitted after some difficulty into the royal bedchamber, Sir Robert Carey knelt and saluted James as King of England; the official announcement from the Privy Council arriving three days later. On Sunday, 3rd April, after service in St. Giles' Church, James VI. and I. took leave of his people in a speech full of affection and regard, and on the Tuesday following set out on his journey to England. He had promised to visit Edinburgh every three years; fourteen were to elapse before he redeemed his pledge.

Thus ends Edinburgh's period of splendour. Henceforward she resembled a widow mourning the death of her spouse and forsaking all the gaiety and mirth of her former days.

## CHAPTER IX

### *From the Union of the Crowns to the Union of the Kingdoms, 1603-1707*

THE remainder of the reign of James was uneventful, as far as it affected Edinburgh. In 1605 the superiority of Edinburgh over Leith was firmly established, the rights acquired by the loan which the town had advanced to Queen Mary being still further enlarged by the purchase from Lord Thirlestane of all those privileges and interests which he held in connection with the port. This was a source of infinite trouble and harassment to the merchants of Leith, inasmuch as the magistrates of Edinburgh did all they could to retard the progress of their dependency.

James meantime, after seeing "the pomp and circumstance" attendant upon municipal business in English towns, and particularly in London, ordered that in future the Provost (not yet Lord Provost, as some assert) should have a sword carried before him, while both he and the magistrates were ordered to wear, on public occasions and at civic functions, gowns indicative of their rank and office. The patterns for these James personally sent down from London.

In the year 1610 stage-coaches commenced to ply between Edinburgh and Leith, the exclusive right of running them being granted for fifteen years by royal patent to Henry Anderson of Stralsund, in Pomerania. The fare was twopence for each passenger, equal to about sixpence of our money to-day. These coaches became after a time so popular that the service was extended to other places.



## *From the Union of the Crowns*

Two years later Old Greyfriars' Church was founded. The ground, originally the gardens surrounding the monastery of the Franciscan or Grey Friars, had been granted by Mary to the town as a burying-place, when the cemetery at St. Giles' was found to be inconvenient. Though a site had been marked off for a church, the building was not fully completed until 1624.

James, after the lapse of fourteen years determined to redeem his pledge to revisit Scotland. He had learned that a generation was growing up that did not know him, and that loyalty was beginning to wane in Scotland. Accordingly, in 1617, he made arrangements to proceed north, but as he was anxious the English nobility should not discover that his boasting over the splendour and prosperity of Scotland was empty talk, he ordered that Holyrood Palace should be completely repaired, that the chapel should be rebuilt and refurnished, and that an organ should be erected therein. To decorate the chapel he sent down twelve wooden statues of the Apostles, richly gilt. The people of Edinburgh, however, objected to them as tending to restore "Romish idolatry," and he therefore countermanded his orders, but accused the Presbyterian clergy and people of ignorance, because they could not distinguish between statues intended for ornament and images erected as objects of worship. Attended by a special suite, among which were the Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Buckingham, Arundel, Southampton, Pembroke, the Bishops of Ely and Lincoln, Laud, then Archdeacon of Huntingdon and Dean of Gloucester, and a large company of English nobles and gentry, James entered Edinburgh on May 16, by the West Port, where the Provost and magistrates, clad in their new robes, received him, and where John Hay, the town clerk of the time, greeted him

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

with an address an hour long, in which choice flowers of flattery and hyperbole tickled the pedantic monarch's ears.

James having "suitably" replied, the procession advanced onward through the Grassmarket, up the West Bow and down the High Street and Canongate, the streets being lined on both sides with the citizens' train-bands, all clad in satin doublets, and with halberts in their hands. The king stopped at St. Giles', where he heard a sermon by the Bishop of St. Andrews. After this the procession was re-formed and proceeded to the Palace of Holyrood, the king stopping for a moment at St. John's Cross, Canongate, to knight the Provost of Edinburgh, William Nisbet. On the 19th June James formally visited the Castle, in order to celebrate his fifty-first birthday in the room wherein he was born. Here he was welcomed by a speech in Hebrew by a boy, Andrew Kerr, nine years of age, and in the banquet which followed in the great hall, the health of the monarch was drunk with enthusiasm.

One has often wondered at the high mortality rates of these days, but could aught else be expected when we learn that permission was given "to candlemakers to keep their shoppes and houses where they melt their tallow and cracklings, within the heart of the burgh; and to fleshers to keepe their slaughter-shoppes within the towne, and to tuime (empty) the filth of the slaughtered goods upon the high streets and in open vennalles and cloases, whereby it oftentimes falleth out that in mony streets of the said burgh the filth of the slaughtered animals is in such abundance exposed to the view of the people and the cloases and streets are so filled therewith as there can be no passage thorow the same." These nuisances were ordered by royal proclamation to be removed to the north side of the Nor' Loch. Probably, owing to the royal insistency

## *From the Union of the Crowns*

regarding this and cognate matters, we find that early in the following year (March 1618) the Privy Council made certain recommendations to the Magistrates regarding the cleansing of the streets of the town. The description they give of its condition is terrible, owing to the offal and entrails of slaughtered beasts and the like being allowed to lie festering and rotting on the public thoroughfares.

After a stay of nearly two months in his native city, the king took farewell of his Scots subjects; but before leaving he ordered that the University should be called after himself, "the College of King James," promising also to provide grants and endowments for it. The latter part of the engagement the Scots Solomon found it convenient to forget. He had also pledged himself to show greater kindness than ever to the land of his birth, but the way he took to manifest that kindness was somewhat peculiar. He immediately caused an Act of Parliament to be passed by means of his creatures in the "Scots Estates" investing the king, archbishops and bishops with supreme power, while the clergy who refused to conform were suspended, deprived or imprisoned. The citizens of Edinburgh for their firm adherence to Presbyterian forms were threatened with removal of the seat of government and the Courts of Justice. But all was in vain. Though deprived of their churches, the clergy met in conventicles to which the people resorted in crowds, leaving the churches empty. James and his Commissioners were meditating more stringent measures when the monarch was removed by death (March 26, 1625) and the work was left to his son.

The only other historic incidents worthy of mention during the reign of James I. was the visit paid in 1618 by Ben Jonson to William Drummond, at his seat of Hawthornden, about six miles from the capital. The

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

great English dramatist was hospitably received both by his host and the magistrates of Edinburgh and always retained a warm recollection of the kindness shown to him. Ben Jonson was entertained at a banquet by the Provost, Sir William Nisbet, and presented with what was equivalent to the "freedom of the city," viz., his ticket as a burgess and guild-brother. Taylor, the "Water Poet," also visited Edinburgh at the same time.

The reign of Charles I., as regards Edinburgh, was marked by little of a noteworthy character, until near its close. He was perpetually demanding contributions in money, now for his ships, now for coast defence, now for his army, and the magistrates evinced themselves so generously complaisant in supplying his wants, that he presented the Provost with a new gown of office and a sword to be borne before him on public occasions.

In July 1628 the trustees or governors, under the will of George Heriot, began the erection of the magnificent structure, Heriot's Hospital, which stands on the west side of Greyfriars' Churchyard, and about which we shall say more hereafter. In 1633 Charles I. visited his native land, in order to be crowned. He was warmly welcomed, the address presented on his entry into the Scots capital being written by William Drummond. Charles was met at the West Port by the magistrates clad in scarlet robes and the councillors in black gowns faced with velvet, and conducted through the Grassmarket, up the West Bow, down the High Street and Canongate to Holyrood, all the houses in the streets through which he passed being ornamented with velvet and tapestry, while at stated places on the line of the procession were pictures of local scenery by Jamesone, the great Scottish artist. Around the Netherbow Port in particular, there was a

## *From the Union of the Crowns*

fine group of paintings illustrative of Midlothian scenery. The streets were lined by the train-bands, clad in white satin doublets, black velvet breeches, white stockings, and with halberts in their hands. Charles and his suite were magnificently entertained throughout the visit, one state banquet alone costing the town £41,489 Scots, equal to £3457 of our money.

In 1633 private carriages began to be used by the Scots nobility, the fashion having been introduced by King Charles, who brought down with him no fewer than sixteen coaches in his train. In a few years they became common amongst the gentry, but the merchants and others long preferred to travel on horseback. In 1635 the Post Office was first established in Edinburgh. The mails to London left twice a week, the postage on a letter to the English metropolis being 8d. In 1636 the Town Council of Edinburgh purchased from the Earl of Roxburgh the superiority of the Canon-gate burgh of regality, also that of the town of North Leith, part of the barony of Broughton, and a portion of the village of "The Pleasants" (now Pleasance), all these having been vested in the earl at the time of the Reformation.

No sooner had the king returned to London than, instigated by Laud, he strove to carry out his father's ideas and to overturn the Kirk of Scotland. His plan took the form of erecting Edinburgh into a separate diocese, separated from the old metropolitan see of St. Andrews, the Collegiate Church of St. Giles being named as its cathedral. The new service-book, expressly drawn up for use in the Scottish Church, was ordered to be read there for the first time on Sunday, 23rd July 1637. The temper of the people might have warned the authorities what to expect. The dean in his surplice approached the reading-desk and

opened the service-book. The huge church was crowded to its utmost capacity. The Lord Chancellor, the Lords of the Privy Council, the judges and bishops and a vast number of nobles and gentlemen filled the aisles. No sooner, however, did Dean Hanna begin to read the "office" of morning prayer than a deafening tumult arose. The dean paused, but the bishop called to him to proceed with the collect for the day. This was overheard by an old woman, Jenny Geddes, one of the *kailwives*, or vegetable-dealers, whose little movable booths were usually pitched near the "Tron." "Colic, did ye say!" she shouted, "deil colic the wame o' ye," then hurling her "cutty-stool" at the dean's head, she added, "Ye false thief, wull ye say Mass at my lug?" In vain Lindsay, Bishop of Edinburgh, the Archbishop of St. Andrews and the Chancellor, tried to still the tumult. Worse instead of better it grew, until the clergy were literally pelted from the church. A similar scene was enacted in Greyfriars' Church and the service-book was effectually banished, for the time at least, from the Church of Scotland.

Charles made one more effort to carry his point. A royal edict ordering the use of the service-book was proclaimed at the Cross on February 22, 1638. This, however, was at once met by the formation of a league of noblemen, gentlemen, clergy, and burgesses, divided into "Four Tables" according to their rank as specified above. After a formal protest against the edict had been declared, a representative gathering of some 300 delegates from these four classes met in the "Tailors' Hall," Cowgate, and discussed the "National Covenant," which had been drawn up in 1580 by John Craig (the colleague and successor of Knox), at the command of James VI., to counteract the attempts then being made by the Roman Catholics to regain their hold on

## *From the Union of the Crowns*

Scotland. On Sabbath, 28th February, the National Covenant was signed in Greyfriars' Churchyard, many individuals opening a vein in their bodies, and appending their names in their own blood. When space failed, the initials of eager signatories were squeezed into all available corners. People flocked into Edinburgh from every corner of Scotland, eager to defend the Church, and the advocates of Episcopacy were subjected to every kind of maltreatment and disgraceful insult, until the Government, seeing the attempt to be hopeless to impose prelacy on an unwilling nation, recalled the edict, and in 1639 the Bishopric of Edinburgh was declared "suspended," until quieter days.

In this same year the "Covenanters," fearing that Charles was determined to impose his ideas of Church government upon them, took the field with an army under General Lesley and began operations by an attack on Edinburgh Castle, which the governor, Colonel Holden, surrendered almost on demand, having neither the men nor the provisions to stand a siege. Lesley then proceeded to fortify Leith, being the more stimulated to do so, by the defeat which the Marquis of Montrose inflicted on the Covenanting forces at Kilsyth. Montrose indeed sent a threatening message to the Town Council of Edinburgh, that he would attack the city unless the prisoners belonging to the king's party were immediately released. This was done, and in order to protect the city from the danger which threatened it, Sir William Dick, the wealthy Provost, and his fellow magistrates issued a proclamation, forbidding any of the inhabitants to leave the city without their consent, under the penalty of £1000 Scots, the loss of burgess freedom, and the forfeiture of all their effects within the city.

Charles again visited Edinburgh in 1641, in order to compose the differences with the Covenanters, but

completely failed, though he was entertained at the inevitable banquet. Four years later the city was visited by the last epidemic of the plague. Its virulence was so great that the Parliament met in Stirling. In 1647 the Tron Church, which had been in course of erection since 1637, was formally opened. The building, though twice burned down, is to-day, in its exterior, substantially the same as when erected 250 years ago.

As late as 1631 we have instances of sumptuary legislation. The Town Council passed an Act forbidding all women to wear plaids over their heads and faces under a penalty of £5 Scots and the forfeiture of the garment. In 1633, no attention having been paid to the order, a new Act was passed decreeing corporal punishment for the offence, and in 1648 the magistrates again directed their officers to seize any offenders and bring them up for punishment.

Meantime the Marquis of Montrose, who had nearly retrieved the fortunes of Charles in Scotland, was unexpectedly intercepted at Philiphaugh, near the pass of Lochcarron, and suffered complete defeat (May 18, 1650). Being betrayed by a false friend to General Lesley, he was brought to Edinburgh, and executed outside the Tolbooth with every species of indignity, his head being affixed to the gaol and his limbs exposed at the gates of Aberdeen, Perth, Stirling, and Glasgow. In this year the understanding which had existed between Cromwell and the Covenanters came to an end. While England declared for the Commonwealth, Charles II. was proclaimed king at the Cross of Edinburgh, and in August of the same year landed at Leith and proceeded in state to the Castle. One of the first things he was requested to do on his return was to sign the Covenant, to which he assented with great reluctance. Cromwell, ere long, was sent north



## *From the Union of the Crowns*

to bring the Scots to their senses, and the victory of Dunbar placed Edinburgh in his hands. Had the clergy not interfered with Lesley's plans, Cromwell would have been worsted by his opponent's superior strategy, and compelled to retire, baffled, to England, whereby the after-trend of historical events in Britain might have been changed. Now, however, he advanced upon Edinburgh, occupied it and Leith, and after a brief siege secured possession of the Castle. From 1650-1660 Edinburgh was placed under martial law, while the pulpits of its churches were occupied by the Protector's troopers—nay, General Cromwell himself is reported to have preached in St. Giles' Churchyard. He is said to have taken up his quarters in the Earl of Moray's house in the Canongate, while his soldiers were located in the Castle, in Holyrood Palace, and elsewhere. The "guard-house," according to tradition, was situated in Dunbar's Close. Their presence in the Palace led to an irreparable disaster, for their carelessness regarding the extinction of their lights caused this noble memorial of the Scottish kings to be totally destroyed by fire in November 1650, with the exception of the two north-west towers, erected by James V. As additional troops arrived, they were quartered in the churches, Nicoll recording with indignation and regret the desecration and destruction of the College Kirk, the Greyfriars' Kirk, Lady Yester's Kirk, the High School, the College of Edinburgh, by these boors, who considered they evinced their piety by the defacement of any ornaments in the buildings. Heriot's Hospital also narrowly escaped being permanently converted into barracks. In 1652 the first newspaper was printed in Scotland, to wit *Mercurius Scoticus*, or a true Character of Affairs in England, Ireland, Scotland, and other foreign parts," being followed by the *Mercurius Politicus*.

## The Story of Edinburgh

Nicoll in his *Diary* under the year 1658, says :—

“Burning of witches and warlocks were maist frequent. In Februar twa women and ane man were prisoners for this crime in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. One of the women died in the prison, the warlock was worryit at the stake on the Castlehill. The other woman, Jonet Anderson, wha had only been married three months before, confessit that she had given hersel, bodie and soul to the devil, and that at her wedding she saw Satan standing in the kirk ahint the pulpit. She made ane happy end and gave singular testimonies of her repentance by frequent prayers and singing of psalms before her execution. In the August the same year four women, ane of them a maiden, were burnt on the Castlehill, all confessing the sin of witchcraft. Two months later five women belonging to Dunbar were burnt on the Castlehill together, all confessing they had covenanted with Satan, renounced to him their baptism, and taken from him new names with suitable marks impressed on their flesh ; while a week or two later nine witches from the Parish of Tranent all dyed in Edinburgh with the like confessions on their lips. Yet despite all this the clergy were not satisfied, and complained, ‘There is much witchery up and down our land, the English be but too sparing to try it, though some they execut.’”

Nothing further of interest occurred in Edinburgh until the Restoration, which was celebrated with great rejoicings. Circumstances alter cases. Whereas the one month the Town Council of Edinburgh speak of Cromwell as “His Highness the umquhile Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell, under whom we have enjoyed great peace and felicitie,” the following month he is styled “That notour tyrant and traitor Oliver,” while his effigy was burned on the Castlehill in association with that of “his *make* (partner) and Father, the Devil.” The total population of Edinburgh and Leith at the time of the Restoration was 35,372.

Perhaps the most contemptible monarch who ever sat on the British throne was Charles II. Patriotism, purity and pity seemed alike foreign to his nature, in which selfishness seemed the most prominent attribute. Vain indeed to think such a man should remember the

## *From the Union of the Crowns*

pledges given when he was a waif and an exile, and when the Scots virtually stood by him to the last, would be as vain to expect as that a crabtree should bear good fruit. Two years had scarcely elapsed, when he began that policy of coercion of the Scottish people in the matter of their acceptance of Episcopacy, which terminated not only in hurling the Stuarts from the throne, but in establishing Presbyterianism so firmly in Scotland that it is never likely to be displaced. There is an element in the Scots character causing it to cling all the more tenaciously to a principle the more bitter the persecution and suffering which may attend its profession.

In 1661 the remains of the great Marquis of Montrose were exhumed from the Abbey Church ground and, after being carried with much pomp and ceremonial to St. Giles', were re-interred in the tomb of his grandfather. Immediately thereafter the Marquis of Argyle was arraigned and, after a mock trial, was executed, his head being placed on a spit on the Tolbooth whence that of Montrose had been removed. A few days later James Guthrie, one of the noblest of Presbyterian clergy, was also sacrificed to the lust for revenge which inspired Charles and his Scottish ministers, Middleton, Rothes, Lauderdale, and Archbishop Sharp. We must not lay the blame of the excesses of the time wholly upon one party, for both sides were guilty of cruelties and injustice that would have been impossible at an epoch when party feeling did not run so high.

The Presbyterian clergy, being expelled from their churches, began a systematic series of meetings called "conventicles" in the lonely parts of the mountainous districts of the Lothians, Peeblesshire, Lanarkshire, Ayrshire, Dumfries and Galloway. These being in turn suppressed, the people driven desperate, rose against their oppressors, and marched upon Edinburgh. They were,

however, met by General Dalziel at Rullion Green in the Pentland Hills, about five miles from the city, and completely routed. The prisoners who were captured were brought into Edinburgh, and thrust into a dark and dreary dungeon-like chamber in St. Giles' Cathedral, called after Sir John Gordon of Haddo, who was long imprisoned there, "Haddo's Hole." Those of higher rank were sent to the Tolbooth—until their mock trial gave a pretext for sending them to the gibbet, or the plantations.

We now reach in the history of Edinburgh a matter which is of special interest. Surprise has been expressed why the Provost of Edinburgh is styled "Lord Provost" and the same title not extended to the Provosts of Glasgow and Aberdeen. The reason is as follows: Charles having remembered the numerous evidences of loyalty he had received from Edinburgh, of which he had really made no acknowledgment, wrote a letter to the Provost, Sir Andrew Ramsay, in 1667, informing him that he (the king) was anxious that henceforward his Scots capital should not rank below London and Dublin as regards the rank of its chief magistrate. Accordingly he ordained and decreed that the Provost should bear the title of "Lord Provost," and that no other Scots provost should have a right to the same.

Meantime death by execution, in company with the meanest criminals, and arbitrary exercise of torture were constantly being inflicted on the Covenanters by the Duke of Lauderdale (who in 1671 was appointed Commissioner for Scotland), and those subordinates who sought to gain favour by imitating their master. Dalziel of Binns, Grierson of Lagg, and Graham of Claverhouse were commissioned to scour the country and to prevent the "outed" ministers from holding "conventicles" with their people, the unfortunate prisoners being always sent to Edinburgh for trial.

## *From the Union of the Crowns*

About the year 1675, hackney-coaches began to ply for hire in Edinburgh, and two years later the first coffee-house was opened in Parliament Close. In 1678, the notorious Major Weir, the Scottish wizard whose crimes and misdemeanours were said to include the most unnameable sins, was burned on the Castlehill, while his sister was hanged on the Gallowlee near Pilrig. For a century thereafter, his house in the West Bow remained untenanted, those who ventured to occupy it for a single night being driven out of it by sights and sounds too terrible for description. In this year also a stage-coach began to run between Edinburgh and Glasgow, but the roads were so bad that the undertaking proving unremunerative was abandoned.

In 1679 the Lauderdale Administration received its death-blow. On May 3 the cruel murder of Archbishop Sharp was perpetrated by a band of religious outlaws led by Hackstone of Rathillet and Balfour of Kinloch; followed on June 1 by the battle of Drumclog, in which Graham of Claverhouse was totally defeated; while on the 22nd of the same month occurred the battle of Bothwell Bridge, which, but for the utter incapacity of the commander, Sir R. Hamilton, and the interference of the clergy, would have turned out as decisive a Covenanting victory as Drumclog. The prisoners taken at Bothwell Bridge were brought to Edinburgh and confined in the southern annexe of the Greyfriars' Churchyard, exposed without shelter to the rigour of a Scots winter and shot down by their guards if they raised their heads from the ground after dark. These incidents alarmed Charles. They showed him that Lauderdale was rapidly driving the country into revolution. Accordingly James, Duke of York, came north to assume the position of Commissioner, fixing his headquarters in Edinburgh. Making himself at

## The Story of Edinburgh

first exceedingly complaisant and agreeable to the people of Edinburgh and of Scotland, he extorted by cajolery and fair promises, the two Acts, the Act of Succession and the Test Act, than which two more infamous pieces of legislation were never concocted. The fanaticism of Cargill and the extreme section of the Covenanters, however, combined with the ever-present dread of another civil war, determined the Duke of York to revert to the policy of Lauderdale as regards the stamping out of the Covenanters. Never were there so many executions and slaughters as during the duke's viceroyship and the designation, "the killing time," must really be applied to the term of James's stay in Scotland, 1681-82. The duke, however, kept up a splendid Court at Holyrood, while his duchess, Mary d'Este, daughter of the Duke of Modena, was exceedingly affable with the ladies of Edinburgh, holding weekly assemblies or levees, at which "tea" was tasted for the first time in the Scots metropolis. Within thirty years it had become a general article of diet among the better and middle classes. Dramatic performances also became popular, although the clergy and the general mass of the population bitterly denounced them. The actors were sent down from London to Edinburgh, a practice to which Dryden refers in his *Miscellanies*, making one of the players thus apologise to the University of Oxford for the meagreness of the company:—

"Our brethren have from Thames to Tweed departed,  
To Edinburgh gone or coached or carted;  
With bonny blue cap there they act all night  
For Scots half-crowns, in English, 'three pence' hight."

It shows the debasement of the Scots currency that half-a-crown Scots was only equal in purchasing power to "three pence" in English money. The duke was also a keen golfer and for that purpose used

## *From the Union of the Crowns*

frequently to repair to Leith Links, where he won a large wager of which we shall speak later on.

Charles II. died in 1685 and James was at once proclaimed king at the Market Cross with solemn ceremonial. Scarcely had he been seated on the throne than he insisted upon the Abbey Church of Holyrood being given up to the use of the Knights of the Order of the Thistle, which he had recently founded. This, however, was only a subterfuge to get in the service of the Mass. "An altar, vestments, images, priests and their appurtenants," arrived at Leith by the king's yacht from London, for the purpose of completing the restoration of the Abbey to its ancient uses. A college of priests was next established in Holyrood and daily service performed in the chapel. Fresh riots at once followed, but it was the birth of the Prince of Wales in June 30, 1688, that brought matters to a head. Presbyterians and Episcopalians alike recognised that Protestantism was doomed if a Catholic father were permitted to be succeeded by a Catholic son. All eyes were turned to Holland and to William of Orange, James's son-in-law, as the deliverer. In September 1688, intimation was made that William might be expected to land in England by December. Edinburgh was swarming with his supporters, who openly deliberated "as if they had been allowed by authority." The Earl of Perth, James's Lord Chancellor, in consequence of a riot in the city, left Edinburgh hurriedly, and a few hours later the Catholic Chapel of Holyrood was wrecked and sacked. A convention of the "Scots Estates" was held at Edinburgh in April 1689, which decided that "James having forfeited his right to the Crown of Scotland, it should be offered to William and Mary"; Presbyterianism, by the advice of William Carstares, was fixed as the established form of Church government; Episcopacy was

## The Story of Edinburgh

declared "abolished" (*sic*) and the revolution was complete. The Episcopalians in many cases adhered firmly to the cause of the Stuarts, their bishops continuing to pray for James as the *de jure* Sovereign of Great Britain.

As soon as the royal succession, the new *régime* of government and the restoration of the older type of Church-establishment in Scotland were all definitely determined and settled, the citizens of Edinburgh enjoyed a short period of quiet prosperity, both in their civic affairs and in their commercial undertakings, until the terrible incidents of the Darien Expedition spread ruin far and wide throughout the kingdom.

The circumstances were these. The Scottish merchants had always desired to share in the East India trade, but were debarred by the jealousy of the English merchants. Presently the proposal was mooted that Scotland should strike out a field of foreign trade for herself, Africa and the West Indies being selected as the sphere of operations. Upwards of £200,000 was subscribed as the capital of the new company, scarcely a householder in Edinburgh or in Scotland failing to take shares. The expedition to colonise and found a settlement at the Bay of Darien, in the Isthmus of Panama, was fitted out and despatched from Leith, in July 1698, amid national rejoicings. A stately Darien House and large offices and store-houses for the company's merchandise were erected, and all imagined they were going to become rich beyond the dreams of avarice. The expedition, which was under the command of William Paterson, founder of the Bank of England, in whose brain the scheme had originated, was mismanaged from the first. The seasons and the natives were alike hostile to success, but worst of all was the jealous interference of the East India Company, which would brook no rival.



## *From the Union of the Crowns*

The King of Spain complained that the expedition had landed in his territory, and was robbing his subjects, the East India directors influenced the king against it, and William actually had the chicken-heartedness to inform the King of Spain that the "persons" who had landed on Darien were not recognised by him as traders, and that they were in his hands to do with them what he pleased. Such a "permit" to harass the expedition was availed of to the full, and the end of all was that the settlement at Darien had to be abandoned, and the vessels of the company, while lying in the Thames, were seized as pirates.

The papers in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, relative to this matter are painful reading. When the stunning intelligence reached Edinburgh of the abandonment of Darien and of the reasons leading thereto, the whole country became frenzied with excitement. English people resident in Edinburgh had to beat a hasty retreat, and the feelings towards William underwent a radical change. Desperate riots followed the attempts of the authorities to keep the peace. At length one of the East India Company's vessels put into Leith to refit. It was at once seized by the Scots Government by way of reprisal for the treatment accorded to the vessels of the Scottish Darien Company. After a long trial the men were "convicted" of piracy and hanged on the Leith sands—martyrs, if ever men were, to popular clamour and unreasoning indignation. This outrageous deed struck terror into the hearts of all London merchants who had trade relations with Scotland, particularly when it was reported that Scotland was preparing for war. The ministry of the day, after taking into their counsels the Duke of Queensberry, the king's Commissioner in Scotland, began those negotiations for the Union of the Kingdoms which ended in the consummation of this

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

desirable undertaking. The difficulties in the way were enormous, for the people of Scotland were generally speaking bitterly averse to the proposal. Led by the Duke of Hamilton, the "patriots," as the opponents to the measure were called, offered determined opposition and they were supported by the citizens of Edinburgh. The last year of the negotiations was one prolonged period of tumult, necessitating the calling out of the Castle guards to protect the Commissioner.

Matter for profound thankfulness is it to-day that the fury of the mob did not daunt Queensberry. Steadily he pressed forward the Articles of Union, oftentimes by sheer dint of bribery and corruption, until at last the negotiations were brought to the point that the signatures had to be appended; but this had to be done secretly by the Commissioners in a cellar off the High Street through fear of the mob. The moment the documents were signed they were sent by special messenger to London.

On the 16th January 1707 the Scots Parliament met for its final session, the familiar preliminary procession, always so important a feature in the assembling of the "Estates" in the eyes of the Edinburgh people, took place for the last time, and then the House proceeded to discharge its business. On the 25th March everything was completed and amidst solemn silence broken by ill-repressed sobs and groans from those to whom their nation's independence was dear, the Duke of Queensberry formally dissolved the "Scots Estates," and Scotland's history as a separate kingdom was brought to a close. "Thus endeth an auld sang," said the Earl of Seafield, the Chancellor, as he descended from his official chair, assuming an air of jocularly to veil his emotion.

Edinburgh's history as a capital really ends here.

## *From the Union of the Crowns*

To her the Union meant the extinction of her political, commercial, social and metropolitan importance. Up to this date she had been the largest and the most influential town in the kingdom. Now by the removal of her parliamentary representatives to London, from being the capital of Scotland, she sank to the level of a provincial city in the kingdom of Great Britain. Her commercial pre-eminence was ere long wrested from her by Glasgow, and at length she came to be regarded only as the legal and ecclesiastical centre of the country, from the accident that the permanent Sessions of the Law Court and the meetings of the General Assembly Church of Scotland, were held there.

The fifteen years preceding the Union were years of considerable prosperity until the overwhelming disaster of the Darien Company crushed out, for the time being, all national life and hopefulness. Marvellous indeed that recuperation came so speedily. Among evidences of prosperity prior to Darien were the "Incorporation of the Merchant Company of Edinburgh" in 1681, an association to which Edinburgh owes more in a commercial and educational sense than to any other institution of the kind; while the founding of the famous Edinburgh Medical School took place in 1685 by the election of the first Professors of Medicine in connection with the University. About this time also the Advocates' Library was instituted and several changes were made in the Law Courts. Shortly after the announcement of the failure of the Darien Expedition, occurred the terrible fire in the Parliament Square or Close (1700) which rendered over 200 persons homeless.

For full fifty years Edinburgh passed through a period of profound depression and gloom. Her people seemed to lose heart as their trade and prosperity declined. Not until the glory of her University and of her

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

Medical School, as well as the glamour thrown around her by the brilliant coterie of literary men resident there, had rendered her famous throughout Europe, did she again lift her head and seat herself once more on her throne, as the "grey metropolis of the North."

As showing the hatred to the union, and also to the proposed settlement of the Succession on the Elector of Hanover, here is one of the songs of the time :—

"Scotland and England must be now U-  
'Nited in a nation,  
And we must all perjure and vow  
And take the abjuration.  
The Stuarts' ancient freeborn race  
Now we must all give over ;  
And we must take into their place  
The Bastards of Hanover."

## CHAPTER X

### *From the Union of the Kingdoms to the Rebellion of 1745*

LITTLE now remains to be told and that may be summarised within the space of a few pages. From 1707 to 1760, Edinburgh exhibits in her historic annals but few incidents worthy of special mention save those connected with the Rebellion. She suffered much from the presence of English tax-gatherers, whom she chose to regard as symbols of her degradation. Though always ready to grasp at any opportunity of testifying her regret and disappointment over the Union, her loyalty remained unaffected. During the Rebellion of 1715, she took no steps to encourage the Earl of Mar and the so-called "James the Eighth" in their mad enterprise save that a few of the local Jacobites drank the health of James VIII. at the Tron. They were, however, soon suppressed. She had sunk into a lethargy wherein the only signs of vitality were in her ecclesiastical and legal institutions. Society was compounded of two mutually exclusive strata: the first, composed of the clergy, the doctors and the lawyers, affecting to look down on the second, which comprised the merchants and shopkeepers. So severely isolated was she that some years later her clergy, realising that their accent sounded "barbarously provincial" in London ears, actually founded a society for the cultivation "of public speaking in the Southern or English fashion." The full details of this scheme are given in the *Scots Magazine*.

In 1736, however, an event occurred which

threatened the city with the loss of its charters. Two men named Wilson and Robertson, under sentence of death as smugglers, were, according to custom, on the Sabbath prior to their execution, taken to hear sermon in the Tolbooth Church. As the audience was dispersing, Wilson, who was a man of great personal strength, seized one of the guards with each hand, and the third with his teeth, then called to his fellow-prisoner, "Run, Geordie, run." This the latter did and escaped. Wilson now became an object of such popular sympathy, that the magistrates, fearing lest the mob should attempt to rescue the prisoner at the execution, ordered the Town Guard to load their guns with bullets. The crowd having pelted the executioner with stones—a common enough proceeding in those times—John Porteous, Captain of the City Guard, in the heat of passion, fired twice himself on the populace, and ordered his men to do the same, whereby six persons were killed and eleven severely wounded. For this deed Porteous was convicted and condemned to death. Queen Caroline, wife of George II., was then regent during the absence of her husband in Hanover, and by her the condemned man was reprieved on the ground that the punishment was in excess of the offence. The populace, enraged at this act, determined to take the law into their own hands. Numbers assembled from different quarters on the night previous to the day on which his execution was originally fixed to have taken place. The clothes which appeared under their various disguises, as well as the conduct and deliberation with which their plan was executed, betrayed many of them to be superior to the rabble, nay, that one or two were of high rank. They surprised and disarmed the Town Guard, blocked up the city gates, to prevent the admission of troops, threw open

## *From the Union of the Kingdoms*

the prison and liberated all therein incarcerated, with the exception of Porteous. Him they conducted to the Grassmarket, broke into a shop in the Bow, and took out ropes, for which they left a guinea, and hanged Porteous on a dyer's pole, near the place where so many of his victims had been slaughtered.

When intelligence of the riot and its issue reached London, Queen Caroline's indignation knew no bounds. To the Duke of Argyll she threatened to turn Scotland into a hunting-field. The duke looked her full in the face and said with significant emphasis, "In that case, madam, it is high time I returned home to look after my hounds." The Queen understood the warning and said no more. Severe measures were, however, threatened against the city of Edinburgh; her Lord Provost was to be imprisoned, her City Guard abolished, the Nether Bow Port removed, and her charter abrogated. These provisions, however, were all dropped in face of the resistance of the Scots members, and at length a fine of £2000 was only inflicted on the city, the money to be applied to the relief of the widow of Captain Porteous. Thus ended the "Porteous Mob Riot," which Sir Walter Scott has introduced with such telling effect into *The Heart of Midlothian*.

The next episode of interest in the history of the city was its capture by the army of Prince Charles Edward, son of the old Pretender, who had assumed the title of James VIII. Prince Charles, or the "Young Chevalier" as he was called, landed at Moidart on the west of Scotland in August 1745, and on the 16th September sent a letter addressed to the Lord Provost, Magistrates and Town Council, demanding the immediate surrender of the town.

The magistrates sent a deputation to interview the prince and to secure delay in giving a direct reply, because

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

they knew that Sir John Cope was marching to their relief. As the coach which had conveyed the deputation to Slateford, and brought them back to Edinburgh, was now leaving the city for Ramsay's stables in the suburbs of the Canongate, a party of Highlanders, stationed at the Netherbow Port and St. Mary's Wynd, rushed in, overpowered the guard and in a short time were masters of the town. Thus on the morning of Tuesday, 17th September 1745, the citizens of Edinburgh found the government of their city transferred from King George II. to the so-called "King James VIII.," the Castle alone still holding out. Charles was not long in taking possession of the ancient capital of his ancestors. Leaving Slateford he entered Edinburgh by the Morningside Road, passed along the leafy lane known as "Grange Loan," which skirted the park walls of the Dick Lauders' mansion of Grange, and entered the King's Park near Prestonfield. Winding around the shores of Duddingston Loch the army finally encamped first in the Hunter's Bog, and later behind Dunsappie Rock, where they were screened from the fire of the Castle.

The "Young Chevalier" arrived there about mid-day, and after his men had pitched their camp, an abundant supply of tents, etc., having been found in Edinburgh, he rode forward to Holyrood Palace. The scene that met his gaze on reaching the "Haggis Knowe" near St. Anthony's Chapel, was wondrously varied and animated. Apart from the rare natural beauty of the surroundings, the whole expanse of the park was densely crowded with people attired in holiday garb, while flags and bunting fluttered on all sides. On the prince making his appearance, attended by the Duke of Perth on the one side and Lord Elcho, son of the Earl of Wemyss, on the other, he was received with shouts and cheers of joy and congratulation.



## *From the Union of the Kingdoms*

Young, handsome and debonair, he looked the very incarnation of chivalrous gallantry and goodness, while his tact in dressing, partially at least in Highland costume, won the hearts of the people. Hundreds knelt to kiss his hand, and his troopers had the greatest difficulty in keeping open a narrow lane through the converging masses of eager human beings, whereby he could reach Holyrood Palace.

There his headquarters were established; there assembled his daily "Cabinet Councils" (as they were jocularly called) with the leaders of the army, there he held his levees, to which all citizens of Edinburgh were welcome, and there he gave those brilliant balls which lived in the memory of Edinburgh's fair ones for over half a century. Having won many hearts by his affability and modesty, he seemed to set the seal of success upon his enterprise when, four days after his arrival, he met Sir John Cope at Prestonpans and severely defeated him. This turn of affairs completely changed the outlook of both parties. Charles immediately determined to march into England, against the wishes of his friends. Despite all his popularity, however, only about 400 of the residents of the town appear to have joined his cause, his adherents and recruits being drawn almost wholly from the North of Scotland. Before beginning his march southwards, the "Young Chevalier" reviewed his forces on Portobello sands, in the presence of hundreds of the Edinburgh residents. On the 31st October he left Edinburgh never to see it again, save, as tradition records, in the disguise of a fugitive.

A fortnight after Charles had withdrawn from Edinburgh it was re-occupied by the Government troops. Two months later the city was again thrown into terror and confusion by the news that Charles, having abandoned his march into England and

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

returned to Scotland, had totally defeated General Hawley at Falkirk on the 17th January 1746, and would probably return to Edinburgh. This, however, was destined to be Prince Charles's last success. On January 30, Prince William, Duke of Cumberland, son of George II., who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, arrived in the Scots capital, and stayed at Holyrood, actually sleeping in the same bed that had been occupied by Prince Charles. He also held a levee at the Palace before leaving on the following day to pursue the "Young Chevalier." On the 16th April, the bloody field of Culloden annihilated for ever the hopes of the Stuarts of re-possessioning themselves of the throne of Great Britain.

Of course a scapegoat had to be found on whom to lay the blame of the capture of the city by the Highlanders. Instead of punishing the muddle-headed Cope and the incapable Hawley for their notorious negligence, the Government of the day had to discover a Scotsman whose loyalty might not be of the strongest. They selected Lord Provost Stewart, partly because of his name, partly owing to his office, and having arrested him on his arrival in London to attend to his Parliamentary duties, put him on trial before the High Court of Justiciary, bail being only accepted at £15,000 sterling. After a long trial the accused was acquitted of the charge, but the harassment he had gone through left him with shattered health. Thus ended the Rebellion. The "Young Chevalier," however, had touched the popular fancy by his handsome exterior and the romantic vicissitudes of his career. He has long lived in song as "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and for years to come the "White Cockade" was worn in Edinburgh, while "Will ye no come back again?" is still sung even by the most loyal subjects of the House of Guelph.

## CHAPTER XI

### *From the Rebellion to the Present Time*

WE now reach the period when the city could no longer be confined within the limits of the Flodden walls, extended though these had been by later additions. Residence outside the boundaries of the town being considered unfashionable, this fact led to the continued erection of these towering tenements or *lands*, which even reached *fourteen* and *fifteen* stories. To live at such an altitude meant many inconveniences and disabilities. For example all the water for use in a family had to be carried up the narrow turnpike stairs; hence cleanliness became a virtue honoured rather in the breach than the observance. All refuse and household slops had either to be carried down the stairs or thrown out of the windows. After nine o'clock there was danger at every step in walking the streets of Edinburgh. One never knew the moment when the warning cry "Gardylloo" (a corruption of the French phrase "*Gardez à l'eau*") might ring out, following which would come in swift succession an avalanche of unmentionable filth on to the footpath—or the passer-by. Edinburgh therefore was an odorous city. Winifred Jenkins's account of the matter in Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker* is not a whit overdrawn:—

"All the 'chairs' in the family are emptied into this here barrel once a day; and at ten o'clock at night the whole charge is flung out of a back window that looks into some street or lane, and the maid cries 'Gardylloo' to the passengers, which means, *Lord have mercy upon you!* This is done every night in

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

Haddinborough, so you may guess, Mary Jones, what a sweet savour comes from such a number of perfumery pans. But they say it is wholesome."

The families of the Scots metropolis were thus literally packed together like herrings in a barrel one above the other. So overcrowded was the town that well-born gentlemen and their households were content with two or three rooms wherein all the manifold duties of social and domestic life had to be performed. Bruce of Kennet, a leading lawyer, afterwards raised to the Bench, lived in a house of three rooms and a kitchen, a parlour, a consulting room for Mr. Bruce and a bedroom. The children with their maid had beds laid down for them at night in the consulting-room, the housemaid slept under the kitchen-dresser, and the one manservant was turned, at night, out of the house.

As has often been remarked, this slender household accommodation compelled the use of taverns more than now. In his tavern the high-class advocate (barrister) received his clients, and the physician his patients, each practitioner having his particular resort. Almost every tradesman also had his favourite place in his favourite tavern where, business over by eight o'clock, and his booth closed, he had his frugal supper of rizzared haddock, mince-collops, or sheep's head, and cracked his joke with his friends over a bottle before going home for the night.

Out of this general spirit of conviviality arose those numberless clubs, wherein upon the convivial stem were grafted politics, literature, sport, science, as well as many other pursuits less worthy and beneficial. No custom, no usage, no jest, in fact, seemed too trivial to be seized upon as the pretext to give a colour of excuse for founding a club. Some were witty, some wise, some degrading. Such clubs as the *Cape Club*—so

## *From the Rebellion*

called by a bibulous burgess, from doubling the "cape" of Leith Wynd, when "half seas over," in order to get home to the burgh of "Low Calton"; the *Pious Club*, because the brethren met regularly to consume pies; the *Spendthrift Club*, because no member was permitted to spend more than *fourpence halfpenny*; the *Easy Club*, because the members threw off all restraints of etiquette; the *Salt Herring Club*, the *Black Wigs' Club*, the *Odd Club* were harmless in their way and promoted *bonhomie* among the burghers without leading them into disgraceful excesses. But the *Hell Fire Club*, the *Sweating Club*, the *Dirty Club*, the *Ten Tumbler Club*, and others of a kindred order, served only to afford opportunity for indulging in license and riot.

Though the inconvenience of insufficient room was severely felt, the citizens did not take kindly to the idea of removing from the centre of business—the High Street. The New Town of Edinburgh was first projected in 1752, the idea being to extend "the royalty" or city to the north, so as to include the open fields across the Nor' Loch, and the road that went by the name of the "Lang Gait," or "Lang Dykes"—now Princes Street—also Moultrie's Hill, where the Register House now stands. The scheme was to be accomplished by draining the Nor' Loch and throwing a huge bridge across the broad ravine, while the new streets and houses were to be adapted to the increased taste and luxury of the eighteenth century. On October 21, 1763, the foundation of the bridge in question, called the "North Bridge," was laid by Lord Provost George Drummond, with great pomp and ceremonial, but the structure was not finally completed until 1772, an unfortunate landslip causing the fall of a part of the southern end, thus delaying the consummation of this great work.

## The Story of Edinburgh

Meantime the extension of the city was briskly pushed forward after 1766, both on the north where the streets of the "New Town" were laid out by Mr. J. Craig, and on the south where George Square was commenced. Princes Street (originally called St. Giles' Street until a change of name was suggested by George III.) was commenced about 1767, the first house built being possibly that one now standing at the corner of West Register Street.

Four years later Walter Scott was born in a house at the head of College Wynd, one of the offshoots from the Cowgate, and in the same year the first edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was issued. In 1773 Dr. Samuel Johnson paid his historic visit to Edinburgh, and in 1779 a series of anti-Popish riots occurred which were for a time somewhat alarming. In 1785 the construction of the South Bridge to span the ravine of the Cowgate and to carry the great southern road onward towards Newington was begun, and completed in five years; in 1786, Robert Burns, Scotland's greatest poet, came to Edinburgh, and at the house in the Sciennes inhabited by Professor Adam Fergusson (of the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh) met Walter Scott, then a boy of sixteen. In the following year Burns again visited Edinburgh and brought out, through Creech, the great Edinburgh publisher of the period, whose premises were in the Luckenbooths, the second edition of his poems. Creech's shop in the Luckenbooths was then the resort of all the literati of the city.

The buildings in which the University of Edinburgh was housed were at this time a disgrace to the capital of Scotland. Many attempts were made to awaken the Town Council, who were the principal patrons of the institution, to a sense of their shortcomings, but in vain. At length necessity drove the city fathers to do

## *From the Rebellion*

what public reproach had been unable to achieve and the foundation-stone of the buildings as they stand to-day was laid in 1789, the architect being Robert Adam. Though a beginning was made in the work, the operations were long suspended for lack of funds, the plans having to be greatly modified by W. H. Playfair. The building was in fact not completed until 1834, while the dome was not erected until the centenary celebrations in 1884.

During the final decade of the eighteenth century, great unrest prevailed in Edinburgh in consequence of the principles of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, preached during the French Revolution (1789-90), taking root in the Scots metropolis. Several of those who had adopted these views formed themselves into an association called "Friends of the People" and held a convention in Edinburgh in December 1792, to which they invited English and foreign delegates. A rival club styling itself *Friends of the Constitution* was formed among the most prominent residents of the city, and so much influence had they with the Government of the day that they induced it to bring the leaders of the convention to trial for sedition. Messrs. Muir, Skirving, Margarot, Gerrald, Watt and Downie were accordingly arraigned during 1793-94, convicted and sentenced to fourteen years' banishment from the country, with the exception of Watt, who was executed for having taken up arms.

The nineteenth century opened in Edinburgh very inauspiciously. Owing to the war then in progress between Great Britain and France the necessities of life were almost at famine prices, and the poor suffered great privations. The Scottish capital, however, was now approaching the meridian of its day of literary glory. Scott was of course the supreme star in the literary firmament, and his career may be said in reality

to have opened with the new century, although he had made some translations from the German during the closing years of the preceding one. The establishment of the *Edinburgh Review* in 1802 by his friend Jeffrey and the band of coadjutors that gathered around him afforded Scott an opening for testing his powers in writing for the periodical press. In 1803, his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* whetted the public appetite for that type of verse in which he was to achieve success so unprecedented with the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805), *Marmion* (1808), the *Lady of the Lake* (1810), *Rokeby* (1813); also with the inimitable series of the Waverley Novels beginning with *Waverley* in 1814 and ending with *Castle Dangerous* in 1831. Though several of these were written in his noble Border home of Abbotsford, the greater part of them were penned in his "own romantic town," either in his residence, 39 Castle Street, or in sundry hired apartments in various parts of the city—St. David Street, Walker Street, and Shandwick Place. Scott was a true son of "Dunedin" and to the last she inspired his genius.

But we are anticipating. Nelson's Monument was erected in 1807-8 to commemorate the battle of Trafalgar, and in 1815 the foundation-stones of the Regent Bridge and of the new Jail at the Calton were laid. In 1817 two distinguished literary enterprises were initiated, which, we are glad to say, are still existing in our midst, with ever-increasing prestige and acceptance. These were the *Scotsman* newspaper, first published on the 25th January of that year, and *Blackwood's Magazine*. In 1818 the ancient regalia of Scotland, which in 1707, at the time of the Union, had been placed in a large chest to prevent them being conveyed to London, were "re-discovered," by a Commission of Investigation appointed by the Prince Regent. They were soon after placed in a suitable



## *From the Rebellion*

"Crown Room," where they have remained ever since. During the same year the Edinburgh and Glasgow Canal was commenced, and Edinburgh was lighted for the first time by gas, from the new works in the Canongate.

In August 1822, his Majesty George IV. paid a visit to Edinburgh, and was accorded a magnificent and enthusiastic reception. The last reigning sovereign of Great Britain who had set foot in the northern capital had been Charles I., in 1641 (*see* page 105), over 180 years before. The people therefore by their warm protestations of love, and the eager desire they displayed to see the king, showed how firm was their loyalty to the throne. Two years later, a series of terrible fires destroyed nearly all the older part of the southern side of the High Street from Parliament Square to the Tron Church, and rendered hundreds of poor people homeless. In this year also (1824) the Edinburgh Academy in Henderson Row was opened, Sir Walter Scott being the first Chairman of Directors.

In the next year (1825), Henry Brougham was entertained to a banquet in Edinburgh, where he had been born forty-seven years before. Henry Cockburn presided, and in his reply Brougham said, "I am your fellow-citizen, born, bred and educated in this town. How much I owe to that I want utterance to express. Suffice it to say, I owe everything to the education I received in the High School of Edinburgh, and in the college of this city." Brougham's panegyric on the High School led to a new building being erected on the Miller's Knowe, Calton Hill, the site in Infirmary Street being deemed too far south for the institution to compete on favourable terms with the Academy. The foundation-stone was laid in July 1825, and the building was opened in 1829.

In February 1827 a public dinner, attended by upwards of 300 gentlemen, took place in the Assembly

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

Rooms, George Street, in aid of the Theatrical Fund. The chair was occupied by Sir Walter Scott, and the occasion was rendered memorable by the great novelist publicly avowing that he and he alone was the author of all the great series of works known by the general title, "The Waverley Novels."

Edinburgh was horrified, in 1828, by the disclosures made at the trial for murder of an Irishman named William Burke, when facts were elicited showing that for several months the accused and his accomplice, Hare (who turned king's evidence), had carried on a systematic practice of killing human beings and selling the bodies to the surgeons for dissecting purposes. The victims usually belonged to the lowest orders of society. Burke was convicted, and executed on Wednesday, January 28th, 1829.

Charles X. of France, expelled from his own country, sought refuge in Edinburgh in 1830, and for some considerable time occupied Holyrood Palace, along with the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême, his son and niece, and his grandson Henry, Duke of Bourdeaux. He frequently went into Edinburgh society, and was in the habit of holding levees which were largely attended by the leaders of fashion.

The question of Parliamentary Reform excited great interest during 1831-32 among the inhabitants of Edinburgh, who were warmly in favour of the principle in question. Great rejoicings greeted the news of the passing of the Bill in March 1832. Under the provisions of the Bill, Edinburgh returned two members in place of one, but later on was obliged to part with Leith, which being then created an independent burgh, has continued so to be until the present day, despite efforts to effect amalgamation.

On 21st September 1832 a gloom was cast over the city by the news of the death of him who has every

## *From the Rebellion*

right to rank as Edinburgh's most distinguished son, Sir Walter Scott. Early in October a large public meeting was held in the Assembly Rooms, to make arrangements for erecting a monument to his memory. The Lord Provost presided, and the Duke of Buccleuch, the Lord Advocate (Francis Jeffrey), and Professor Wilson were the chief speakers. There was but one feeling on the subject, and subscriptions were immediately invited for the object.

The question of Parliamentary Reform being settled, that of Burgh Reform followed as a necessary corollary. Accordingly in 1833 a Bill for the enfranchisement of the Scottish burghs, and the abolition of the "Self-election System" by Town Councils, was brought into Parliament and speedily passed into law. The city being divided into five municipal districts, the poll or popular election of candidates for the newly constituted Town Council took place in November 1833, Mr. James Spittal being the first Lord Provost under the new *régime*.

Two ecclesiastical questions were now steadily forcing themselves upon the attention of the citizens, the first of these being the demand by the Secession Churches, which were largely voluntary in doctrine and constitution, for the separation of Church and State; the second, the claims advanced by a large party of those within the Church of Scotland who maintained evangelical views, that church patronage should be abolished, that congregations should have the right to choose their own minister free from any veto by the heritors, and that no minister should be "intruded" upon any congregation against its will. Those who were in favour of this right of choice were called Non-Intrusionists, and the Non-Intrusion Controversy was yet to shake ecclesiastical Scotland to its centre. For the next ten years not a week passed but meetings were held in connection with these two burning questions.

Leith being now dissociated from Edinburgh, a scheme was mooted in 1834 to construct rival low-water wharves and a pier at Granton. The Duke of Buccleuch took a leading part in carrying out the project which, within ten years, was completed at a cost of over one million. The harbour of Granton is one of the finest on the East Coast of Scotland. In this same year, Earl Grey, the hero of the Reform movement, visited Edinburgh and was received with unparalleled enthusiasm, even the royal visit of twelve years before being eclipsed.

The epoch of the great railway mania and of the Corn Laws agitation was now approaching. In 1838 a public meeting was held in the Waterloo Rooms to petition Parliament in favour of a Bill for constructing a railway between Edinburgh and Glasgow; while in the following year a large gathering in the same place petitioned in favour of the repeal of the tax on the importation of corn. As public feeling continued to run high in connection with the Non-Intrusion Controversy, in addition to the meetings which were being held all over the country, the leaders of that party determined to issue a weekly newspaper. Accordingly, on the 15th January 1840, the *Witness*, edited by Hugh Miller, made its appearance in Edinburgh. It speedily became the most popular journal in Scotland.

The Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway was opened for traffic in 1842, the first train being run on the 18th February. It accomplished the distance in one hour and forty minutes, then esteemed a marvellous performance. In August of this year, the youthful and dearly-beloved sovereign of the country, Queen Victoria, paid a visit to Edinburgh, accompanied by her husband, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, and was received with the warmest expressions of loyalty and love. The royal party spent nearly a fortnight in Midlothian, residing at Dalkeith Palace, the residence

## *From the Rebellion*

of the Duke of Buccleuch, and during their stay visited all the places of interest in and around the city.

During the years 1842-43 the Non-Intrusion Controversy had reached an acute stage in consequence of the decision of the Law Courts that congregations were not to be permitted to select their own minister, but were under obligation to accept the presentee of the patron. The Government of the day, misled by their Scots advisers, believed that only a few extremists would secede should the worse come to the worst. But on the 18th May 1843, after Dr. Welsh, the retiring Moderator, had read a dignified and pathetic protest against the proceedings of the Law Courts which had interfered with liberty of conscience, he bowed to the Lord High Commissioner, the representative of royalty, and left St. Andrew's Church, George Street, followed by Dr. Chalmers and nearly 400 ministers of the Church. On reaching the street the seceding ministers were received with immense enthusiasm, cries "They're out," "They're out," issuing from thousands of throats in the vast crowd. A procession was immediately formed in which were to be found the Lords Provost, both of Edinburgh and of Glasgow, the Sheriff of Midlothian, two Principals of Universities, eight Ex-Moderators of the Church of Scotland, four Theological Professors in Scottish Universities, and many men of learning. The procession, followed by thousands of people, slowly wended its way through the densely-packed streets to Tanfield Hall, Canonmills, where "the Church of Scotland Free" (or as it was officially called, the Free Church of Scotland) was formally constituted. When the roll was finally adjusted by the clerks, it was found that 474 ministers had resigned their parishes for the preservation of spiritual independence. Lord Jeffrey,

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

who was reading in his library in Moray Place when the news arrived that over 400 of the ministers had given up their livings, sprang to his feet with the exclamation, "Thank God they have done it; I am proud of my countrymen."

In June 1846 the North British Railway from Edinburgh to Berwick was formally opened, and upon the anniversary of his birthday, 15th August 1846, the beautiful monument to Sir Walter Scott designed by Mr George Kemp, who, alas! did not live to see the completion of his work, was officially handed over to the town.

At a public meeting in the Music Hall in April 1847, Dr. Guthrie's great scheme was adopted for instituting Ragged or Industrial Schools, where the children of dissolute or criminal parents might be educated and also taught a trade. The detailed plan formulated by the founder was adopted with enthusiasm, and these schools, which are a monument to the philanthropy and Christianity of that great and good man, Dr. Thomas Guthrie, are still flourishing in our midst. During the same month the foundation-stone of the Caledonian Railway Station in Lothian Road was formally laid by the Duke of Athole, and in the following month (13th May 1847) the two large Secession Churches, the United Associate Synod, consisting of 24 Presbyteries and the Relief Synod consisting of 9 Presbyteries, were united into one church in Tanfield Hall, Canonmills, the new body taking the name of the United Presbyterian Church. The Caledonian Railway was opened on February 15, 1848, whereby Edinburgh was connected with Carlisle.

The British Association having visited Edinburgh in 1834, returned to the Scots metropolis in August 1850, the meeting being one of the most memorable in the history of the association; and in the same

month Queen Victoria paid another visit to Edinburgh, but on this occasion took up her abode in Holyrood Palace, which had not been inhabited by a queen regnant since 1561, when her ancestress, Mary Queen of Scots, lived there during her brief and troubled reign. The visit not being a state one, there was not the same amount of display as would otherwise have been the case; but during it the foundation-stone of the National Gallery was laid by His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. In November of that year the "New College" or Free Church Theological Hall was formally opened for the reception of students.

A great building era now commenced in Edinburgh, which ere long entirely changed the character of the town. Edinburgh was still further extended towards the north-west, various terraces erected upon the estate of Dean—Buckingham Terrace, Eton Terrace, Clarendon Crescent, etc., greatly adding to the amenity of the city. About 1853 also the city began to extend steadily south-westward, the estates of Grange and Merchiston being laid out in streets for detached villa residences, a new departure from the heavy style of city mansion that had been adopted in 1766, when laying out the streets of the New Town.

In 1861, the foundation-stones of the new Post Office and of the Museum of Science and Art were laid by Prince Consort, and the gradual extension of this structure has swept away Argyle Square and North College Street, out of which the broad thoroughfare of Chambers Street has been evolved. In 1867, a great scheme of City Improvement was entered upon by the Town Council, the somewhat vandal-like prosecution of which by the city fathers has well-nigh effected the extinction of "antiquarian" Edinburgh. In 1870, the existing Royal Infirmary having proved utterly inadequate for the purposes for which it was

intended, the foundation-stone of the present magnificent structure in Lauriston was laid by the then Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII.), and the work being pushed on vigorously, the building was ready for occupation in 1879. Meantime, the University had also been found quite inadequate to accommodate the number of students attending it. Accordingly the erection of the new Medical School in Teviot Place was commenced in 1877, and completed in about ten years. In 1878-79, the restoration of St. Giles' Cathedral (divided at one time into four, but latterly into three churches) was carried out largely at the expense of Dr. William Chambers; and the whole of that splendid area now forms one place of worship; while the noble Edinburgh Cathedral, at the end of Melville Street, the erection of which was begun in 1874, was completed and consecrated on the 30th October 1879. In 1884 the University celebrated its tercentenary, amid great enthusiasm, and in 1886 the Edinburgh Exhibition was held, being opened by Prince Albert Victor for the Queen. Much of the success which attended this enterprise was due to the tact and wisdom of the then Lord Provost, Mr Thomas Clark, head of the great publishing house of T. & T. Clark, and the baronetcy conferred on him was felt to be only a suitable recognition of his untiring labours. About the same time also the Braid Hills were acquired as a public golf course for Edinburgh, the use of Bruntsfield Links being no longer possible with safety to the lieges. In the following year, thanks to the liberality of Mr J. R. Findlay of Aberlour, suitable "housing" was provided in Queen Street for the National Portrait Gallery and also for the Antiquarian Museum (of which more anon), while the new National Observatory was built on Blackford Hill in 1895, its massive castellated pile forming an im-



## *From the Rebellion*

posing landmark to travellers approaching the city either by land or sea. The new North Bridge was erected and opened in 1899-1900, thereby easing the constant congestion of traffic ; and another ecclesiastical Union was consummated on 31st October 1900, when the bulk of the "Free Church," consisting of 75 Scottish Presbyteries and 1065 charges, and the "United Presbyterian Church," consisting of 29 Scottish Presbyteries and 589 charges, were united in the Waverley Market under the common designation of "The United Free Church."

We have thus briefly sketched the "history" of Edinburgh ; let us now proceed to the more detailed description of the city, with its places and objects of historic interest.

## CHAPTER XII

### *Edinburgh Castle*

ALMOST of necessity our sketch of Edinburgh begins with the Castle, partly because it stands at the head, even as Holyrood stands at the foot of that "hog's-back ridge" whereon historic Edinburgh is situated.

Let us approach the grand old fortress from the Princes Street side, by way of the "Mound," and Mound Place, passing the gates of the "New College," scaling the steep incline with Ramsay Lodge (where erstwhile stood honest Allan's "goosepie" of a house), and Ramsay Garden on the right, until we gain the summit and turn into the "Castlehill," whence we enter the "Esplanade."

The view from this elevation is exquisite, but we push on, remembering that it is even finer from the Argyll Battery, or the "Mons Meg" platform. But stay, was not this part of the Castlehill the scene from about 1437 to 1670, of all those terrible executions for witchcraft which so stained the annals of the times? Not alone the old, the feeble, the ugly or the ill-tempered were arraigned. The young and beautiful Lady Jane Douglas, widow of John, Lord Glamis, falsely accused by a disappointed suitor of attempting to compass the king's death by sorcery, was here burned alive. The estimate has been made that no fewer than 2000 persons met their death in this place during these 230 years, a dozen witches at a time were frequently "worryit at the stake" (strangled and burned), after being convicted on the most trivial evidence.

The part of the Castlehill now occupied by the Esplanade was the favourite promenade of the Edin-

## *The Castle*

burgh citizens in the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century. In 1753 it was levelled, when the earth thrown out while digging the foundations of the Royal Exchange, High Street, was spread over it. The walls and railings, however, were not raised until the middle of the nineteenth century. Several monuments are located here, one to Field-Marshal the Duke of York and Albany, K.G.; another keeps green the memory of those of the 78th Ross-shire Highlanders who fell during the Indian Mutiny; while the other two are memorials to the Scottish Horse and the Gordon Highlanders.

Passing onward we cross the old moat, formerly filled with water pumped up from the Nor' Loch, but now partially paved, and used sometimes as a recreation ground. We enter the Castle by the new battlemented gateway, wherein is a massive door of great antiquity studded with iron bolts. This doorway and the guardhouse near by represent the "Outer Port," which formerly was the first defence of the fortress. Over the gateway formerly stood the sculptured entablature, now in the Antiquarian Museum, representing mortars, linstocks, barrels of gunpowder and balls, with a gunner ramming home a charge into a very primitive cannon. Onward we follow the roadway past the guardhouse where the sentry "steps his measured round," while overhead frowns the great "Half-Moon Battery" (erected in 1573), whence all the salutes are fired on state occasions. The track, a somewhat rough one, studded with uneven cobblestones, conducts us up the steep ascent, flanked by the garrison stores on the right and on the left by the beetling rock itself, until we reach the archway styled "*The Portcullis Gate*," under which we can still trace the slit wherein the "pronged portcullis" was hung, ready to descend and bar the passage. Over the archway is the *Argyll Tower*,

originally constructed by David II. but much injured during the siege of 1573, when the Castle was held by Kirkcaldy of Grange for Queen Mary. The walls are of enormous thickness, averaging from 9 to 17 feet, and in many places betray signs of extreme antiquity. The Tower takes its name from the two Argylls, father and son, who successively occupied the prison chamber over the archway in 1661 and 1685, prior to their execution for fidelity to the principles of Presbyterianism. In this chamber, during the last day on earth of the younger Argyll, that scene occurred which has been commemorated in art by the great fresco painting in the lobby of the House of Commons, entitled "Argyll's Last Sleep." Macaulay thus records the incident :

"So effectually had religious faith and hope, co-operating with natural courage and equanimity, composed his spirits that on the very day on which he was to die, he dined with appetite, conversed with gaiety at table, and after his last meal, lay down, as he was wont, to take a short slumber, in order that his body and mind might be in full vigour when he should mount the scaffold. At this time one of the Lords of the Council (supposed to have been Middleton), who had probably been bred a Presbyterian, and had been seduced by interest to join in oppressing the Church of which he had once been a member, came to the Castle with a message from his brethren and demanded to see the Earl. It was answered that the Earl was asleep. The Privy Councillor thought that this was a subterfuge and insisted on entering. The door of the cell was softly opened, and there lay Argyll on the bed, sleeping in his irons, the placid sleep of infancy. The conscience of the renegade smote him. He turned away, sick at heart, ran out of the Castle and took refuge in the dwelling of a lady of his family who lived hard by. There he flung himself on a couch and gave himself up to an agony of remorse and shame. His kinswoman, alarmed by his looks and groans . . . prayed him to tell her what had disheartened him. He replied, 'I have seen Argyll within an hour of eternity sleeping as sweetly as ever man did. But as for me—!'"

After passing through the archway under the Argyll Tower, we reach, on the left-hand side, the stair which

## The Castle

conducts us to the citadel. Formerly this stair was the only means of reaching the citadel ; now, however, a broad roadway conducts the visitor, by a gently ascending circular detour, to the same spot.

On the right-hand side, after passing the archway, we note the *Argyll Battery*, named after John, Duke of Argyll, who was Commander-in-Chief in Scotland at the Rebellion of 1715 ; while below it, is *Mytne's Battery* dating back to 1689. On the slope of the steep ascent stand the bomb-proof powder magazine, and the Governor's house ; the latter, a massive piece of architecture of the days of Queen Anne. Behind this building is located the Armoury, where are stands for over 30,000 rifles. Here, as well as in the Governor's house, is a fine collection of old firearms and weapons generally, from the wheel-lock petronel of the fifteenth century, to the magazine rifle ; also coats of mail (some of them belonging to the Knights of Malta), brass howitzers, and a number of Highland claymores of excellent steel, finely damascened. A little to the left are the "New Barracks," erected towards the close of the eighteenth century, a marvel of bad taste and ugliness, rendered all the more marked by contrast with the most recent additions, which exhibit both taste and harmony of design. Immediately behind the Armoury, and overlooking Castle Terrace and the site of the new "Usher Hall," is the ancient postern through which the body of Queen Margaret was conveyed to Dunfermline when the Castle was besieged by Donalbain in 1093 (*see* p. 10). To the same postern, or "Sallyport," Dundee climbed in 1689 to hold his historic conference with the Duke of Gordon, governor of the Castle, regarding the possibility of stirring up the Highland clans to support the cause of the deposed James. Over the postern is a tablet recording this memorable visit.

We now retrace our steps and mounting the winding

ascent reach the plateau whereon stands the citadel, the ancient royal Palace, the Crown Room, and all the other places of interest located there. Taking our station on the *King's Bastion*, or old Bomb Battery, we see spread out before us one of the most magnificent prospects in Europe, stretching from Ben Lomond, the Ochils, the Forth Bridge and Dalmahoy Hill on the north-west, to North Berwick Law and Doon Hill above Dunbar on the east; also from the seaboard villages in the kingdom of Fife and the blue expanse of the sail-dotted Forth on the north, to Soutra Hill, the Lammermoors and the misty line of the Moorfoots on the south. Hill and dale, meadow and mere, farm and hamlet, village and town, with here and there the "white steam pennon" darting between—all are spread out like an immense map before the entranced eye.

But when, having satiated our gaze with nature's loveliness, we turn to the objects immediately around us, our attention is at once caught by the enormous cannon which crowns the platform. This is the far-famed *Mons Meg*. Diversity of opinion exists regarding its origin. Some maintain it was forged at Mons in 1476, as is affirmed in the inscription it bears. But that inscription has been sadly discredited by Sir Walter Scott, who went far to prove that the gun was forged by Kim of Mollance or Mons and presented by the M'Lellans to James II. in 1455, when he arrived with his army at Carlingwark, to besiege William, Earl of Douglas, in Threave Castle. It was certainly used by order of James IV. at the siege of Dumbarton in 1489, when the Treasurer's books record 18s. Scots for "drink money" to the gunners. We next hear of it in connection with the festivities in Edinburgh over the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots to the Dauphin Francis (24th April 1558), when again the Treasurer's Accounts state—"By the Queenis precept and speciale

## The Castle

command to certain pyonaris (scavengers), for their laboris in the mounting of Mons furth of her lair to be schote, and for the finding and carrying of her bullet after sho wes schot, frae Weirdie Mure to the Castell of Edinburgh." In 1682 it burst while firing a salute to the Duke of York. Removed to the Tower of London in 1745, it was restored to the Castle in 1829, through the influence of Sir Walter Scott.

Turning from *Mons Meg*, different associations are instantly suggested by the contemplation of St. Margaret's Chapel, at once the oldest and probably the smallest place of worship now standing in Scotland. Crowning the summit of the rock, it measures 16 feet in length by 10 in width. Its architecture is Early Norman in character with an admixture of certain Saxon details. At the eastern end and separating the nave from the apse is a fine round-headed chancel arch, decorated with those zigzag mouldings common in ecclesiastical buildings of the period, and surmounted by trigonal hood-mouldings adorned with a border of lozenge-shaped ornaments, the pattern changing as the spring of the arch is approached. The little chancel is destitute of ornament, but the round-headed windows are of great architectural interest. The doorway has been admirably restored, the chapel presenting now, as nearly as possible, the appearance it did in the sainted queen's days. In this chapel Edward I., according to tradition, accepted the fealty of the Abbot of Holyrood and other Scottish ecclesiastics. The building was partially restored in 1853 at the expense of Sir Daniel Wilson and under the superintendence of the late Mr James Grant, while in 1892 the restoration was completed by the liberality of the late William Nelson.

On the right hand we note the doorway leading us to the Argyll Tower, which we have already described from the outside. A visit should be paid to the

interior. From this gloomy chamber the Marquis of Argyll might have escaped had not his courage failed him at the last moment; but his son, twenty years later, was more fortunate. One stormy evening, when the "nor'-westers" were driving the sleet and snow in blinding blasts around the fortress, his step-daughter Lady Sophia Lindsay of Balcarres, came to take farewell, but the earl disguised as her ladyship's footman left the tower holding her train. When they reached the "Outer Port" his arm was seized by the sentinel and Argyll dropped the dress. His agitation would have betrayed all, when her ladyship with feminine resourcefulness and presence of mind struck him over the head with the muddy train which he had let fall, and angrily scolded him for his clumsiness. The sentry, laughing at the scene, let them pass, and the earl soon reached Holland, not to be recaptured till 1685. In this chamber the ghost of Claverhouse is said to have appeared to his friend and comrade-in-arms, Lord Balcarres, on the night of Dundee's death at Killiecrankie.

We now pass round to that *Half Moon Battery* (built in 1573-74), which by its contour completely changed the look of the Castle from the level of the Castlehill. This accounts for the difference between the Castle as it appears prior to 1573 and after it. The battery, which stands 510 feet above the sea, has its embrasures filled with 18 and 24 pounders which command the mouth of the Forth. Visitors usually pay particular attention to the cannon on the left of the clock. This is the "One O'clock Gun"—the housewives' clock-regulator as it has been called—attached by electric wire to the Time-ball on the top of Nelson's Monument, which in turn is connected with Greenwich Observatory. In this way the gun may really be said to be fired from Greenwich.

We now enter "Palace Yard," where nearly all



## The Castle

that is historically interesting in the Castle is to be found. The "Royal Apartments" form the southern and eastern sides of the quadrangle, which displays a fine octagonal tower, square turrets and battlements, the design of Sir James Hamilton of Finnart, the architect of James V. *The Crown Room* is a vaulted and gloomy apartment, with massive oak-panelled ceiling, wherein, guarded by two doors of immense strength and behind a heavy iron grating, repose the Regalia of Scotland—the Crown, Sceptre, Sword of State, Rod of Office, etc. The Crown (which some antiquarians date back to the age of Bruce, but which certainly is not later than that of James V.) consists of a fillet of pure gold, enriched with twenty-one precious stones—diamonds, pearls, emeralds, sapphires, amethysts, topazes, and rubies—and marked by heraldic enamellings. Above the great circle is a smaller one of twenty points, adorned with a similar number of diamonds and sapphires arranged alternately, the points being tipped with great pearls. The upper circle is raised with ten crosses *florée*, each adorned in the centre with a great diamond, betwixt four great pearls placed in the cross, these crosses being alternated with ten high *fleurs-de-lys*, and also with the great pearls below, which tip the points of the second small circle. From the upper circle proceed four arches, adorned with enamelled figures, which, meeting, close the top and are surmounted by a *mond* of gold also enamelled, with stars *semées* (i.e., powdered), and crossed and enamelled with a large cross *patée*, adorned at the extremities with great pearls and cantoned with other four in the angles. The bonnet was originally of purple velvet, but, in 1685, the purple velvet being old, a cap of crimson velvet was substituted, adorned with four plates of gold, on each being a large pearl, while the bonnet itself is trimmed with ermine. Upon the lowest circle there are eight small holes, two and two, which

were for attaching thereto any other precious stones. The Crown is 9 inches in diameter, 27 inches in circumference, and in height from the under circles to the top of the cross *patée*,  $6\frac{1}{4}$  inches. The great pearl in the apex of the Crown is thought to be the same as was found in the Kellie Burn (Aberdeenshire), in 1620, being the finest ever discovered in Scotland.

The Sceptre, made in Paris for James V., has a stem 2 feet long of silver double gilt, is hexagonal in form with engraved sides and has three knobs. On the top of the stem is an antique capital of embossed leaves, the abacus being surrounded by three little statues of the Virgin, St. Andrew, and St. James, while between every statue rises a rullion in the form of a dolphin, and the whole is surmounted with a very fine beryl, said to belong to an ancient Egyptian sceptre, and to be over 3000 years old.

The Sword of State, presented in 1507 by Pope Julius II. to James IV. along with a consecrated hat and the golden rose, is 5 feet in length. The handle is of silver over-gilt and jewelled, the transverse or cross being in the form of two dolphins. On the blade is inscribed in gold the words "Julius II. P." The scabbard, of crimson velvet, is covered with silver, wrought in filigree work into branches of oak leaves and acorns.

We describe these national memorials at length because, owing to the destruction of the Crown and Sceptre of England by Cromwell, they are now the only ancient Regalia in Britain. In addition to the above the collection contains the royal jewels bequeathed by Cardinal York, the last of the Stuarts, to George IV., including the George and Collar of the Garter presented by Queen Elizabeth to James VI., the badge of the Thistle belonging to the same monarch, containing a portrait of Anne of Denmark; and the Coronation Ring of Charles I.

## *The Castle*

The Regalia have passed through many vicissitudes before finding their quiet harbourage of to-day in the Crown Room. During the epoch of the Commonwealth, the Scots Privy Council, apprehensive lest Cromwell might decree for the Scots Regalia the same fate as befell the English, sent them to the Castle of Dunnottar, whence they were carried away in a bag of lint on a woman's back and buried beneath the pulpit in Kinneff Church in the Mearns, under the care of the Rev. George Grainger. There they lay until after the Restoration. At the time of the Union of the Kingdoms, the Privy Council, in dread lest they should be removed to England, determined, once more, to conceal them in the Castle. This time, placed in a huge chest, they were deposited in a vaulted chamber, which was sealed up, and an order left that the door was never to be opened. So they remained for 110 years. In 1794 the room was opened during a search for some Crown deeds, and the iron-clasped chest in which the Regalia were reported to lie was actually shaken, but no sound was emitted, until, gradually, the belief gained ground that the English Government, at the time of the Union, had secretly transported them to England and broken them up. At length, in 1818, urged thereto by Sir Walter Scott and others, the Regent issued an order to the Scots Officers of State and Sir Walter to enter the so-called Crown Room, break open the chest, and, once for all, decide the fact. Accordingly, on 4th February, a commission, consisting of the Lord President of the Court of Session (Charles Hope), the Lord Justice Clerk (David Boyle), the Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court (William Adam), Major General John Hope, commanding the Forces in Scotland, Lord Provost Kincaid Mackenzie, William Clerk, Esq., Principal Clerk of the Jury Court, Henry Jardine, Deputy Re-

membrancer in the Exchequer, Thomas Thomson, Deputy Clerk Register, and Walter Scott, one of the Principal Clerks of Session, visited the Crown Room, ordered a smith to break open the lock of the chest, and there, to the delight of the company, covered with a dusty cloth, yet all intact, were found the long-lost Regalia of Scotland. The news was immediately communicated to the crowd outside, a salute was fired from the Castle, and the greatest joy was manifested on all sides. The chamber wherein they were found is the room in which they still remain, while the great chest still stands on view in the same apartment. As revealing the reverence wherewith Scott regarded them, the following incident may not be out of place as recorded in the great novelist's *Life* :—

“On the 5th Feb. Scott and some of his brother Commissioners revisited the Castle accompanied by several of the ladies of their families. His daughter tells me (Lockhart) that her father's conversation had worked her feelings up to such a pitch that when the lid was again removed, she nearly fainted and drew back from the circle. As she did so she was startled by his voice exclaiming in a tone of deepest emotion—‘No, by God, no!’ One of the Commissioners, not quite entering into the solemnity with which Scott regarded this business, had, it seems, made a sort of motion as if he meant to put the Crown upon the head of one of the young ladies near him; but the voice and aspect of the great poet were more than sufficient to make the worthy gentleman understand his error.”

Leaving the *Crown Room* and descending the stair we enter the doorway on the ground floor, at the south-east corner of the quadrangle, over which may be noted on a tablet the date 1566, with the interlinked initials H. and M., standing for Henry (Darnley) and Mary, the father and mother of James VI., who was born here on the 19th June of that year. The building, however, must be greatly older than that date, for here the queen's mother, Mary of Guise (herself the widow of James V.) died in 1560. The

## The Castle

queen's bedroom is very small, only about 8 feet long, and very irregular in shape. The wainscotting where-with it is panelled is not the original wood—though, in the matter of age, its antiquity is even greater than the birth of James VI.—for it was taken from the Guise Palace in Blyth Close. The ancient inscription mentioned by all the older historians of the Castle is still extant in the room :—

“Lord Jesu Chryst that crounit was with Thornse,  
Preserve the Birth quhais Badgie heir is borne,  
And send hir sonne successione to Reigne stille,  
Lang in this Realme, if that it be Thy Will ;  
Als grant, O Lord, quhat ever of Hir proceed  
Be to Thy Honer Glorie and Praise ; Sobied.”  
19th Junii 1566.

The ceiling, however, consisting of oaken panels, with the initials I.R. and M.R. in alternate squares, surmounted by the royal Crown, remains as it was in Mary's day. The larger room, which was the sitting-room of the queen, suffered greater change during the intervening years, and stands in need of drastic restoration to bring it back to a semblance of its ancient state. The view from the windows over the city and onward to the shimmering Forth is magnificent. Balconies were of old attached to the windows, from which, probably, the queen looked out on many a splendid pageant and procession.

Leaving the royal apartments we now enter the *Old Parliament Hall*, which occupies the entire south side of the quadrangle. Restored within the past twelve or fifteen years by the liberality of the late Mr. W. Nelson, it now presents a most impressive spectacle, being 84 feet in length, 33 in width, and 27 in height. The grand old fireplace and some of the carved corbels at the top of the principal staircase show an artistic skill of no mean order. The fine oak roof, the beams of which are adorned with numerous

sculptured shields, emblazoned with the arms of the most renowned castellans and governors of the Castle from 1007 to 1805, imparts a suggestion of loftiness and grandeur to the apartment which accords well with the memorable deeds associated with it. Here assembled the ancient Scottish Parliaments, in particular that one hastily convened (20th March 1437) immediately subsequent to the death of James I., at which his son, a boy of six, was proclaimed king, under the title of James II. Here also was given that "bloody banquet" to the young Earl Douglas, by the Chancellor Crichton and the Regent Livingstone (*see* p. 25). Here most of the Coronation banquets were held, down to the time of Charles I., and here the Earl of Leven entertained Cromwell in 1648. From its windows facing the south, and accordingly overlooking the tilting-ground, situated where the Grassmarket now is, the Stuart monarchs were wont to view the jousts. James IV. was particularly fond of this exercise, and was accounted one of the finest tilters of the day. Knights came from all parts of Europe to break a lance with the king or his stalwart warriors. One such encounter (Pitscottie tells us) was long remembered. It took place in 1503 and was witnessed by the king from the balcony of this hall—

"A famous cavalier of the Low Countries, Sir John Cochbevis, challenged the best knight in Scotland to break a lance, or meet him in combat *à l'outrance* (*i.e.*, to the death). Sir Patrick Hamilton of the house of Arran took up his challenge. Amid a vast concourse, they came to the barriers, lanced, horsed and clad in tempered mail, with their emblazoned shields hung around their necks. At sound of the trumpet they rushed to the shock and splintered their spears fairly. Fresh ones were given them, but as Hamilton's horse failed him, they drew their two-handed swords and fought on foot. They fought thus for a full hour, till the Dutchman, being struck to the ground, the king cast his plumed bonnet over the Castle wall to stay the combat, while the heralds and trumpeters proclaimed the Scottish Knight victorious."

Below the royal apartments are a double series of bomb-

## *The Castle*

proof dungeons, some with small iron-barred loopholes for windows, others in total darkness. These were used during the last French war as places of retention for prisoners, and strong though these cells are, no fewer than forty-nine of the captives were able to break out and make a dash for liberty. The iron gratings of the *aillets* of the dungeons may be seen from Johnstone Terrace below.

The other side of the quadrangle of Palace Yard is devoted to the military hospital, which was erected about 1753, being built on the site and from the materials of a church of great antiquity and considerable size, supposed to have been dedicated to St. Margaret. By Maitland it was considered to have been raised not only for the use of the garrison, but for the accommodation of the inhabitants who had the privilege of residing within the Castle walls, and for the benefit of the residents of the district before the erection of the second Church of St. Giles. The great font of the church and many beautifully-carved stones were found built into the hospital wall during recent alterations. Mentioned by David I. in the Holyrood charter, as "the Church of the Castle of Edinburgh," the building is again referred to by Alexander III. also in the Papal Bulls relating to the ecclesiastical administration of Edinburgh, as "the parochie Kirk, within the said Castell," and was specially dealt with by the Presbytery of Edinburgh in 1595. Its former existence, therefore, is proved beyond doubt. We must not omit mention of the three braziers for bale-fires placed on the east, north-western and south sides of the fortress. These, as we have already stated (*see* p. 31), were at once lighted when warning beacons were seen burning on Soutra Hill or on the rising grounds around Edmonston, intimating that a hostile force had crossed the Border.

We have now completed our survey of the buildings of the Castle. As we pass down the steep stair from the

citadel, we must not forget to take a peep at the "dogs' cemetery," situated in an angle of the ramparts. Pathetic little memorials are to be read here of those regimental pets, or "Dogs of the Regiment," whose demise was mourned as sincerely as that of many a comrade-in-arms.

Leaving the Castle Esplanade we ask the reader to accompany us into the West Princes Street Gardens immediately below the fortress. On the green bank outside, is a curious stone (belonging to the Society of Antiquarians, and brought from Norway in 1787) whereon a Runic cross is engraven, with a flying script encircling it in the shape of a serpent, the runes upon which read as follows—"Ari, son of Hjalm, to preserve among his fellows his father's deeds, inscribed this stone." Further along we notice the lines of a long, low archway which has been built up. Some have asserted this to have been "the lions' den" (for lions were kept by several of the Scottish kings), but we are inclined to believe it the mouth of the secret or subterranean passage, which connected the Castle with St. Giles' and Holyrood, also with St. Giles' Grange, now the Grange House. The belief that such secret passages existed in Edinburgh is based on a mass of evidence that renders the matter almost beyond doubt. Under the Castle Rock are the ruins of the "Wellhouse Tower," popularly called "Wallace's Tower," a confusion of names which long rendered the legend tenable that Scotland's national hero had been in Edinburgh. The tower, however, had no connection with him, but was simply a covering of masonry over the well which at one time supplied the Castle with its best supply of water. Some years ago, when a portion of this tower was being taken down owing to it having become insecure, a flight of steps hewn out of the rock was discovered, buried under the *débris* of centuries, also a human skull, and some coins dating back to the English occupation.



## CHAPTER XIII

### *The Castlehill and the Lawnmarket*

ON the north bank of the Castlehill, facing the Forth and the fields of Fife, is the site where for over 150 years stood *Ramsay Lodge*, the curious little villa with its octagonal frontage which, in 1742, Allan Ramsay (1686-1758), the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*, and the founder of Scottish pastoral poetry, erected for himself. The wits of the time likened it to a goosepie, and the witty Lord Elibank on the poet complaining to him of the comparison, retorted, "'Deed, Allan, now I see ye in it, I'm thinkin' the wits are no far wrong." The house has been incorporated into the great mass of *University Hall*, whose imposing *façade* still preserves some of the distinctive features of "denty Allan's" cosy little villa. *University Hall* is one of several "hostelries" founded by Professor Patrick Geddes, to whom Modern Edinburgh owes so much—that lads coming to town to attend college might not only find excellent apartments at a moderate rate, but be able to combine the advantages of English student residential life with the excellence of Scottish teaching. The building, viewed from Princes Street, appears to great advantage, the designer continuing with no little skill the striking architectural effects of the lofty U.F. Church Offices, and the New College. The interior is tastefully adorned by several well-known Scottish artists, Mr. Burn Murdoch, in the decorative frieze round the dining-hall, telling the story of "University life" in its historic succession, the series beginning with Socrates in the Agora of Athens, Plato in the groves of Academe,

Aristotle in the "Stoa Poikile," and coming down through the Dark and Middle Ages and the Monastic Schools, to the days of the English, Scottish and Continental polymaths. Mr. John Duncan has in turn painted an exquisite series of panels in the "common hall," in which the Scottish heroes, poets and men of note are vividly portrayed.

We now begin our walk down the Castlehill. Before leaving the Esplanade we should note that the soil of the Castlehill proper was, in the reign of Charles I., held to be the soil of Nova Scotia. In September 1621, Sir William Alexander (later Earl of Stirling), received from King James I. a charter granting him and his heirs the greater part of the northern section of the United States, Canada, and the islands thereof, also giving him permission to utilise the mines and forests, to erect cities, appoint fairs, hold courts, grant lands, coin money—in short to exercise almost absolute authority over a country two or three times larger than the king's realms at home. During the reign of James, Alexander made no use of his gift, but after the accession of Charles I., in 1625, the charter with all its rights was renewed, and the first batch of baronets created, the honour being conferred on payment of a sum of £150 sterling, which sum entitled them besides to a grant of land three miles long by two broad, with power of pit and gallows thereon. The difficulty of enfeoffing them in their possessions was overcome by a royal mandate converting the soil of the Castlehill into that of Nova Scotia, and between 1625 and 1649, sixty-four of these baronets took seisin upon the soil of the Castlehill.

On the right-hand side of the street as we leave the Esplanade, we observe, sticking on the south-west gable of the first house, a cannon-ball said to have been fired from the Half Moon Battery during the blockade of the Castle in 1745, when the town was held by the High-

## *The Castlehill and Lawnmarket*

landers. The first close on this side is Blair's Close (entered through Boswell's Court), where at one time the Duke of Gordon had his dwelling. All that is left now of the exterior of the mansion is the remains of a Gothic archway. Inside, however, there is some fine woodpanelling, particularly in the room overlooking the Esplanade, wherein over the mantelpiece is a landscape painting, the work of the famous eighteenth-century Scots artist and decorator, Norrie. The duchess died here in 1732. After the house had passed out of the hands of the Gordons it became the property of the Bairds of Newbyth, and here (6th December 1757), Sir David Baird, the conqueror of Tippoo Saib and the hero of Seringapatam, was born. A doorway on the right-hand side of the entry of Boswell's Court with the overhead script, "O Lord in thee is al my traist," tradition asserts to have belonged to the mansion of the Earls of Bothwell.

Immediately opposite is the great city Reservoir, whence the water is distributed throughout Edinburgh. The history of the water supply of the Scots capital is interesting. Up to 1621 the burghers depended wholly on the public wells and on supplies brought by the water-carriers. Among the most indispensable vessels in every household of that day were a pair of "stoups," each holding over a gallon. On arriving at the well the newcomer shouted, "Wha's last?" and on the reply being given, he or she immediately took up a position at the end of the waiting "queue," and never dreamt of attempting to fill the stoups out of turn. In 1674, a German engineer, named Peter Brugsch, offered to provide the city with a water supply from the springs of Comiston, through a leaden pipe of 3 inches bore. On this being agreed to, a "waterhouse" was built on the Castlehill, from which the supply could be distributed to the various *lands*. By 1704 an additional

supply was needed, and certain springs at Liberton Dams and in the Pentland Hills were utilised until the present supply from Glencorse, Loganlea, Clubbiedean, Gladhouse, etc., was arranged. Even this has proved inadequate and the Talla Reservoir has had to be constructed. The old "waterhouse" being found insufficient, in 1849 the present fine "reservoir-tank" was constructed, 110 feet long, 92 broad and 33 in depth, which contains 2,000,000 gallons and can distribute them throughout the town at the rate of 5000 gallons per minute.

Keeping still to the left side of the street we cross Ramsay Lane, at the head of which were located for many years Dr. Guthrie's Ragged or Industrial Schools, until the numbers exceeding the accommodation, the schools were divided, the boys being sent to the new buildings at Liberton, the girls to those at Brunswick Road. Prof. Geddes's "Outlook Tower" occupying "Short's Observatory," and the buildings once tenanted by the schools in question, stand on the site of the house of Ramsay of Cockpen (a branch of the family of Ramsays of Dalhousie), from whom, in common with the poet, the lane and purlieus take their name. Allan himself reckoned Lord Dalhousie as his chief, for in one of his poems he addresses him :—

"Dalhousie of an auld descent,  
My chief, my stoup, my ornament."

One of the occupants of the house in question was Sir Andrew Ramsay, who was Chief Magistrate of Edinburgh for no fewer than sixteen years, and on whom the title "Lord Provost" was first conferred.

The next house of interest on this side of the street is that of the Barons Sempill, still standing in the close of the same name. A massive building with projecting octagonal turnpike stair and doors, with polished ashlar

## *The Castlehill and Lawnmarket*

bowtels, it has evidently been a mansion of note in its day. Over the principal doorway is the inscription "Praised be the Lord my God, my Strength and my Redeemer. Anno Dom. 1638," with the device of an anchor intertwined with the letter "S"; while over the second doorway giving entrance to the lower part of the house is the legend "*Sedes manet Optima Cælo*, 1638." The Sempills of Castle-Sempill were a family intimately connected with Scottish literature, three of them being poets of some note, viz., Sir James Sempill (1566-1626), author of the *Packman's Paternoster*, his son Robert (1595-1661), author of the *Piper of Kilbarchan*, and Francis (1618-1685), author of *Maggie Lauder*, etc.

We reach now the "Assembly Halls" of the two great ecclesiastical denominations in Scotland—"the Victoria Hall," the meeting-place of the chief court of the Church of Scotland, and the "United Free Church Assembly Hall," where the annual sessions of that Church are held. The former, erected in 1844, at a cost of £16,000, is an imposing structure in the Pointed Gothic style from designs by Mr. Gillespie Graham. The interior is richly furnished, the throne for the accommodation of the representative of the sovereign, the Lord High Commissioner—always a Scottish nobleman of high standing, who, at the meetings of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in the month of May, attends in state, to typify thereby the connection between Kirk and Crown—being placed at the western end. In order to furnish a site for the Victoria Hall, many old closes and houses of great historic interest were swept away, among others, the family mansion of the Argylls in Ross's Court, always associated with the name of the "Great Marquis," and in Kennedy's Close, that of the "Kings of Carrick," the Earls of Cassilis.

The Free Church, however, was even a greater offender, for no less than a royal palace was razed to

find a site for the Assembly Hall of that denomination. On the area now covered by the Assembly Hall, the Rainy Hall, the New College and the High Church, three closes were situated—Blyth's, Tod's, and Nairne's, all of them giving entrance to the several dwellings, into which the great palace of Mary of Guise was sub-divided. Erected probably after Holyrood had been burned by the English under Hereford, in 1544, it was occupied by the queen-mother and her little daughter, the Queen of Scots, for short intervals from 1545 to 1548, during their stay at Linlithgow, Stirling, and Inchmahome; but Mary of Guise lived much in this house after her daughter's departure for France (1548), and throughout the remainder of her life. The mansion was a very large one. Over the main doorway was inscribed in large letters *Laus Honor Deo*, with her husband's initials, I. R., on the lintels. The building was adorned with some exceedingly rich oaken doorways and panels, some of which are in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries. On the principal doorway were carved portraits which Chambers thinks to be those of James V. and Mary of Guise. These may yet be studied in the museum in question. A feature of the house was the number of rich Gothic niches, for the reception of images of the saints, and several fine fireplaces, also distinguished by ornate carving after Gothic designs. Nearly all the ceilings were waggon-shaped, painted in intricate arabesques and with graceful designs of flowers, fruit, and leaves surrounding panels with inscriptions in Gothic letters, and furnished with heraldic devices surmounting the initials of the king and his consort, I. R. x M. R. Adjoining this was another house which had *Laus Deo*, 1591, on its front. A similar style of architecture and internal decoration prevailed throughout all the houses in the closes named.

## *The Castlehill and Lawnmarket*

The United Free Church Assembly Hall is one of the largest in Edinburgh, being capable of containing nearly 3000 persons, since its enlargement in 1902. The body of the hall is reserved for members of Assembly, the seats for the Moderator and Clerks being at the northern end, while the galleries are allocated to the public. Seen during the month of May, when the Assembly is in session, the Hall presents a very imposing spectacle. On the west side of the Assembly Hall is the Rainy Hall, the latter being furnished with many fine portraits of the Fathers of the Church and the Professors of the New College, among others those of Principals Cairns, Rainy (after whom the hall is named), Harper, Professors John Brown, Smeaton, T. Smith, Blaikie, and others. Passing through the corridor we reach an airy vestibule used by the members for promenading in intervals of business, and then, passing through the main doorway and descending the steps, we stand in the quadrangle of the New College.

The lecture-rooms of the New College occupy the whole block on our left hand-side, while that on our right is used as a place of worship by the U.F. High Church, of which the pastor-emeritus at the present time (1904) is the poet preacher, Dr. W. C. Smith, whose poems have won a high place in contemporary literature. A fine statue of John Knox, by John Hutchison, R.S.A., and unveiled in May 1896, stands in the quadrangle. The library of the New College is very valuable, numbering over 80,000 volumes, and contains many memorials of the Covenanters and Secession worthies, which have come to the United Free Church through union with the Reformed Presbyterian (1876) and the United Presbyterian Churches (1900).

After leaving the quadrangle by the barbican-like archway, we turn round to note the general effect of the

architect's plan and to admire the skill wherewith he has utilised the presence of the noble spire of the Church of Scotland Assembly Hall behind, to add effect to the *ensemble* of his own edifice. The College is designed in the English Collegiate style, combining the Tudor with some features of the later Gothic, and has two massive square towers, 120 feet in height with crocketed finials. It forms a conspicuous feature in the landscape when viewed from Princes Street or Hanover Street.

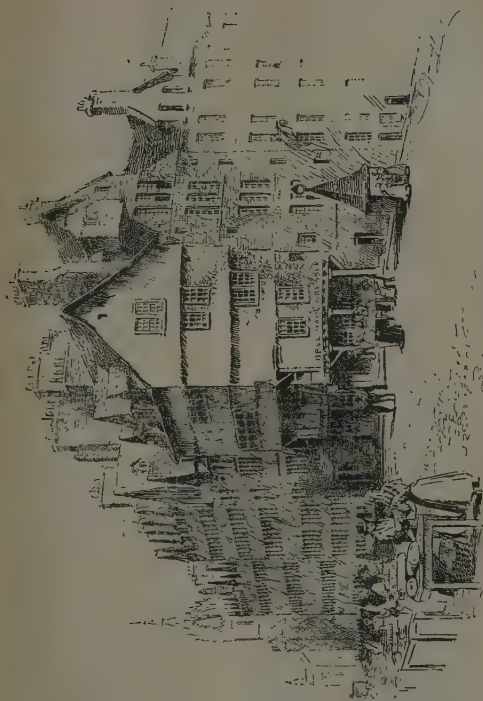
We now proceed eastward for some eight or ten yards, then turn sharply to the right, up Mylne's Court, casting a glance as we pass up North Bank Street, at the noble façade of the great block of buildings in the Scots Baronial style occupied by the Offices of the United Free Church; and a little further on, but on the opposite side of the street, at the magnificent pile, in the Græco-Venetian style, of the Head Office of the Bank of Scotland. Whether viewed from Princes Street or the High Street, from the top of Mound Place or the level of St. Giles Street, this grand edifice impresses one with a vivid sense of the symmetry of its several parts and the harmony of its general design.

Mylne's Court was the work of Robert Mylne, who erected the more modern parts of Holyrood Palace, and was the seventh Royal Master-mason. His uncle's tomb in Greyfriars' Churchyard bears the inscription:—

“Sixth master-mason to a royal race  
Of seven successive kings sleeps in this place.”

The entrance from the Lawnmarket is through a *pend* or archway, over which is a Roman Doric entablature with the date 1690. The houses forming the west side of the court have all been removed, but on the northern, the eastern and southern side there are still remains of old mansions showing fine dormer windows rising above the roof. One of the demolished houses on the west





The West Bow  
and Lawnmarker

side bore the inscription, "*Blessit—be—God—in—al—his—giftis* + 1580"; while one of those demolished on the south front, looking out on the Lawnmarket, was long occupied by Bartholomew Somerville, burgess, the first private benefactor to the University of Edinburgh, who in 1639 left his entire fortune for the maintenance of a Professor of Divinity. Many of the rooms in this court still exhibit fine oaken panellings and ceilings moulded by the first decorators of their time.

The Lawnmarket—the name given to that part of the High Street extending from the West Bow to St. Giles' Church—received its name from the fact that either side of the spacious thoroughfare used to be crowded with the moveable stalls and booths of the "lawn" or cloth merchants. This accordingly was always a busy centre, hence arose the Edinburgh proverb "as thrang as the Lawnmercat."

Immediately opposite the mouth of the archway is the head of the *West Bow*, once the only approach to the city from the west. This picturesque thoroughfare, which extended in shape resembling "a strung bow" down to the Grassmarket, has been "improved" out of all recognition. In it was the house of the famous Major Weir, the wizard (executed for impiety and immorality in 1670), whose relations even in life with his Satanic Majesty were so intimate that the latter was wont each midnight to send his carriage shaped like a hearse, driven by a headless coachman and drawn by horses in a similarly incomplete condition, to take the major and his sister out for a drive to the Infernal Regions. Sober, sensible citizens had the firmest belief (nay, the residents themselves corroborated it) that those living in the vicinity heard each midnight the rumble of a vehicle coming along the Lawnmarket. Nearer it drew, the noise increasing the while, then it turned down the West Bow stopped for a moment to

## *The Castlehill and Lawnmarket*

take in the major and his sister, then thundered away again, to return at cockcrow with the guilty pair. The legends told of Major Weir are manifold and are they not all recorded in *Satan's Invisible World Discovered?*—how his staff, a gift from Satan, used to run his errands for him, and act as a link-boy; how he could transport himself to any part of the world he chose; how he had a marvellous fluency in prayer, and so forth?

In the West Bow were the *Templar Lands*; also the first Assembly Rooms, opened in 1710; the house of Lord Provost Stewart (*see* p. 124) to which, says tradition, Prince Charles Edward, during the Highland occupation, paid a visit and was only saved from capture by soldiers sent from the Castle, by using a secret staircase (known only to the head of the house) which led him out into the Grassmarket; the house of Lord Ruthven, father of the first Earl of Gowrie, and the principal agent in the slaughter of Rizzio, whose sword was found concealed between the ceiling and the floor; of Donaldson, the bookseller and printer, founder of Donaldson's Hospital; of Napier of Wrightshouses; of Paul Romieu, the clock-maker, etc. But all these have been sacrificed to the mania for "improvement" on the part of the Town Council.

One tenement, however, which stood at the head of the West Bow and was long a landmark of the district, was interesting both architecturally and historically, as a fine example of the timber-fronted houses of 1540, in which each storey advanced beyond that below, while on the ground floor a verandah with wooden pillars formed a convenient place for the display of wares. It is historically interesting as the first premises of the great publishing firm of Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons. At the junction of the West Bow with the Castlehill and Lawnmarket stood the old "Weigh House" or "Butter Tron," where dairy produce was weighed

and sold. The first Weigh House was destroyed by Cromwell; the second, erected in 1660, existed down to the commencement of the nineteenth century, and afforded an effective shelter to the Highlanders when attacking the Castle in 1745.

St. John's United Free Church, standing at the junction of the West Bow with the new thoroughfare which skirts the Castle rock—Johnstone Terrace—was long the scene of the ministrations of one of Scotland's most impassioned pulpit orators, as well as the originator of the scheme for Ragged or Industrial Schools—Dr. Thomas Guthrie.

Still keeping to the south side of the Lawnmarket we reach Riddle's Court, which is divided into two parts. In the first of these little squares there is a lofty tenement on the east and south-east sides, with a fine old outside turret stair, bearing date 1726. Here David Hume lived from 1751 onward, till his removal to Jack's Land, and here he wrote much of his *History of England*. On the opposite side of the court there is a mansion evidently much older, though bearing the same date. Entering its doorway under a corbelled angle, we ascend a staircase conducting to a landing on the second floor. Proceeding along a passage we finally reach a large room which retains in some particulars the traces of having been used as a theatre. To the inner room, however, our attention must be specially directed. The ceiling, richly moulded in stucco in the French style prevailing about 1670, has a large circle in the centre, wherein is a crown surrounded by roses and thistles alternately arranged, and bearing the date 1678. In the corners of the ceiling the Scottish *Lion Rampant* and the English *Lion Statant Gardant* are alternately presented. The walls are oak panelled and exquisitely decorated either by Norrie himself or by one of his pupils. Some of the land-

## *The Castlehill and Lawnmarket*

scapes on the doors, windows and shutters are most artistically executed. Several of these paintings have been removed, but enough remains to show how magnificent the apartment must have been when occupied by Sir John Smith of Grotham, Provost of Edinburgh, and one of the Scots Commissioners, who proceeded to Breda in 1650 to assure Charles II. of their loyalty. In this house was born Professor Pillans, who filled the Humanity Chair in the University from 1820 to 1863, and here, as late as 1815, Professor Brown, of metaphysical note, lived for some months. But it is the inner section of this double court that is historically the more interesting. This is



*Bailie Macmorran's  
House*

the house of Bailie John Macmorran, one of the Magistrates of Edinburgh, whose tragic death at the hands of the High School boys, in the reign of James VI., has thrown a halo of interest around it. The house is one of considerable architectural pretensions, as may be seen from the five dormer windows and polished ashlar front. On the massive and highly-ornate pediment of the roof,

## The Story of Edinburgh

the bailie's initials, I. M., are still to be traced. One feature should be noted, viz., the carved oaken shutters wherewith the lower half of one of the windows is closed. As Sir Daniel Wilson points out, each shutter is decorated with the "linelled" pattern as it is called, a kind of decoration in common use on the stall-work of Tudor churches; and this window, with its carved transom and mullions, forms the best extant specimen of this long obsolete fashion. The house was frequently used for important civic banquets both before and after the bailie's death in September 1595. The circumstances of the tragedy are these:—

"At the time named the youths attending this grand old institution belonged to the very highest families of the land. The boys had made a request to the Town Council for a holiday, but the latter refused, stating that the school work had already been too much interfered with by holidays. Indignant at this treatment, the lads having virtualled the building to stand a siege, and also provided themselves with fire-arms, expelled their masters and locked the doors. Scared by the threatening look of the affair, the Town Council would have yielded, but Macmorran undertook to bring the culprits to submission. Accompanied by a party of city officers, he went down to the High School in Blackfriars' Wynd, and notwithstanding the threats of the boys, headed by William Sinclair, son of the Chancellor of Caithness, proceeded to force an entrance, by using a long beam as a battering-ram against the door. Infuriated at impending capture, Sinclair snatched up a pistol, and firing point blank at Macmorran killed him on the spot. Sobered by the terrible deed, the youths tremblingly surrendered and were led away to the Tolbooth."

By the exertion of strong family influence, as well as by the good offices of the king himself, Macmorran's family was appeased, and the boys were released, though not without the payment of a large sum *in solatium*, not to the family for the loss of its head, but to the "gude town" for the affront put "upon ane of its Bailies" (*sic*)! Many distinguished personages occupied the mansion during the next 200 years, among

## *The Castlehill and Lawnmarket*

others Lord Royston of the Court of Session, after whom Royston House (now Caroline Park) was named, and Jean Straiton, the relict of the Rev. David Williamson of the West Kirk, the "Dainty Davie" of Scottish Song, who "had mool'd (buried) sax wives in ae kirkyaird" but was survived by the seventh.

In Fisher's Close, the next in order, there formerly stood the town mansion of the Buccleuch family, while in Brodie's Close, still further east, we have the "Roman Eagle Hall," the oldest masonic rendezvous in Edinburgh, where the famous Convention of the *Grand Lodge of Scotland* met, in 1736, to elect a Grand Master in room of William St. Clair, Earl of Rosslyn, in whose family the office had been made hereditary by James II. The hall is a very fine example of Scots seventeenth-century decorative art. Brodie's Close is also famous as containing the house of the notorious Deacon William Brodie, who while Deacon of the Incorporated Trades, a member of the Town Council and of many societies, lived a veritable dual existence: by day a respectable and respected citizen, by night a wild debauchee and a housebreaker of a dangerous type. His misdeeds became public by the confession of his partners after an attempt on the Scots Exchequer Office in Chessel's Court. Brodie fled, was pursued and arrested by the king's messenger at Amsterdam on the eve of sailing for America. He was tried and executed in 1788. His house is on the first storey up the turnpike stair on the right-hand side of the close, and the door with its lock is said to have been made by Brodie himself. The apartments are all highly adorned with panel paintings, while over the fireplace of the principal room is a painting, of the Adoration of the Magi, executed either by Norrie or Runciman.

Old Bank Close stood on a part of the ground now

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

occupied by Buchanan's Close. The premises of the Bank of Scotland were located there on the founding of the bank in 1695, and so remained until their removal in 1805 to their present quarters in Bank Street. The business of the institution was carried on in a house of no little historic note, viz., Gourlay's house, one of the largest in the Edinburgh of its time. Here many of the strangers who were State guests were lodged, such as the French ambassadors; Sir William Drury, the English general who came up to assist the Scots to bring Kirkcaldy of Grange to terms; and hither that gallant soldier was brought after his surrender. Here also lived Sir George Lockhart, Lord President of the Court of Session from 1685-89, and before the door of it he was shot by one of the Chisleys of Dalry, a disappointed litigant, who thought that the President, being a friend, should have decided in his favour.

This completes our survey of the houses on the south side of the Lawnmarket. Turning back to the Bowhead, we enter James's Court, which has no fewer than three openings on to the principal thoroughfare. The buildings on the north side of the court are now all incorporated into the Offices of the United Free Church. Erected in 1727, James's Court was the residence of many of the *élite* of Edinburgh society. Burton in his *Life of Hume* describes the place as it had come down to his day, untouched as yet by the repeated transmogrifications through which the entire northern side of the court has passed:—

“Entering one of the doors opposite the main entrance the stranger is sometimes led by a friend wishing to afford him an agreeable surprise down flight after flight of the stony staircase and when he imagines he is descending so far into the bowels of the earth he emerges on the edge of a cheerful crowded thoroughfare. When he looks up to the building containing the upright street through which he has descended, he sees that vast pile of



## *The Castlehill and Lawnmarket*

tall houses standing at the head of the Mound which creates astonishment in every visitor of Edinburgh. This vast fabric is built on the declivity of a hill, and thus one entering on the level of the Lawnmarket is at the height of several stories from the ground on the side next the New Town. I have ascertained that by ascending the western of the two stairs facing James's Court to the height of three stories, we arrive at the door of David Hume's house, which is the one towards the left of the two doors on that landing-place."

In the United Free Church Offices, Hume's house is now occupied by the Department of Foreign Missions. After Hume had migrated to St. David Street in the "New Town," his house was leased by James Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, and here the lexicographer stayed during his visit to Edinburgh in 1773. Boswell's position as the son of Lord Auchinleck, of the Court of Session, gave him the *entrée* to the best society in the city, and while Johnson was at James's Court he met Lords Elibank, Kames, Monboddo, and Hailes, Drs. Robertson, Blair, Blacklock, and Beattie; but, as was said by one of Johnson's own friends, who visited Edinburgh next year, "He repaid all their attention to him by ill-breeding; and when in the company of the ablest men in this country his whole design was to show them how little he thought of them."

Gardens sloped down to the edge of the Nor' Loch from the houses on the northern slope of the Lawnmarket and High Street, and boats were kept for pleasure-sailing upon the loch. Eels abounded in it, also pike and perch, but latterly the fish all died out.

We return to the Lawnmarket to note a tall, narrow tenement with polished ashlar frontage, erected in 1631 by Thomas Gladstone, said to be, on what authority I know not, ancestor of the late William Ewart Gladstone. On a shield below the crow-stepped western gable are the initials T. G. and B. G., with a corresponding shield on the eastern



gable bearing a device not unlike a key. Passing below this house we enter Lady Stair's Close—before the construction of Bank Street the chief thoroughfare for those wishing to reach the New Town—which takes its name from Elizabeth, Dowager Countess of Stair, the heroine of the incidents recorded in Scott's story, "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror." While still a girl, she had been married to James, Viscount Primrose of Casketfield, who, after treating her with great cruelty and attempting to murder her, deserted her. After some time, during which she had heard nothing of him, a foreign magician visited Edinburgh who professed to disclose the movements of absent

ones, however distant. The viscountess went to see him, and on being placed in his room before a large mirror beheld the progress of a marriage service in which the bridegroom was her husband, the service being interrupted by a newcomer, whom she also recognised as her own brother, then abroad. On the latter's return, she asked him about it, and found that all had happened as she had seen, and that he had been in time to prevent the viscount marrying another lady.

## *The Castlehill and Lawnmarket*

On the death of Viscount Primrose, his widow declared she would never marry, and repeatedly refused Lord Stair, who was deeply enamoured of her, until by bribing her servants to conceal him in the oratory where the viscountess was wont to say her prayers, and by showing himself *en déshabillé* to the passers by, he succeeded in so seriously compromising the reputation of the lady that she had to accept him. She was, however, on the whole, very happy in her later married life. Lord Rosebery some years ago restored the house, which now remains in the state in which it existed in the viscountess's days, who, by the way, was a collateral ancestress of his own. Burns, during his visit to Edinburgh in 1786. had his lodgings in *Baxter's Close*, along with his Ayrshire friend; while in one of these closes Steele gave his famous supper to the eccentric mendicants in Edinburgh and declared he had enjoyed more fun from their sayings and doings than could be derived from the drollest of comedies.

## CHAPTER XIV

### *The Parliament Square and St. Giles' Church*

WE now begin our survey of the High Street proper, commencing with the section from Parliament Square to the Tron Church.

The new County Buildings, which have just been completed as we write (1905), form a handsome addition to the famous square, though many regret the demolition of the older edifice with its fine Corinthian hexastyle portico, designed by Mr D. Bryce, after the Temple of Erechtheus in Athens. Down the side of this older building ran the remains of *Liberton's Wynd*, once a noted thoroughfare in the old town, wherein stood *John Dowie's Tavern*, one of the most famous of the Edinburgh hostelries. Here Fergusson, the poet, was a constant visitor, also David Herd, the antiquarian, Lord Monboddo, Henry Mackenzie, and at a later date Robert Burns. One dark room, called "the Coffin," was for long indicated as the poet's *bowff*. At the head of this wynd three reversed stones mark the place where the public gallows used to be erected, whereon many criminals suffered, notably the infamous Edinburgh Thug, Burke of Burke-and-Hare notoriety. A number of historic old closes, all extending down the slope to the Cowgate, were removed to make way for the County Buildings and the Signet Library, viz., Carthrae's Close (later Turk's Close), Forester's, and Beth's Wynds.

The first item of interest in Parliament Square is the fine statue of Francis Walter, fifth Duke of Buccleuch,

## *Parliament Square and St. Giles'*

designed by Boehm, with a pediment surrounded by bas-reliefs illustrative of stirring incidents in the history of "the bauld Buccleuchs." Next comes the *Signet Library*, otherwise the library belonging to the Society of Writers to His Majesty's Signet, one of the three great divisions into which the Scottish legal profession is divided, viz., advocates (corresponding to the English barrister), Writers to the Signet (W.S.), and Solicitors before the Supreme Court (S.S.C.). This building, erected in 1825 at a cost of £25,000, contains about 100,000 volumes, and is especially rich in Scottish history, archæology, and literature. The great hall upstairs, used by George IV. as his reception-room when he was banqueted in the Parliament Hall, is upwards of 170 feet long. The ceiling and cornices are exquisitely moulded and painted.

The area from the line of the street back to the Signet Library is intensely interesting as being the site whereon the ancient "Heart of Midlothian" or Tolbooth stood, which was in turn Parliament House, Municipal Buildings, Privy Council Chambers, Law Courts, and finally the prison for the City of Edinburgh. Erected about 1450, when James II. was beginning his long struggle with the Douglasses, it was repaired in 1562, at the time of the erection of the New Tolbooth, and the two edifices continued to discharge many of these multifarious purposes until 1817, when it was pulled down. Scott describes it graphically in the *Heart of Midlothian* :—

"Antique in form, gloomy and haggard in aspect, its black stanchioned windows, opening through its dingy walls like the apertures of a hearse, it was calculated to impress all beholders with a sense of what was meant in Scots Law by *squalor carceris*."

In fact, the great novelist's description of the whole locality around the central pile of St. Giles', as it pre-

## The Story of Edinburgh

sented itself to the Edinburghers of the eighteenth century, is vivid to a degree:—

“The Gothic entrance of the ancient prison, as is well known to all men, rears its front in the very middle of the High Street, forming as it were the termination of a huge pile of buildings called the Luckenbooths, which for some inconceivable reason, our ancestors had jammed into the middle of the principal street of the town, leaving for passage a narrow street on the north, and on the south, into which the prison opens, a narrow crooked lane, winding between the high and sombre walls of the Tolbooth and of the adjacent houses on one side, and the buttresses and projections of the old Church upon the other. To give some gaiety to this sombre passage (well known by the name of the *Krames*) a number of little booths or shops, after the fashion of cobblers’ stalls, are plastered as it were against the Gothic projectments and abutments, so that it seemed as if the traders had occupied with nests bearing the same proportion to the building, every buttress and coign of vantage, as the martlet did in Macbeth’s Castle. Of later years these booths have degenerated into mere toy shops . . . but at the time of which we write, hosiers, glovers, hatters, mercers, milliners, and all who dealt in the miscellaneous wares now termed ‘haberdashers’ goods,’ were to be found in the narrow alley.”

The Tolbooth was the centre of numerous stirring scenes. Around it were waged many of the *tulzies* or street conflicts of the Scots capital. On the roof of the lower annexe many executions of individuals historically notable took place, while its doors were burst open by the “Porteous Mob” during that epoch of heated political passions, dating from the Union to the Rebellion. Its walls also witnessed the imprisonment of many of Scotland’s bravest and best, as well as some of her most infamous sons. A heart formed by variously-coloured cobblestones, let into the crossing, marks the spot where the doorway of the old prison stood.

At the lower or eastern end of the Luckenbooths was the shop occupied by Allan Ramsay, after he left the “Mercury,” opposite Niddrie’s Wynd; and after him by Kincaid and William Creech, the great book-

## Parliament Square and St. Giles'

sellers and publishers of the latter half of the eighteenth century. Ramsay's shop, and, later on, that of Creech, were the rendezvous for the wits and literati of their respective epochs. At that first floor window Gay used to sit for hours looking down on the busy scene, during the time of his residence in Edinburgh with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry ("Kitty Hyde"); and here Smollett must have lounged in the manner of his Humphrey Clinker. From Creech's shop were issued the *Mirror* and its successor, the *Lounger*, two weekly papers on the model of the *Spectator*, to which all the chief Scottish writers of the time contributed—Henry Mackenzie, Lord Craig, Lord Abercromby, Lord Bannatyne, Lord Cullen, George Home of Wedderburn, Gordon of Newhall, and George Ogilvie, and others. The "Mirror Club" also emanated from this "set," the members of which were responsible for the matter which went into the journal. The weekly meetings of the club were kept a dead secret, being



Creech's Shop  
as in the Luckenbooths

## The Story of Edinburgh

never twice held at the same place. The chief taverns affected by the "Mirror-men," as they were called, were "Clerihugh's" in Writers' Court, "Fortune's" in Stamp Office Close, "Somers'," opposite the Guard House in the High Street, and Stewart's Oyster House in "Old Fishmarket Close." Robert Burns was a friend of Creech's, the latter issuing the famous "Edinburgh Edition," and the poet commemorates the characteristics of the great publisher in more than one piece. The name Luckenbooths implies the "locked or closed booths," in contradistinction to the open and movable booths. Opposite the northern doorway of St. Giles' (as it is to-day) there was a break or dip in the line of roofs, with a narrow passage between, called "the Stinking Stile," to enable passers-by and the inhabitants of the lower flats to see the clock on St. Giles'. Dunbar refers to it in his poem "To the Merchants of Edinburgh."

The Parliament Square has undergone many modifications. Up to 1574 it was the principal burgh burying-ground, being surrounded by the houses of the clergy of the Cathedral Church. But in that year the graveyard was closed and on the site of the residences of the clergy was erected in 1632 the *Great Hall of the Parliament House*, to which the "Estates of the Realm," as the Scots Parliament was termed, moved from the New Tolbooth or Laigh Council House. Around this centre gradually arose the *towering-lands* containing the *flats* or "stories" wherein were housed judges, lawyers, clergy, leading merchants and others whose avocations rendered a central residence a necessity. Before entering the buildings at all, attention must be called to a plate let into the causeway on which are stamped in brass the characters, "I. K. 1572." This is the supposed grave of John Knox, one of Scotland's greatest sons, to whom the Protestant Churches of Scotland owe more than some of them are at times disposed to admit, for fight-





The Old Parliament House

## The Story of Edinburgh

ing the battle of spiritual freedom and an open Bible. A few yards from here stands the *leaden* equestrian statue of Charles II., erected in 1684-85, on the site intended for that of Oliver Cromwell.

We now come to the buildings in the square. The entire range of the block on the south side is occupied by the Courts of Session and certain Government offices. The original edifice, erected in 1632-39, a print of which we now give, had a highly-picturesque appearance and a distinct individuality of character. There was a quaint stateliness invested about its irregular pinnacles and towers as well as the "rude elaborateness" of its decorations, that seemed to link it with the brilliant days when Scotland still had a Parliament and the fiction of a Court at Holyrood. Of the Gothic façade, designed, tradition states, by Inigo Jones, the most distinguished feature was the main entrance; over which were the royal arms of Scotland, supported on the right by "Mercy" holding a crown wreathed with laurel, and on the left by "Justice," with the balances in one hand and a palm branch in the other, and the inscription under them—*Stant his felicia regna* (The prosperity of kingdoms is assured by these), while underneath the national arms was the motto—*Uni unionum*. This entrance, which faced the east, is now blocked up. Over the smaller doorway, which now forms the principal entrance to the Parliament Hall, the city arms were placed on a decorated tablet between pillars, with the inscription beneath on a festooned scroll—*Dominus custodit introitum nostrum*. This fine imposing old building was "renovated" in 1829, and transformed into a mean and unintelligent example of a semi-classical style, which superimposes sphinxes on a Grecian façade. The colonnade is the one redeeming feature of a glaring instance of architectural bad taste.

Fortunately the trail of the renovator is only visible

## Parliament Square and St. Giles'

outside. Inside the buildings, where "restoration" has been necessary, it has been executed with due regard to the preservation of the ancient characteristics. Entering by the doorway in the south-east corner of the square, after passing through the vestibule, we at once step into the grand old Parliament Hall. If our visit be paid on a Monday, the hall will probably be empty; if on any other week-day, it will be filled by gowned and wigged advocates pacing up and down its length, either in consultation with clients and their solicitors, or in animated converse with their brethren *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. The proportions of this noble hall impress one profoundly. Measuring 122 feet long by 49 feet in width, what strikes one most of all is the lofty open roof, 60 feet high, formed of dark oaken beams with cross-braces and hammer-beams resting on curiously-carved corbels, the floor being also of oak composed in a sort of *parqueterie*. There are three fire-places on the west side of the hall, all choicely decorated, the central one being a fine example of wood carving in the old Italian style, the middle panel of which contains a representation of the delivery of the Keys to St. Peter.

But unquestionably the object which at once arrests the attention of the visitor is the great stained-glass window at the southern or lower end of the hall. Placed in its present position in 1868, it is a fine specimen of German art, having been designed by Wilhelm von Kaulbach and executed by the Chevalier Ainmuller of Munich. The subject of the work is the Institution of the Court of Session by James V. in 1532, the idea which suggested the painting being contained in a Latin narrative of the first meeting of the Court of Session preserved in the Register House. The central figure is of course the King. His mother, Margaret of England, widow of James IV., sits on the right of the throne; while the figure represented reading the

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

charter of creation is Alexander Myln, Abbot of Cambuskenneth, Lord President of the Court. Many fine statues and busts, also numerous rare portraits of deceased judges and jurists are ranged along and hung upon the walls, the principal among which are, on the west side, Lord Haining (1675-1754), Lord Alloway (1764-1829); on the north wall Lord President Boyle (1772-1853), by Sir J. Watson Gordon; Lord Justice-General Inglis (1810-94), by Sir G. Reid; Lord Justice-Clerk Hope (1794-1858), Baron Colonsay, Lord President of the Court of Session and Lord Justice-General (1793-1874), Lord Robertson (1794-1855), by Sir J. Watson Gordon. On the east wall, Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall (1584-1646), Lord Rutherford (1791-1854), by J. Colvin Smith; Lord Cockburn (1779-1854), by J. Syme, R.S.A.; Lord Brougham (1778-1868), by Sir D. Macnee; Lord President Hope (1763-1851), by Sir J. Watson Gordon; Sir George Mackenzie, Bart., of Rosehaugh (1636-91), by Sir Godfrey Kneller; Lord President Lockhart (1635-89), killed by Chiesley of Dalry (see p. 170); Lord President Dalrymple (1652-1737), by Aikman; Lord President Blair (1743-1811); John, Duke of Argyll (1678-1743), statesman.

The chief busts and statues are those of Lord Chief Baron Dundas (1758-1819), statue by Chantrey; and Henry Erskine (1746-1817), bust by Turnerelli, along the west wall; Lord Colonsay (see above), bust by Steel; Viscount Melville (1742-1811), statesman, statue by Chantrey; Lord Cockburn (see above), statue by Brodie; Lord President Forbes (1785-1747) one of Scotland's greatest statesmen, statue by Roubillac; Lord President Boyle (see above), statue by Steel; Lord Jeffrey (1773-1850), lawyer, critic, and founder of the *Edinburgh Review*, statue by Steel; Lord President Blair (see above), one of Scotland's greatest lawyers, statue by Chantrey.

## *Parliament Square and St. Giles'*

The four windows on the west side of the hall are filled in with the heraldic bearings of various eminent lawyers, being placed there in 1870 for the decoration of the hall. The first window at the south end of the west wall is dedicated to the Lords Justice-Clerk of Scotland; the second is devoted to the "Institutional Writers"; the third is assigned to the "Deans of Faculty," and the fourth to the "Lords Advocate."

Before leaving the hall we turn and look back once more on the ever-changing picture. How various have been the scenes whereon the grand old roof has looked down since the days when the Scottish Parliament met here, sitting as one chamber like the States-General of France, down through those times when booths and stalls were allowed within the precincts of the hall, and when two judges actually held their courts in it, hearing cases amid the turmoil and babel of tongues which prevailed around. "Still there *were* judges in those days," as an eminent legal luminary remarked recently, "and the law of Scotland was administered in its purity."

The Advocates' Library is entered by the doorway at the south-western end of the hall. Here many hours may profitably be spent in admiring its priceless treasures. Founded about 1680, by Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, it is one of the five libraries in the United Kingdom which has the right to receive a copy of every book published in the United Kingdom. It contains about 330,000 volumes and over 2000 rare MSS. and black letter publications. Among its treasures are a MS. Bible of the twelfth century, an illuminated breviary of the fifteenth century, the First Covenant, letters written by Mary Stuart and Charles II., the MS. of *Waverley*, relics of Prince Charles Edward, and other valuable memorials of the past. The Faculty of Advocates is exceedingly generous in extending facilities for investigation within the walls to scholars who may

desire to avail themselves of the treasures of the great library.

Reascending the stairs to the great hall, we now enter the corridor wherein are situated the Courts of Session. This, the highest judicial tribunal in Scotland, was founded as we have seen in 1532 by James V., the civil jurisdiction in the kingdom having been previously exercised by various bodies, in most cases committees of Parliament. Upon the model of the College of Justice in France that of Scotland was based, the names of the officers of Court—President, King's Advocate, Advocates, Dean of Faculty, etc., all bearing testimony to French origin.

The judges of the Court formerly consisted of a Lord Chancellor, Lord President, and fourteen Ordinary Lords, or Senators of the College of Justice, with several supernumerary judges called "Extraordinary Lords," many of the latter being ecclesiastics. "Extraordinary Lords," however, were abolished in 1723, and thereafter the Court consisted of a Lord President and fourteen "Ordinary Judges." Litigation was in the first place conducted before a single judge, but any appeals were heard by the "Whole Court" sitting in one chamber. Hence arose Bartoline Saddletree's reference (in the *Heart of Midlothian*), during his visit of consolation to Davie Deans, to the administration of justice by the "Fifteen Lords of Session and the Five Lords of Justiciary." This constitution of the Court continued until early in the nineteenth century, when the Court was divided into a "First" and "Second" Division—presided over respectively by the Lord President and the Lord Justice-Clerk—which, with the five permanent Lords Ordinary, who sit alone, represents the Court of Session in its totality, the number of judges being reduced to thirteen. Of these, five are always set apart, as Lords Commissioners in Justiciary, and together with the Lord

## *Parliament Square and St. Giles'*

Justice-General (or Lord President, for the offices are now combined) and Lord Justice-Clerk constitute the High Court of Justiciary—the supreme criminal tribunal in Scotland.

The Court of Session originally sat in the Low or Laigh Council House in the Tolbooth; whence it was moved to the New Council House; but while this was in course of erection, it sat in the Holy Blood Aisle of St. Giles' Church. When, however, the new Parliament House was built in 1639 the Court was accommodated in the inner part of it.

Passing along the corridor, therefore, we come first to the Outer House, consisting of the four Courts. There are in reality five judges, but one is always supposed to be absent. The name "Outer House" arises from the fact that formerly (and until 1830) this Court actually met in the great hall, two judges sitting in the recesses now occupied by the statues of Lords Jeffrey and Boyle. The Inner House, composed of the First and Second Divisions, is further along the corridor. These two Courts of Appeal are constituted alike, each being presided over by its chief judge.

Interesting though the associations attaching to the Court of Session may be, they are as nothing compared with those encircling the venerable pile of St. Giles', to which we next repair. St. Giles' was the original Parish Church of Edinburgh, as we note from Dunbar's poems. Its history can be satisfactorily traced (as Dr. William Chambers says) from the early part of the twelfth century, when it seems to have superseded an edifice of still earlier date. The original pillars of this twelfth-century edifice are still intact. Externally, St. Giles' appears a modern Gothic structure with choir, nave and transepts; but it is in reality very old, erected at various periods, but with its ancient architecture concealed by indifferent and comparatively recent casing.

The oldest portions still extant are the coronal-shaped spire and some of the columns inside. After being destroyed by the English army under Richard II., it was rebuilt at the expense of the city in 1387, when among other things, five vaulted chapels were erected on the south side of the nave, two of which remain, forming what is now the South Aisle of the church. Until about 1416, the work of rebuilding and adding to the edifice was continued, mostly on the north side, the beautiful Albany Aisle being one of these additions. An interval then supervened during which comparatively little was done, until the erection of the "King's Pillar" and the four memorial tablets in the shape of shields, placed thereon by James II. and his queen, Mary of Gueldres; also the shields of Thomas Cranstoun, William Preston, and others, about 1460, when the choir was also completed and the edifice was extended eastwards, the roof being heightened, the clerestory windows added, and the building largely assumed the shape it now bears. The walls surmounting the older pillars were raised and improved, while the clerestory groining was executed, remarkable for the richness and variety of its bosses, one of which still remains, with the legend upon it, *Ave Maria Gratia plena dominus tecum* (Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord be with thee). Next came the Preston Aisle, on the south side, erected by the Corporation of Edinburgh, in pious memory of William Preston of Gorton, who having "with diligent labour and great expense and aided by a high and mighty prince, the King of France, and many other lords of France, succeeded in obtaining possession of the arm-bone of St. Giles, has bequeathed this inestimable relique to our Mothir Kirk of St. Giles of Edinburgh withouten ony condicioun." The Corporation undertook and faithfully redeemed its pledge "to



## *Parliament Square and St. Giles'*

build ane aisle, furth fra our Lady Aisle, where the said William now lyis, to erect there his monument with a brass inscription detaeling his services, his arms also to be put in three other parts of the aisle, also an altar and to endow a chaplain to sing for him from that time furth, and granting to his nearest relation the privilege of carrying the relique in all public processions." The new aisle was 59 feet in length by 24 in breadth, by which addition the choir was greatly enlarged.

In 1466, just when the Preston Aisle was completed, James III., then a lad of thirteen, converted the Parish Church of St. Giles into a collegiate foundation, with a chapter to consist of a provost, curate, six prebendaries, a minister of the choir, four choristers, a sacristan and beadle, all of whom were to be exclusive of the other chaplains ministering at the thirty-six altars in the establishment; while in 1470, by Special Bull, Pope Paul II. exempted the clergy of St. Giles' from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of St. Andrews, and placed it directly under the control of the Holy See. The second provost of the new foundation was the celebrated poet, Gawain Douglas (1479-1522).

The next addition and the last made was the Chepman Aisle, built in 1513 by Walter Chepman, the earliest Scots printer, in honour of his royal patron, James IV., and the queen, Margaret of England. The aisle projected southwards from the Preston Aisle (one of whose windows was appropriated to form an entrance), being immediately east of the south transept of which it seemed an enlargement. Here Chepman was interred in 1532.

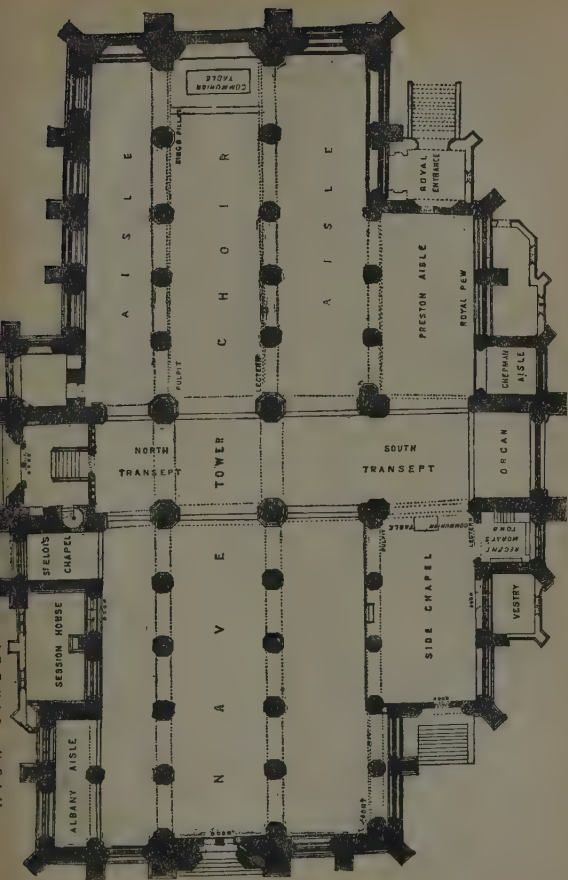
The changes that came over the noble building after this date were mainly of a destructive character, until its final restoration in 1872-83, chiefly by the public-spiritedness of Dr. William Chambers. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, owing to the fact that

more parish churches were required, the absurd idea was adopted of cutting up St. Giles' into sections and utilising each of these as a parish church. Hence we had the choir (or eastern section) converted into the High Church; the south-west section became the Tolbooth Church; a part of the nave and the South Aisle was the Old Kirk, while the Little Kirk or "Haddo's Hole" occupied the section in the north-west. Each of these had its distinctive characteristics:—

"The High Church had a sort of dignified aristocratic flavour approaching somewhat to prelacy and was frequented only by sound Church-and-State men, who did not care so much for the sermon as for the gratification of sitting in the same place with His Majesty's Lords of Council and Session, and the Magistrates of Edinburgh. . . . The Old Church in the centre of the whole was frequented by people who wished to have a sermon of good divinity about three-quarters of an hour long, and who did not care for the darkness of their temple. The Tolbooth Church was the peculiar resort of a set of rigid Calvinists from the Lawnmarket and Bowhead, termed the 'Tolbooth Whigs,' who loved nothing but extempore Evangelical sermons and would have considered it sufficient to bring the house down about their ears if the precentor had ceased for one verse the old hillside fashion of reciting the lines of the psalm before singing them."

Kay's sketch of "The Sleepy Congregation" represents an audience in the Tolbooth.

The principal entrance to St. Giles' is by the west doorway, though on week-days the northern one is usually open. Beginning our survey from this western doorway (which by the way is modern), we first note on the left, the Albany Aisle, which takes its name from Robert, Duke of Albany, second son of Robert II., whose career in Scotland we have already narrated. This aisle, according to a somewhat fanciful tradition, was built by Albany and his associate, Archibald, fourth Earl of Douglas, in expiation of their suspected crime of starving to death David, Duke of Rothesay, the



PARLIAMENT SQUARE

PLAN OF ST. GILES'

king's son. The capital of the pillar in the centre of the aisle bears two shields, one the Albany arms, in which the Scottish lion is quartered with the *fess chequé* of the Stuarts; the other, the "Bleeding Heart" and other bearings of the Douglasses. The floor is laid with mosaic work and Irish marble, while the whole aisle is enclosed by a screen of wrought iron work.

After passing the Session House we reach St. Eloi's Chapel (also known as the Hammermen's Chapel), at the altar of which the craftsmen of Edinburgh who had followed Allan, Lord High Steward of Scotland, to the Holy Land and aided in the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the Infidels, dedicated the famous Blue Blanket or Banner of the Holy Ghost. Passing the northern transept, separated from the nave by an elaborate stone screen with central doorway, and on either side three niches with pedestals and canopied heads, we reach the choir. The passages are laid with Minton tiles, bearing antique Scottish devices, while the seats are of oak, those for the magistrates and judges bearing appropriate carvings. Here is situated the King's Pillar, commemorating James II. and his queen, while the pulpit of Caen stone, beautifully carved, is placed against the pillar on the south side nearest the east window. On the right-hand side are the Preston Aisle, in which is placed the royal pew; the *Chepman Aisle*, within the choir; also the Moray Aisle, containing the beautiful tomb of the Good Regent, and the South Aisle, the last-named being the place where the daily service is held. In the *Chepman Aisle* is the carved boss bearing the arms of Walter Chepman, impaled with those of his first wife. A corbel terminating the groining of the roof represents an eagle holding a scroll on which are the two first words of the Gospel of John as appears in the Vulgate, "*In principio.*" A tablet has been erected to Chepman's

## *Parliament Square and St. Giles'*

memory in the aisle bearing the words, "*To the memory of Waller Chepman, designated the Scottish Caxton, who under the auspices of James IV. and his Queen Margaret introduced the art of Printing into Scotland, 1507; founded this aisle in honour of the King and Queen and their family, 1513; and died in 1532, this tablet is gratefully inscribed by William Chambers, LL.D., 1879.*"

The monuments erected to the memory of the Marquises of Argyll and Montrose are choice works of art; nor must the font, modelled on Thorwaldsen's great work in Copenhagen, be overlooked.

A number of choice memorial stained-glass windows have been placed in position. Those in the choir, ten in all, refer to the history of our Lord, those in the clerestory are appropriated to the arms of the craftsmen of Edinburgh, the one in the Moray Aisle represents the assassination of the Good Regent and Knox preaching his funeral sermon; the oriel in the west gable contains the royal arms and the incident of "David I. and the stag," while the great west window takes the subject of "The Prophets," the upper compartments representing Jonah, Jeremiah, David, Ezekiel and Daniel, while the lower contain Amos, Jonah, Elijah, Zechariah and Malachi.

An interesting element of association with the storied past is to be found in the torn and tattered colours which hang in the nave, belonging to the Scottish regiments which have distinguished themselves in the wars of the past. Many of those flags are blood-stained and riddled by shot, telling of many hard-fought fields, from which they had been borne triumphantly. As it stands to-day St. Giles' is an edifice dear to every son of Edinburgh, recalling as it does so much that is great and glorious in his country's history.

## CHAPTER XV

### *From St. Giles to the Tron Church*

THE Parliament Close or Square was the Princes Street of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—the resort of the *haut ton* of Edinburgh society. If they did not live in the towering lands flanking its eastern side, they daily resorted to the Close to discuss the news or to learn the latest fashionable scandal. Down to 1775, the “Close” was the chosen residence of many lords of the Court of Session, while for upwards of 200 years the goldsmiths and jewellers of the Scots metropolis all congregated here. In close proximity to the Tolbooth was the booth of the most famous goldsmith, banker and working jeweller in the annals of that craft in Edinburgh, viz., George Heriot, *alias* “Jingling Geordie.” His booth, which measured only 7 feet square, bore his name on the lintel and was still legible in the early years of the nineteenth century, when the structure was swept away. Heriot was goldsmith both to James and his consort, Anne of Denmark; and when his exchequer ran low the monarch was not above paying a visit to the worthy goldsmith and requesting the loan of a few thousand pounds Scots. The royal pair were good customers and, it appears, were reasonably prompt in settlement of accounts. One day “Geordie,” on being summoned to Holyrood, found His Majesty sitting before a fire of logs containing aromatic gums, which diffused a pleasant fragrance throughout the room. On Heriot remarking upon the agreeable odour emitted by the fire, the king replied that it was as costly as pleasant.

## *From St. Giles' to the Tron Church*

To this the goldsmith replied that if James would visit him at his workshop in Parliament Close he would show him a still costlier fire. The king agreed, and next day proceeded to the goldsmith's booth. To James's surprise he saw nothing but an ordinary "sea coal" fire as it was called in those days. "Why, Master Heriot, this is not so costly a fire as mine!" "Wait, Your Majesty, until I get the fuel," said Heriot, who thereupon went to his money-chest, brought out a bond for £2000 Scots which he had lent to James, and laid it on the coals. The pawky monarch waited until it was consumed, then said, "In truth, Geordie, yours is the costlier blaze."

So indispensable was the goldsmith to James that he had to follow the monarch to London and take up his abode there. Of his native town he was never forgetful, and the noble hospital which bears his name is proof of his interest. In Parliament Close, also, was the famous "John's Coffee House," the resort of the opponents of the Union in 1707; and in the south side of the close was the banking establishment of Sir William Forbes, now incorporated with the Union Bank.

The Parliament Close communicated with the Cowgate by a massive flight of steps called the "Back Stairs," and these are often mentioned in the literature of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

We must now recross the High Street and retrace our steps as far as the first close on the north side of it below St. Giles' Street; this is Byers' Close, wherein was the splendid mansion of Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney and Commendator of Holyrood House, who was the celebrant of the disastrous marriage between Mary Queen of Scots and the Earl of Bothwell. Here too at a later date lived Provost Sir William Dick of Braid, an eminent merchant, who, for his steady adherence and assistance granted to the Covenanters, was

## The Story of Edinburgh

heavily fined by Charles II. and his creatures, so that from being what in those days was regarded as fabulously wealthy he was plunged into dire poverty. This house



Door Heads  
Advocates Close-

has some curiously-carved dormer windows with heraldic devices.

*Advocates' Close* took this name from Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees, Lord Advocate of Scotland, with but few intermissions, from 1692-1713. Early in the eighteenth century it was a fashionable quarter for leading



## *From St. Giles' to the Tron Church*

lawyers and judges. There are still extant some fine old doorways, bearing date 1590, and with the pious script, "Bliss it be God for al his Giftis." In this close resided Andrew Crosbie, a famous lawyer of the eighteenth century and the original of Counsellor Pleydell in *Guy Mannerling*. In the next alley, *Roxburgh Close* (corresponding to No. 341 High Street), was the town house of the Roxburgh family.

*Warriston's Close* was named after the famous statesman-martyr, Johnstone of Warriston, who for his zeal in favour of the Covenant and his opposition to the return of the Stuarts, was executed at the Restoration. His family mansion was situated here; as also those of Sir



## The Story of Edinburgh

Thomas Craig of Riccartoun and Bruce of Binning, over whose doorway was placed the script, "GRATIA DEI ROBERTUS BRUISS." Another script is worthy of

note, being a line taken from the first Eclogue of Virgil, "NAMQUE ERIT ILLI, MIHI SEMPER DEUS—1583." This compliment paid by Virgil to Octavianus was evidently applied to James VI. In this close is situated the printing establishment of the great publishing house of W. & R. Chambers, founded about 1828 by the two brothers of that name (William and Robert), whose early struggles and dogged heroism as pioneers in the issuing of healthy cheap literature constitute one of the most thrilling chapters in the annals of the trade. The firm is now one of the most pros-



Clenugh's Tavern

perous in Britain, their *Journal* (founded in 1832), their *Encyclopædia*, their *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, etc., being known wherever the English language is spoken.

*Writers' Court* was famous as the *locale* of "Clerihugh's Tavern," one of the most famous of the eighteenth century. It was here that Colonel Mannering and Dandie Dinmont found Counsellor Pleydell engaged in

## *From St. Giles' to the Tron Church*

the ancient game of "High Jinks!" Here also was one of the many meeting-places of the "Mirror Club." The court formerly opened into *Mary King's Close*, wherein were several flats of houses all reputed to be more or less haunted. Professor Sinclair in his curious work, *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, relates the following experiences of an unfortunate lawyer and his wife during the first two or three nights of their occupancy of one of those flats:—

"As the mistress was reading the Bible to herself on the Sabbath afternoon she spied the head and face of an old man, grey-headed and with a grey beard, looking straight upon her, the distance being very short: after a little time the goodman (her husband) cast his eye toward the chimney and spied the same old man's head . . . after an hour or more they perceived a young child with a coat upon it, hanging near the old man's head . . . by-and-by a naked arm appears in the air from the elbow downward, and the hand stretched out as if to salute him . . . they next saw a little dog come out of the room aforementioned, which composed itself on a chair to sleep . . . then a cat comes leaping out, and in the midst of the hall began to play little tricks . . . then was the hall full of small little creatures dancing prettily."

In another place the author asserts that—

"Those who were foolhardy enough to peep through the windows of the houses after nightfall saw the spectres of long-departed denizens engaged in their wonted occupations: headless forms danced through the moonlit apartments, and on one occasion a godly minister and two pious elders were scared out of their senses by the terrible vision of a raw-head and blood-dripping arm which protruded from the wall in this terrible close, and flourished a sword above their heads."

In this close were several cellars which had been sealed up from the time of the plague until 1847.

We now reach the *Royal Exchange*, a handsome pile in the Palladian style mingled with the Scots Baronial, erected in 1753-61, and still further enlarged in 1901. Originally intended as a place of meeting for merchants where they could transact the details of their business,

## The Story of Edinburgh

the merchants themselves declined to use it, preferring to assemble in the Parliament Close. It has therefore been devoted to the purposes of the Municipal Chambers. The Council-Room, where the City Fathers hold their fortnightly meetings, is a noble hall with richly-ornamented panels and cornices, while the walls are adorned with portraits of distinguished Lord Provosts. A fine statue of Prince Charles Edward Stuart has also a place in the chamber. Though in front this building only rises to a height of four stories, it attains to an altitude of twelve stories at the back, owing to the dip of the hill towards what was the bed of the Nor' Loch, and presents an impressive picture when viewed from Princes Street. In the Municipal Buildings there is a fine Museum of Antiquities connected with Edinburgh, and illustrative of the life of the old Scots capital. On the spot now occupied by the entrance archway stood the mansion of Sir Simon Preston of Craigmillar, where Mary spent her first night of captivity after the surrender of Carberry Hill (1st June 1567).

*Craig's Close*, said to be named after the colleague of Knox, John Craig, contained the shop of Andro Hart, one of the early Scots printers, whose edition of the Bible still excites admiration for its clear and accurate typography; while his Barbour's *Bruce*, his *Psalms in Scots Metre*, and his edition of *Lyndsay's Poems* were equally popular. In later years, both Creech and Constable resided here, on the first stair to the right. The houses in this stair contain some finely-decorated ceilings and artistically-moulded mantelpieces. Farther down the close was the printing house of Hart, where the works he sold at his booth were produced. Over the doorway was the legend, "My hoip is in Christ. A.S.M.K. 1593." James Watson was one of the successors of Andro Hart and brought out the collected edition of Drummond of Hawthornden's Works. In

## *From St. Giles' to the Tron Church*

Craig's Close was another famous tavern, *The Isle of Man Arms*, where the "Cape Club" held its meetings. This society, the minutes of which are preserved in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries, was formally founded in 1764, but had existed long before, and continued until the middle of the nineteenth century, though an American offshoot is still in existence in South Carolina. The "Cape Club" seems to have indulged in a sort of parody of the masonic ritual, its members being distinguished by the title "Knights of the Poker," that household utensil being the sceptre of office. Tom Lancashire, the comedian, David Herd, the antiquarian, Fergusson, the poet, Deacon Brodie, the notorious housebreaker, Runciman, the painter, and Sir Henry Raeburn were all members of it.

*Anchor Close* is memorable as having contained Dawney Douglas's tavern, the meeting-place of a famous convivial association, the "Crochallan Club." Founded in 1784, by William Smellie, the printer, whose establishment was in the same alley, the club numbered among its members Lords Newton, Hermand, and Gillies, Henry Erskine, "Singing Jamie Balfour," Robert Burns, and many others of the *beaux esprits* of the period. The name was taken from a Gaelic song with which Dawney was wont at times to delight his guests, viz., "Cro Chalien" or "Colin's Cows," detailing how a sorrowing widower used to see his young wife (who had died after a brief married life) milking the cows in the gloaming and singing the chorus to the lay. The references by Burns to the club and to Smellie, or "Willie" as he was called, are numerous :—

"As I came by Crochallan  
I cannily keekit ben.  
Rattlin', roarin' Willie  
Was sittin' at yon board en',  
Sittin' at yon board en'.

## The Story of Edinburgh

And amang guid companie  
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,  
You're welcome hame to me."

The doorways—for there are two—one conducting to what was the lower storey of the famous tavern, and the other to the upper, are adorned with the scripts, "*The Lord is only my support*" and "*O Lord in Thee is almy traist,*" while the architrave has the line from the Psalms, "*Be merciful to me.*" To Smellie's printing-house Burns used to go to correct his proofs, the desk at which he worked and the stool whereon he sat being long shown. This was also the meeting-place where Drs. Blair and Black, Principal Robertson, Professors Adam Ferguson and Beattie, Lords Monboddo, Kames, Hailes, and Craig; Hugo Arnot, Henry Mackenzie, David Hume, Home, the author of *Douglas*, constantly assembled to crack a joke or discuss a knotty point in philosophy with "rattlin', roarin' Willie," who despite his love of conviviality was one of the cultured men of his day.

In *Old Stamp Office Close*—originally called Eglinton Close—the noble family of that name had its town mansion, in the days when the beautiful Susanna Kennedy had become Countess of Eglinton. To her husband she bore eight daughters as beautiful as herself, and it used to be one of the sights of Edinburgh to see the countess and her eight daughters being borne in sedan chairs across to the Assembly Rooms, in Old Assembly Close. Such a mistress of deportment and etiquette was the countess, that the expression, "She has the Eglinton air," became a sort of proverbial saying to indicate a lady who carried herself with majestic dignity. The countess was a warm patroness of letters, and Allan Ramsay, Hamilton of Bangour, and others, were proud to dedicate their works to her. Dr. Johnson was also presented to her and was greatly charmed by her affability. In this close was situated still another of the famous taverns of "Old

## *From St. Giles' to the Tron Church*

Edinburgh," viz., "Fortune's," where the Earl of Leven, when Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, was wont to hold his State levees.

The remaining alleys on this side of the street are unimportant. Crossing Cockburn Street, named after Henry Cockburn (Lord Cockburn), one of the judges of the Court of Session and a great lawyer, besides being one of the most delightful diarists and annalists of his time, we at length reach the North Bridge. *Mylne Square*, which stood on the site now occupied by the magnificent *Scotsman* buildings, was erected by the same architect as designed Mylne's Court. In this square, constructed in 1689, Charles Erskine, Lord Alva and Lord Justice-Clerk, had his mansion where, prior to 1745, old Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, was a frequent visitor. Later the house was occupied by the noble family of Hope-toun as their town mansion, and here the levees were held when the Earl of Hopetoun was Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly. Behind this block in the rear of the premises now occupied by the branch of the National Bank of Scotland, is still to be viewed a portion of the famous "Union Cellar," where the English and Scots Commissioners finally found shelter and peace to sign the Articles of Union between the countries.

Returning to Parliament Square we must in turn glance rapidly at the alleys on the south side of the High Street. Before doing so let us devote a moment's attention to the "Old City or Mercat Cross," which now stands at the entrance to Parliament Square, but which formerly had its station about fifty yards lower down the street. From this all royal proclamations were and still are made by the royal heralds and pursuivants. The "Old Cross" was removed, in 1756, by order of the Town Council, from the place it had occupied in the High

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

Street almost from time immemorial, its stones being broken up or dispersed, and its memory was almost forgotten. Fortunately some portions of it fell into the hands of those who had more regard for antiquity than the vandals of the Edinburgh Town Council. The shaft was preserved, and for a time stood within the



railings of St Giles', when the old church was enclosed. During the restoration of the latter the late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone offered to restore the Cross as nearly as possible to its pristine condition. The offer was gratefully accepted, and Edinburgh once more has its royal proclamations made "at Cross and Pierhead." The Old City or "Mercat Cross" has been associated with most of the great historic events in the history of Edinburgh. Many an execution did it witness: William Kirkcaldy of Grange, the Earl of Morton, the two Argylls, Montrose, besides criminals innumer-



## *From St. Giles' to the Tron Church*

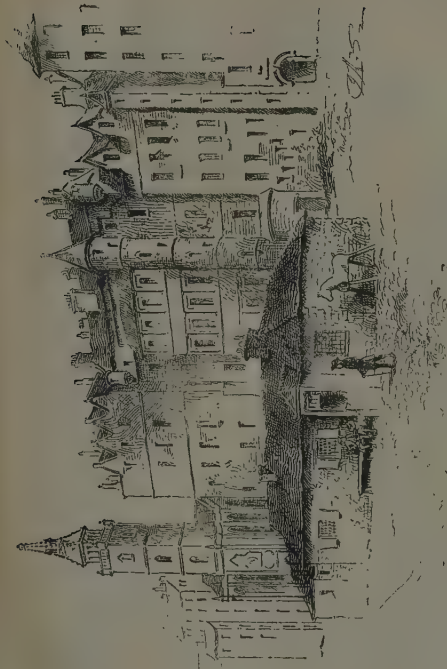
able. At its foot had sat the *dyvours*, or bankrupts, of centuries, exposed to the contumely of their more fortunate neighbours; and around it had gathered the crowds of Edinburgh in joy or in sorrow—if the former, to dip their cups in the basin of the fountain, that ran wine, and drink the health of king or queen; if the latter, to hear the proclamations made regarding death and disaster, and to sorrow with their neighbours as they wended slowly homeward. By the Cross the merchants met to discuss their bargains and to learn the state of trade; by the Cross the fashionable section of Edinburgh society was wont to gather to gossip and chatter over current events; while around the Cross were to be found those omniscient messengers called “caddies,” who knew everything about everybody, and, as Lord Kames said, would “fetch any man to ye that ye wanted though they had to gang to h—ll for him.”

The Edinburgh Metropolitan Police Department occupies the right-hand side of *Old Fishmarket Close* which formerly led down to the fish market of the city. In this alley George Heriot began his married life; here Defoe lived when editing his *Review* from Scotland—a Scots edition of which was actually published at this place; and here also Lord President Dundas had his residence. In *Old Assembly Close* lived Lord President Durie, one of the Court of Session judges, who was kidnapped by order of the Earl of Traquair and carried off to the wilds of Annandale until a case upon which it was feared he would give a decision adverse to his lordship, was tried and won. The old ballad of “Christy’s Will” commemorates the deed. Here too were the “Assembly Rooms”—to which the directors of fashion removed in 1720 from the West Bow—where the youth and beauty of Edinburgh executed those stately dances, the *minuet* and the *pavan*, the *quadrille* or *contre-danse* and the *galliard*, which so

impressed Goldsmith with their funereal solemnity. He recorded his astonishment "on entering the dancing hall to see one end of the room taken up with the ladies, who sit dismally in a group by themselves; at the other end stand their pensive partners that are to be, but no more intercourse exists between the sexes than between two countries that are at war. The ladies indeed may ogle and the gentlemen sigh, but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce."

*Covenant Close* is memorable as being the place where the *Solemn League and Covenant*, not the *National Covenant* as is often erroneously stated, was placed for signature after it had been accepted by the Westminster Assembly of Divines. Four years later it was again placed in the same house—that of one of the Edinburgh ministers—for renewal at the time when Charles II. subscribed both it and the *National Covenant*. The house in question was only demolished three or four years ago.

In *Bell's Wynd*, but with its front facing the High Street, was the "Black Turnpike," and adjoining it the "Clamshell Turnpike," where George Crichton, Bishop of Dunkeld, resided, and where he had his chapel. Here at a later date, when it was the property of Lord Home, Queen Mary stayed with Darnley after they had returned from Dunbar immediately subsequent to the murder of Rizzio. As Wilson says, she probably revolted from the idea of returning to Holyrood, the scene of Rizzio's assassination, with its bloodstained floors still calling for revenge against his murderers. In this wynd was printed the *Scots Postman*, afterwards changed to the *New Edinburgh Gazette*, the first Government newspaper printed in Scotland. Here also resided James Johnson, the engraver, whose *Scots Musical Museum* preserved many ancient songs. To the earlier volumes Burns contributed largely.



The Black Turnpike  
and the Town Guard House.

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

We now reach Hunter's Square and the South Bridge, both of which stand upon the site of several old alleys, among others Kennedy's Close and Marlin's Wynd. In the former, on Friday, 28th September 1582, there passed away Scotland's famous scholar and historian, George Buchanan, who takes rank as the greatest Latinist in Europe since the days of Augustan Rome. He was interred in Greyfriars' Churchyard, and a skull said to be his is still preserved in Edinburgh University. The latter of the two alleys, *Marlin's Wynd* (abutting on the Tron Church on its east side) was named after a French pavier of that name who resided there and first introduced the practice of paving footpaths. So delighted was he with his invention, says tradition, that, on his deathbed, he begged to be buried under the footpath at the mouth of the close.

One important feature of this locality up to 1785 remains to be mentioned, viz., the "City Guard-house," which occupied a position in the centre of the thoroughfare immediately opposite the "Black Turnpike," and was the headquarters of the Town Guard, styled from their russet uniform "the Town Rats." Here was also the "lock-up" for drunkenness and offences too trivial for imprisonment in the Tolbooth. The wooden horse, which stood at the end of the building, was used for punishing drunkards, who were placed astride upon it with muskets tied to their feet. The Town Guard, whose arms were a musket and a Lochaber axe, were disbanded in 1817, when the new "Police Act" came into force. The Town Guardsmen were mostly Highlanders and regarded a post in it as the height of human ambition.

## CHAPTER XVI

### *From the Tron Church to St. Mary Street*

THE Tron Church took its name from the *Tron* or public beam for weighing merchandise, generally designated the *Salt Tron* to distinguish it from the "Butter Tron" or Weigh House at the Bowhead. At the "Salt Tron" minor offenders were pilloried, while bonfires and the like were usually kindled at this spot. On the reported landing of Charles II. in the North in 1650, "all signs of joy were manifested in a special maner in Edinburgh, by setting furth of bailfyres, ringing of bells, sounding of trumpettis, dancing almost all that night through the streitis. The *puir kail wyfes* at the Trone, sacrificed their mandis, and creillis and the verie stoolis they sat upone to the fyre."

The Tron Church was opened for worship in 1647, its erection having been commenced in 1637, but it was not really completed till 1663. Its architecture is a bastard style—a mixture of Gothic and Palladian,—its original spire having been its one feature of singularity. This, however, was consumed in the great fire of 1824—when the whole of the south side of the High Street from Parliament Square to the Tron was destroyed—and that which has replaced it is absolutely simple and unadorned in every particular. The Tron Church pulpit has been occupied by a succession of distinguished divines.

After crossing the South Bridge we reach Niddry Street, in which is St. Cecilia's Hall, where all the great concerts of the closing decades of the eighteenth,

and the opening ones of the nineteenth century were held, and where the "stars" of the days of our grandfathers charmed the audiences of their age. Here too was the stately quadrangular mansion of Nicol Edward, a wealthy Edinburgh burgess, who after being Dean of Guild in 1584-85 became Provost in 1591-92. In his house, James VI. and his queen took refuge in 1591, when the monarch was being persecuted by the Earl of Bothwell. James had no scruple about inviting himself and his Court to stay with one or more of his wealthy Edinburgh lieges, should the Holyrood larder have shown signs of being unduly depleted. In later days Lord Grange resided here, who, having for many years lived a cat-and-dog life with his wife, managed to get her abducted by the creatures of Simon Fraser (Lord Lovat), and conveyed to the lonely island of St. Kilda. Prior to marriage she was Rachel Chiesley, the daughter of the assassin of Lord President Lockhart, and had been a woman of marvellous beauty. Seduced, while a mere child, by Grange, she called upon him and presenting a pistol at his head, gave him the choice of death or signing a paper promising to marry her. For some years—so long as her beauty remained and she was admired in society—their life was not unhappy. But after twenty years of married life and when she had borne him a family, she took to drink, and great unhappiness ensued from her violent temper. Grange, who was one of the judges of the Court of Session, was himself a man whose life alternated between violent outbreaks of licentiousness and fits of religious repentance and melancholy. A judicial separation had been agreed upon, but Lady Grange, according to her husband's account, did not observe the conditions of it, was constantly intruding herself into his house and slandering him to the neighbours. After the lady's abduction, her friends for a year or two could obtain no information

## *Tron Church to St. Mary Street*

about her, and when eventually they learned what had happened, it was too late to help her, for mortification and the hardships she had undergone co-operated with her intemperate habits to unsettle her reason. Seventeen years later she died.

*Dickson's Close* is worthy of remembrance as being the place of residence of David Allan, "the Scottish Hogarth," and the illustrator of Ramsay and Burns. He succeeded Runciman as instructor of the Academy, established by the Board of Trustees, later the Board of Manufactures. In *Cant's Close*, named, according to some, after Adam Cant, who was Dean of Guild in 1450, but according to others, and more probably, after Andrew Cant, Principal of the University of Edinburgh from 1675-85 and the ancestor of the great Königsberg metaphysician, the buildings were mainly ecclesiastical, one in particular being noticeable with its gateway and flight of steps, and with its curious double window projecting on a corbelled base into the close. As all the adjoining properties were owned by the Collegiate Church of Crichton, which, by the way, was an establishment of great wealth and influence in its day, being founded in 1449 by Sir William Crichton, Chancellor of Scotland, we may conclude that this building had been the town residence of the Provost of Crichton Church.

*Strichen's Close* (formerly Rosehaugh Close) came next and contained the town residence of the Abbots of Melrose. In pre-Reformation times all the great ecclesiastical dignitaries in Scotland had their mansions in the capital; that of the Archbishop of St. Andrews being in Blackfriars' Wynd; that of the Bishop of Dunkeld in the Cowgate; that of the Abbot of Cambuskenneth in Old Bank Close in the Lawnmarket; the Abbot of Dryburgh's in the Canongate. The house of the Abbot of Melrose had pleasant gardens,

extending down to the Cowgate and up the opposite slopes towards the Pleasance. Walter Chepman, Scotland's earliest printer, lived at the head of the close, while his printing establishment was situated in the Cowgate. Later residents were Sir George Mackenzie, the great lawyer and legal writer, founder of the Advocates' Library; and his kinsman, Lord Strichen, of the Court of Session.

*Blackfriars' Wynd*, to which access was obtained by a broad archway or *pend*, took its name from the great monastery situated at the foot of it, viz., the Blackfriars, founded by Alexander II. in 1230. The wynd led to the southern suburbs of the town and contained the residences of many distinguished persons. Chief among these was the mansion of the Beaton—first of James, Archbishop of Glasgow, and next of Cardinal David Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, which stood at the foot of the wynd on the east side. It was a large dwelling of antique appearance, forming two sides of a quadrangle with a *porte-cochère* giving access to a court behind, and with a picturesque overhanging turret at the exterior angle. On the west side of the wynd was the residence of the Earls of Morton, with a fine Gothic doorway and sculptured tympanum. This residence of the family was probably earlier in date than that on the Castlehill. Also on the west side, and near the head of the wynd, a decorated doorway gave entrance to the "Auld Cameronian Meeting-House." The lintel of this doorway bore the inscription—"In the Lord is my hope," with the letters I. S. and the date 1564. Here the adherents of that grand old body worshipped from 1697 until about 1820, when a new chapel was erected for them in Lady Lawson's Wynd. Also on the west side stood the English Episcopal Chapel, founded in 1722 for residents who were in communion with the Church of England in contradistinction to the Non-





The House  
of Cardinal Beaton  
Blackfriars  
Wynd

J. S. 50

juring Scottish Episcopal Church. In this chapel Dr. Johnson worshipped during his visit to Edinburgh in 1773. In this wynd also lived during the eighteenth century Bishop Hay, of the Romish Church, one of the rooms of whose house was used as a chapel by the adherents of his faith. By great exertions Dr. Hay had succeeded in erecting a chapel in Chalmers Close, but this building was wrecked in 1779 during a "No-Popery" riot. With Archbishop Sharpe also the wynd was associated, for it is recorded that Mitchell nearly succeeded in assassinating him as he sat in his coach at "the heid of the Blackfreirs' Wynd." Finally, the same alley is celebrated as containing the town mansion of William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney, the founder of Roslin Chapel, who (as Wilson says) maintained his Court at Roslin Castle with a magnificence far surpassing what had often sufficed for that of the Scottish kings. He was royally served at his own table, in vessels of gold and silver, and by the lesser nobility; Lord Dirleton being his master of the household, Lord Borthwick his cupbearer, Lord Fleming his carver, with men of ancient lineage and rank for their deputies.

"His Countess, Margaret Douglas" (says Father Hayther, confessor) "was waited on by seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, all cloathed in velvets and silks and with their chains of gold and other pertinents; together with 200 rideing gentilmen, quho accompanied her in alle her journies. She had carried before hir when she went to Edinburgh if it were dark eighty lighted torches. So that in a word none matched hir in alle the contrey save the Quene's Majesty."

It was in the Blackfriars' Wynd that the famous street *tulzie* or combat, "Cleanse the Causeway," took place, in 1520, between the adherents of the Earl of Angus and those of the Earl of Arran, wherein the latter were so decisively beaten (*see* p. 55).

We next come to *South Gray's Close* or *Mint Close*, which has a connection also with *Hyndford's Close*. In

## *Tron Church to St. Mary Street*

the former stood the mansion of the Earl of Selkirk ; in the latter, and closely adjoining it, that of the Earl of Hyndford. These dwellings were afterwards thrown into one. Though great alterations have taken place, there are still remains of former magnificence. In still later years, to wit these of the seventh and eighth decades of the eighteenth century, this fine old mansion was inhabited by Professor Rutherford, grandfather of Sir Walter Scott, and here the great novelist was a frequent visitor during boyhood. In South Gray's Close and Elphinstone Court, which adjoins it on the south, Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll, lived ; also Lords Hailes, Haining, Belhaven, and Chesterhall. Lord Chesterhall's son, Alex. Wedderburn (Lord Loughborough) became first Earl of Rosslyn and Lord Chancellor of England. On returning to this place when an old man, he wept to find that the "paip holes" where he used to play at the game of "paips" were still in existence. Here also resided Dr William Cullen, the eminent physician and Professor of *Materia Medica*. In this court was the Scottish "Cunzie House or Mint." The first mint was probably situated in the outer court of Holyrood Palace, not far from Horse Wynd ; thence in 1559 it was removed to Candlemaker Row ; but about 1574 was finally located in this close, where suitable premises had been prepared for it. Here the Scottish coinage was struck until the time of the Union, when that of England was made common to both. It may interest our readers to know that a large portion of the gold minted in this establishment was extracted from Scottish mines. In fact, so thriving was the industry that in 1424 Parliament granted all the gold mines to the Crown, by whom they were leased to experienced miners. Crawford Muir, Leadhills, the Pentland Hills and Sutherlandshire were the principal goldfields. At the Union, when the native currency was abolished, the

Commissioners found it had become so debased by clipping, or what was called sweating, that its purchasing value or "value sterling" was only one-twelfth of the standard. In other words, £1 Scots equalled only 1s. 8d. The merk was equal to 13s. 4d., the plack to 4d., and the bodle to 2d. sterling. Some of the instruments used in the mint may still be seen in the Antiquarian Museum. In Hyndford's Close Dr. Chalmers had his first lodgings in Edinburgh, when, in 1800-01, he spent two sessions at the University.

In *Fountain Close* was the house of Bassandyne, the early Scottish printer, whose Bible, issued in 1576-79, still excites admiration owing to the excellence of its printing. At the head of this close, built into the wall of Bassandyne's house, were long visible two beautifully-executed bas-reliefs of the Emperor Severus and his wife, Julia, evidently taken from some Roman remains in the vicinity. They are now in the Antiquarian Museum. The "fountain" whence this close and *land* took its name is now situated on the other side of the street, but the evidence which shows that originally it stood at the head of this close seems fairly conclusive.

*Tweeddale Court* formerly contained the town mansion of the marquis of that name, which has now become the publishing house of Messrs. Oliver & Boyd. In the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth centuries extensive gardens and pleasure-grounds extended down to the Cowgate. For a time the British Linen Company occupied it, and here about five o'clock in the evening of the 13th November 1806 occurred that terrible crime known as the "Begbie Tragedy," in which a bank porter carrying a large sum of money was stabbed to death; and though the deed was done within sight and sound of hundreds of people, the crime remains to this day an unsolved mystery. A girl named Jane Smith or Smellie, whose parents lived in the close, was



The Nether Bow  
Port.

sent by her mother to the Fountain well, almost opposite, to fetch a *stoup* or pail of water wherewith to make tea. She went at once, passing through the dark *pend* or archway which gives admission to the court, and at that time there was nothing to impede free passage through the *pend*. Proceeding to the well, she had to wait a few seconds while a woman who was before filled her *stoup*. The delay, however, was only momentary. Jane's *stoup* was filled in turn and she retraced her steps. In the middle of the *pend* she stumbled over some obstacle and fell, spilling most of the water. On looking to see what had caused her accident, she found to her horror that it was the body of William Begbie, a well-known and highly-trusted messenger of the British Linen Company's Bank. On the alarm being given, Begbie was lifted up, but was found to be dead; while a long, narrow-bladed knife was discovered driven up to the hilt in his body. So fiendishly calculating had been the perpetrator, that a sheet of paper was actually placed on the hilt as a guard to prevent the blood of the victim spurt- ing over the assassin's hand. Begbie had been convey- ing a package of notes from the Leith Branch to the Head Office. This was amissing, but two years after- wards £3000 of the larger notes were discovered in the cavity of an old wall in the grounds of Bellevue, where Drummond Place now stands. A prisoner named James Mackoull, who had died in gaol, was suspected of the murder, and subsequent investigations go to confirm the suspicion.

*World's End Close* was formerly called *Sir John Stan- field's Close*, and here it was that William Falconer's father had his barber's shop, where the poet wrote a part of *The Shipwreck*. At the foot of the close there is an ancient tenement with a shield of arms on its lintel, with the familiar legend, "*Praisze ye Lord for al His giftis. M. S.,*" while a rich Gothic niche is built into a modern

## *Tron Church to St. Mary Street*

land. This is all that remains to recall another tragedy of Old Edinburgh. Sir James Stanfield was an English manufacturer who had been invited by the Scots Government to settle at Newmills in East Lothian. He had two sons, of whom the eldest was so profligate that the father had to disinherit him. Sir James himself was a deeply pious man but given to fits of religious despondency. It has been thought that, in one of these fits, he drowned himself; but after his burial, some ill-advised persons started the story that the unfortunate man had been murdered, from the fact that Lady Stanfield had a shroud and dead-clothes ready for him two days before his death—by no means an uncommon thing in Scotland. Two surgeons were sent from Edinburgh to examine the body and report. These worthies, having exhumed it and made an incision in the neck, came to the conclusion that Sir James had met his death by strangulation, being ignorant, seemingly, of the fact that death by drowning would produce such symptoms as manifest themselves in the former case. This examination, which took place in a church, being ended, and the body washed and wrapped in fresh grave-clothes, the eldest son, Philip, and a friend named James Row lifted it to replace it in the coffin, when suddenly, on the side held by the former, an effusion of blood took place, so large as to defile both his hands. Horror-stricken, and realising all it would mean to those present, he cried, “Lord, have mercy on me !” and let the body fall. On this evidence and on that of servants who had been put to torture to induce them to speak, the unfortunate youth was condemned to death. Many asserted that Sir James had more than once tried to take his own life “at his house in the Netherbow” (probably the one we are now considering), but such testimony had no effect in staying the execution of the sentence. The youth was hanged at the Mercat Cross, being literally strangled

by the executioner ; his tongue was cut out and his head spiked on the East Port of Haddington, while his mutilated body was hung in chains at the Gallowlee. Such was "justice" in the "good old days !"

We now reach the Netherbow, the fortified gateway which barred the thoroughfare, and in time of war was no easy obstacle to force. It united the city wall from St. Mary's Wynd on the south, to the steep thoroughfare known as Leith Wynd on the north. The last gateway was built in the reign of James VI. (1606), its predecessor having become ruinous owing to the injury it had received in Hertford's invasions. The new "port" was an imposing structure, the arch, an ellipse, being in the centre strengthened by round towers and battlements on the eastern or external front ; and in the southern tower there was a wicket for foot-passengers. On the inside of the arch were the arms of the city. The whole building was crenelated and consisted of two lofty stories having in the centre a handsome square tower, terminated by a pointed spire. After the Porteous Mob a Bill was passed through the House of Lords, in 1737, which declared that the Netherbow must be razed. The Scots Members, however, made a stout resistance in the Commons, and the Netherbow Port escaped, only to be demolished in 1760 by a fatuous Town Council to whom antiquity was synonymous with vulgarity.

Returning to the North Bridge we must glance cursorily at the alleys on the northern side of the "Hie Gait." The first of these is *Halkerston's Wynd*, formerly the main approach from the north. In Gordon of Rothiemay's map (*q.v.*) there appears a "port" at the lower end, while the sluices for regulating the flow from the Nor' Loch were also opposite the foot of this alley, which was named after Halkerston of Halkerston, who died while bravely defending the "port" from an attack



## *Tron Church to St. Mary Street*

by the English during Hertford's invasion in 1544. At the head of the wynd, in a picturesque timber-fronted land, only demolished in 1898, Allan Ramsay, Scotland's greatest pastoral poet, commenced business as a wigmaker at the "Sign of the Mercury." Gradually as his fame increased he paid less attention to "polls" and more to poetry and bookselling, until on his removal to the Luckenbooths in 1726, he relinquished wigmaking altogether. To this snug little house at the head of Halkerston's Wynd he brought his bride, the daughter of Mr James Ross, writer, of the Castlehill. It was from this shop that he used to issue his poems and songs in those quarto sheets called "broad-sides" which were hawked about the streets by chapmen; the old wives of Edinburgh being in the habit of sending their children to fetch "Allan's last piece," that it might be read at their "fower 'oors," viz., four o'clock dram, or cup of tea. From the "Sign of the Mercury," also, he dated his proposals for the collected edition of his works in 1721. In the next alley, viz., Carrubber's Close, was one of the earliest Non-juring Episcopal Chapels in Edinburgh, while the close itself was the most direct route to Trinity College Church. Carrubber's Close to this day maintains its connection with religion, for in the mission which is carried on in the hall lower down the street, we have a most successful attempt to deal on undenominational lines with the great problem of evangelising the masses. In Carrubber's Close, Allan Ramsay built the first Edinburgh theatre—a disastrous speculation for him.

*Bishop's Close* and *Bishop's Land* take their name from having been the town residence of John Spottiswood, Archbishop of St. Andrews, who inherited the house from his father. Here also resided Lady Jane Douglas, the heroine of the famous "Douglas Peerage Case," that greatest of the *causes célèbres* of the eighteenth century. Subsequently the residence of Lord President Dundas,

it became the birthplace of his distinguished son, Henry Dundas, Lord Melville. At the same place, Archibald Constable, the great Scottish publisher, began business in 1795. To his initiative and enterprise the *Edinburgh Review* owes its establishment, for Jeffrey and his collaborateurs could have done nothing had he not found the money. In *Bailie Fyfe's Close* another of Scotland's early printers had his place of business, viz., Thomas Davidson, whose rare black-letter edition of Bellenden's *Boece*, printed in 1536, purports to be "imprentit in Edinburgh be Thomas Davidson dwelling forenens the Frere Wynd"; and at its head Sir William Fettes, founder of Fettes College, had his grocer's shop. *Ghalmer's Close* contained the residence of Lord Jeffrey's grandfather, and thither the great critic and jurist was a frequent visitor in boyhood. Here too was the mansion of Ihone de Hope, the founder of the noble family of Hopetoun, who came from France in 1537 in the retinue of the Princess Magdalen, the first queen of James V. In this same mansion lived, nearly 120 years later, his descendant, Sir John Hope, Lord President of the Court of Session, who told Charles II. to "treat with Cromwell for one half of his cloak before he lost the whole." At the foot of this close we obtain a fine view of the old Trinity College Church, which, after being pulled down on its original site where the lines of the North British Railway now run, was re-erected stone by stone upon a new site in Jeffrey Street. Some of the ancient Gothic corbels and gargoyles, as well as the fine old windows, are suggestive of an advanced taste and architectural skill scarcely native to Scotland in the fifteenth century.

We now reach the house which popular tradition and a certain amount of evidence go to show was occupied by the Reformer, John Knox. That he resided there for at least a year is probable from the evidence furnished

## *Tron Church to St. Mary Street*

by facts connected with the execution of Kirkcaldy of Grange, who, when brought up the Canongate to the gibbet near the Cross, on passing Knox's house, made the remark to the Rev. D. Lindsay of Leith, that Maister Knox was "ane true prophet seeing he had foretauld the occurrences of this day," viz., that Grange would be brought over the walls with shame, and would hang against the sun. (*See Calderwood's Historie*). Now if Knox's house had been where St. Giles' Street now stands, the cart containing Lindsay and the condemned man could not have passed it; but they would do so if Knox's house was really situated where tradition assigns it. While admitting the argument to be by no means uncontrovertible, we consider that some reliance must be placed on a story which comes to us practically from contemporary testimony.

The irregular architecture of the house, the peaked French windows, outside stair and projecting gables, prove it to belong to the middle of the sixteenth century though it bears the date 1490. Over its west front runs an inscription, "Lufe God above al and zour Nichbour as zoursel." A small statue, somewhat arbitrarily supposed to be Moses receiving the law on the Mount, decorates an angle of the building. The Divine Being, prefigured under the symbol of the Sun of Righteousness, is represented rising amid clouds, and on the disc is engraved the Divine name in Greek, Latin, and English, ΘΕΟΣ—DEUS—GOD. Above the inscription is a coat of arms to the identity of which we can find no clue. It is a wreath of flowers encircling three trees and three crowns, bearing the initials J. M. and M. A. at the four corners. On the outside of the house a stair leads from the street into the audience hall, now fitted up as a museum. The window in this hall is called the "preaching window," tradition asserting that from it Knox was in the habit of addressing the people

below. From this room a circular stair conducts us into the bed-chamber of the Reformer, in which probably his death took place. From the bed-chamber we pass into his sitting-room or study, which may or may not be the room referred to in the following entry in the Town Council Records :—

“Penultimo Octobris 1561.—The samine day the provost, baillies and counsail ordanes the Dene of Gyld wythe al dyligince to mak ane warm stuydye of dailles, to the ministere Ihone Knocx, wythyn hys hous, abune ye hall of ye samen, wyth licht and windokis theruntoe and al uther necessaris.”

In Knox's time the kitchen was on the fourth floor, being reached by a stair leading from the passage opposite the study. Though greatly renovated and restored by the commendable public-spirit of the Free Church of Scotland (now the United Free Church) the house still remains substantially as it was in the great Reformer's day.

## CHAPTER XVII

### *The Canongate: from St. Mary's Wynd to the Girth Strand*

THE Canongate, as we have already seen, was originally a burgh of itself under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Abbey of Holyrood, being so established by David I. in 1128. It then reverted to the Crown at the Reformation as a burgh of regality, and was granted by James VI. to the Earl of Roxburgh, by whom it was sold in 1636 to the Magistrates of Edinburgh. The Canongate then became subordinate to Edinburgh, being governed like Leith by a "baron and bailiff" appointed by the Town Council.

The real glory of the Canongate, however, departed when James VI. left Edinburgh to ascend the Throne of England. It had been, even more than Edinburgh, the residence of the nobility, owing to its proximity to Holyrood; and when royalty was no longer present there, those who, by their official or social position, lived in connection with the Court, departed also.

Before touching upon the Canongate proper, we must call attention to the two wynds which lay outside the Netherbow, viz., Leith Wynd and St. Mary's Wynd. The former was the principal thoroughfare leading to Leith, and it extended down the slope towards the Calton Hill, passing the little villages of Moultrie's Hill, situated where the Register House now stands, and farther on, to Picardy, a colony of French weavers and silk spinners who had settled there. In Leith Wynd were several hospitals and religious foundations, notably

the "Hospital of our Blessed Lady," founded by Thomas Spence, Bishop of Aberdeen and Lord Privy Seal, for the reception of twelve poor men. After the Reformation the Town Council, by virtue of Queen Mary's grant to them of all religious houses and colleges in Edinburgh, became the proprietors of this charity; and in 1582 enacted that the buildings, which had become ruinous, should be reconstructed under the name of "Paul's Work"; to which in 1619 five Flemish weavers were brought to teach certain boys and girls, who were the inmates of the "Work," the manufacture of coarse woollen stuff. But seemingly the industry did not prosper, for by 1630 the buildings were used as a House of Correction. Later on they were leased by certain enterprising townsmen who started a linen factory; and when Arnot wrote (1779) it was occupied by a manufacturer of broadcloth. The buildings were, however, all swept away to afford space for the station of the North British Railway.

In connection with Paul's Work it may be stated that the Ballantyne Press, now situated in Causewayside, Newington district, was formerly located here. This is one of the oldest printing offices in the city, and is interesting by the fact that its early history is closely connected with Sir Walter Scott, who at one time was a partner in the firm. Scott and James Ballantyne knew each other as boys at Kelso; and when the latter, who was proprietor of the *Kelso Mail*, turned his attention to printing, Scott gave him some work to do, the typographical excellence of which so pleased the London publishers that he began to devote his time to book production. In 1802 he removed to Edinburgh, where, at "Paul's Work," he gradually increased his printing presses to enable him to cope with the production of the *Waverley Novels*. James and John Ballantyne were the intimate friends of Sir Walter Scott, and regularly visited



"Paul's" Work

him at Abbotsford. On the death of the latter, Sir Walter said to Lockhart, "I feel as if there would be less sunshine for me from this day forth." Since those days the business has greatly expanded and is now one of the leading book-printing houses in Scotland. In the entrance hall of Paul's Work may be seen one of the old wooden presses as used by Ballantyne in printing the *Waverley Novels*. This is a most interesting relic and well worthy of a visit.

On the west side of the wynd was the Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity, erected in 1462 by Mary of Gueldres, queen of James II., with its hospital for bedesmen and deserving poor, the successor of which is the Trinity Fund of to-day. In 1540 the proprietors of ruinous houses in Leith Wynd were ordered by the Magistrates to repair them, under threat of their being pulled down to extend the town wall from the Port of the Netherbow to the Trinity College. At a later period, the Physic Gardens, the prototype of our Botanic Gardens of to-day, were located on the west side of the wynd. The end of Jeffrey Street now represents the head of this old thoroughfare.

*St. Mary's Wynd*, named from a chapel, convent and hospital of Cistercian nuns dedicated to St. Mary, and which were situated on the west side of the alley, was one of the most interesting places in Old Edinburgh. The wynd ran immediately outside the line of the city wall. In it was situated the "White Horse Inn," which, having been famous for generations, only lost its popularity at the extreme end of the eighteenth century. Here Johnson stayed on his arrival at Edinburgh, and therein occurred the historic scene between the lexicographer and the waiter. At this hostelry most of the leading Scots gentry stayed at one time or another, and the host kept their signatures in a handsome "Guests' Book," which he called his "Family Bible." In St. Mary's



## The Canongate

Wynd, James Norrie, the celebrated decorator and the first landscape artist that Scotland produced, had his residence. Here Allan Ramsay, the poet, was a frequent visitor, and here too "Allan the Younger," afterwards Allan Ramsay, the celebrated portrait painter to the king, received his early training. At the foot of St. Mary's Wynd was the *Cowgate Port*, a city gate constructed in 1513. At a subsequent date another was erected across the wynd at its junction with the Pleasance, and as such it appears in Gordon of Rothiemay's map as *Porta Platea Sanctae Mariæ*, afterwards St. Leonard's Port. St. Mary's Wynd has been wholly swept away, the new thoroughfare, St. Mary Street, presenting very few features of architectural interest. In this street are the publishing offices and bindery of one of the largest and most enterprising of Scottish publishing houses, Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.

We must now resume our journey down the Canongate. *Coull's Close* on the north (or left-hand) side of the street was long noted as being traditionally the scene of the incident recorded by Scott in his notes to *Rokeby*:—

"About the beginning of the eighteenth century a divine of singular sanctity was called up at midnight to pray with a person at the point of death. He was put into a sedan-chair, but after he had been conveyed a short distance his bearers insisted on his being blindfolded. After many turnings and windings, the chair was carried upstairs into a lodging, where his eyes were uncovered and he was introduced into a bedroom, where he found a lady newly delivered of an infant, and he was commanded by those present to say such prayers by her bedside as were fitting for a dying person. He ventured to remonstrate and observed that her safe delivery warranted better hopes; but he was sternly ordered to obey the orders first given. With difficulty he recollected himself sufficiently to acquit himself of the task. He was then hurried into the sedan-chair, and as they conducted him downstairs he heard the report of a pistol. He was conducted safely home, a purse of gold was forced on him, but he was warned that the least allusion to the transactions of the night would cost him his life. He betook himself to rest but was awakened by the news

## Morocco Land



that a fire of uncommon fury had broken out in the house of — near the head of the Canongate, and that the daughter of the proprietor, a young lady, eminent for beauty and accomplishments, had perished in the flames. Not for long years did the divine disclose to his brethren the mystery. Many years after, a fire broke out on the same spot where the house of — had formerly stood, and when the flames were at their height, the tumult that prevailed was suspended by an extraordinary apparition. A beautiful female in a nightdress, extremely rich, but of a style, at least, half a century old, appeared in the very midst of the fire, and uttered these words in her vernacular idiom: 'Anes burned—twice burned—the third time I'll scare ye all.' The belief in the story was so strong that on a fire breaking out near the fatal spot many years later, apprehensions were expressed lest the apparition should make good her threat."

The attention of the visitor will now be attracted to the effigy of a turbaned Moor occupying a sort of pulpit built into the façade of a large square tenement called

## *The Canongate*

“Morocco Land,” which is the frontage of Morocco Close. This is a memorial of the plague of 1645. A curious legend is connected with the place :—

“During one of the popular outbreaks in the city soon after Charles I. had come to the throne, the house of the provost, who had become much disliked, was broken into and a riot ensued. Andrew Gray, son of the Master of Gray, was arrested as ring-leader, and notwithstanding the entreaties of powerful friends, was sentenced, by the exasperated provost, to be executed almost immediately after his trial. The scaffold was already being prepared for him, when, on the night before his execution, he escaped from the Tolbooth by means of a rope and file conveyed to him by a faithful friend, a boat lay at the foot of one of the neighbouring closes by which he was ferried over the North Loch, and long ere the gates were opened in the morning, he was on his way to other lands. Years passed, and all had been forgotten. Gloom and terror pervaded the streets of the capital. It was the terrible year 1645, the last visitation of the plague to Edinburgh ; so awful were its ravages that grass grew in the streets. Meantime the victorious Montrose was threatening the city, and there were scarce sixty men left fit to defend the walls. Still they strove to repair them, and to keep him out. In the midst of these preparations a large armed vessel of curious form and rigging was seen to sail up the Forth and cast anchor in Leith Roads. The ship was pronounced, by experienced seamen, to be an Algerine rover, and immediately all was consternation and dismay. A detachment of the crew landed and proceeded towards Edinburgh, which they approached by the Watergate, and passing up the Canongate demanded admission at the Netherbow Port. The magistrates offered to ransom the city on exorbitant terms, warning the Moors, at the same time, of the dreadful scourge to which they would expose themselves if they entered. All was in vain. Sir John Smith, meantime, went to consult some of the more influential citizens, and returned to the Netherbow accompanied by a body of them, among whom was his brother-in-law, Sir William Gray, one of the wealthiest citizens of the period. A large ransom was agreed to be received, when the Moorish leader insisted that the provost’s son should be a hostage. He was told the provost had only a daughter, who was lying dying of the plague, of which her cousin, Egidia Gray, had just died. This information produced a singular effect on the pirate. He announced that he had a wondrous elixir, an infallible specific in cases of the pestilence, and demanded that he be allowed to cure the daughter of the

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

provost, promising, if he failed, to free the town of all ransom. After much delay the provost consented, his daughter was carried in a litter to the house which we are now considering, whence, in a day or two, she was restored to her father absolutely cured. Then the secret was declared. The Moor was Andrew Gray. After being captured by pirates and sold as a slave, he had won the favour of the Emperor of Morocco, and had risen to rank and wealth in his service. Returning to Scotland with the intention of revenging his wrongs on the Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh, he found, in the destined object of his vengeance, a relative of his own. The remainder of the tale is, that he married the provost's daughter and settled down a wealthy citizen in the burgh of the Canongate. The house to which his fair patient was borne, and where he lived with her as his bride, is still adorned with the effigy of his patron, the Emperor of Morocco."

In *New Street*, which has been greatly altered during the last twenty-five years, were situated the houses of Lord Kames—the eminent jurist and writer upon the political history and antiquities of Scotland—and Lord Hailes, also a jurist, historian and antiquarian of repute. With regard to the house of the latter an interesting story is told. After his lordship's death no will could be found, and the heir-male was about to take possession of the estate to the exclusion of the eldest daughter (Miss Dalrymple). The latter was on the eve of retiring from the property at New Hailes and also from the house in New Street; and on the last day of her stay, when her servant was closing the shutters of Lord Hailes's study, which was on the second floor, the will dropped out from behind the panel. By it the lady was secured in the tenancy of both the estate and the house, which she enjoyed for upwards of forty years thereafter. Another distinguished resident in the street was Christian Ramsay, daughter of the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*, who long shone in Edinburgh society in the reflected reputation of her father.

Still keeping to the northern side of the street we reach the site of *Jack's Land*, to which Hume removed

## *The Canongate*

from Riddle's Court, and where he finished his *History of England*. Susanna, Countess of Eglinton (whom we have already referred to on p. 200) was during her later years a tenant of *Jack's Land*. Taming rats was the eccentric amusement of the old age of this lady, who was the greatest mistress of fashion and etiquette of her period. While living in this place she had no fewer than seven of her eight daughters resident with her, all beautiful women. Here she entertained Prince Charles Edward and his suite during the occupation of Edinburgh by the Highlanders in 1745. The visitors will notice a ring of variegated cobble-stones in the causeway. This was inserted to commemorate the spot where St. John's Cross stood, at which Charles I. at his state entry in 1633, knighted the provost, Alexander Clark.

In Big Jack's Close, that grim old fire-eater, General Sir Thomas Dalziel lived, Commander-in-Chief of the Scottish forces from 1663. His hatred to the Covenanters was so great through his erroneous supposition that they had been instrumental in selling their king to Cromwell and the Puritans, that he swore to exterminate them. As a reminder, his beard was left uncut from the day of Charles I.'s execution. After the accession of Charles II. he was able to put his threats into execution and became the most merciless of that knot of Cavaliers which comprised Graham of Claverhouse and Grierson of Lagg. Immediately opposite Moray House is the "Shoemakers' Land." A tablet surmounts the main entrance enriched with angels' heads and a border of Tudor tracery enclosing the shoemakers' arms with the date 1677. Here the Edinburgh guild had its headquarters. An open book is inscribed with the first verse of the Scots metrical version of Psalm cxxxiii.—"Behold how good a thing it is," etc., a motto also over the Tailors' Hall in Easter Portsburgh. The Corporation of the

Cordiners or Shoemakers was at one time the wealthiest of all the crafts with the exception of the goldsmiths.

We now reach the Canongate Tolbooth, still a conspicuous object in the line of the street, owing to its projecting clock and the extreme antiquity of its architecture. It formed the Courthouse of the burgh, while behind was the gaol. Old as the present structure is, it succeeded a still earlier one on the same site. The date on the tower is 1591, but preparations for its erection seem to have been made several years before. The Canongate Tolbooth, as will be seen from the accompanying illustration, is a substantially-built edifice, surmounted by a tower and spire, flanked by two Scoto-French corbelled turrets in front, from between which an antique clock of unusual size projects over the footpath. The clock formerly rested on oaken beams, but these have been replaced by cast-iron supports. The building is adorned with a variety of sculptured devices and mottoes in the style of the sixteenth century. Between the windows of the first and second floors of the tower appears an ornamental sun-dial; while underneath the lower window, a carved tablet bears the inscription "*S.L.B. Patriæ et Posteris 1591.*" The three letters have been supposed to imply *Senatus Locus Burghi*. Over the inner doorway are the words "*Esto Fidus,*" and in the large Council Hall, between the windows, there is an ornamental panel surmounted by a pediment adorned with a thistle and bearing the legend, "*J. R. Justitia et Pietas Valida Sunt Principis Arces.*" Within the panel are emblazoned the arms of the burgh of the Canongate, viz., a stag's head with a cross between the tynes, referring to the incident of King David I. and the stag, to which the Abbey owed its origin. Underneath is the motto, "*Sic Itur Ad Astra,*" which, as Wilson says, was an unfailing subject of mirth to the profane wits of

## The Canongate

the capital as being the avowal of the burgher vassals that they sought the way to heaven through the burgh gaol ! Two bells are hung in the tower, one dated 1608, and bearing the inscription "*solī Deo Honor et Gratia*," while the other was cast in 1796. The ancient Market Cross of the Canongate formerly stood opposite the Tolbooth.

Returning to St. Mary Street we now visit the closes and houses of interest on the south or right-hand side of the Canongate. The houses here are of a superior style of architecture. The first of these which is of any note is *Chessel's Court*, where of old was situated the Excise Office, the scene of Deacon William Brodie's last exploit which occasioned his arrest.

"The shopkeepers of Edinburgh then used to hang their keys on a nail behind their doors, and Brodie, by carrying a piece of wax in the palm of his hand, was able, without arousing suspicion, to take impressions of them. He kept a blacksmith in his pay who forged exact copies of the keys, wherewith he opened the shops of his fellow-tradesmen by night."—*Kay's Portraits*.

We next come to *Playhouse Close*, a *cul-de-sac*, and *Old Playhouse Close* (an alley leading down to South Back Canongate) and stand before the cradle of the drama in Scotland. Here was opened, in 1747, the first regular theatre in Edinburgh. Ramsay's venture in Carrubber's Close had not been allowed to open its doors, despite the fact that from 1727 to 1747 the Tailors' Hall in the Cowgate and other halls in the city were used for dramatic representations. From 1747 till now, Edinburgh has never lacked a playhouse. The most notable piece produced at this theatre was *Douglas*, by the Rev. John Home, a minister of the Church of Scotland. Great expectations having been excited by this drama, it achieved a success and a "run" rare in those days. "*Douglas*" was acted by Mr. Digges, "*Norval*" by Mr. Hayman, "*Lord Randolph*" by Mr. Younger, "*Lady Randolph*" by

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

Mrs. Ward, "Anna" by Mrs. Hopkins. The Church Courts came down on the bold clergyman, his friends and supporters. Suspended by the General Assembly, he would have been deposed had he not resigned. *Douglas* was produced in London with equal success, and when the curtain fell, so great was the enthusiasm that an ardent Scot shouted, "Whaur's your Wullie Shakespeare noo?" The theatre in Playhouse Close continued to be popular until the opening, in 1768, of the new Theatre Royal in "Shakespeare Square," where the General Post Office now stands.

*St. John Street*, to which access is obtained by a spacious elliptical archway, was one of the most aristocratic quarters in Edinburgh up to the time the "New Town" was built. The houses were then deemed unusually large and airy, and were a great improvement on the *flats* and turnpike stairs. The first house on the west side of the street was the meeting-place of the old Canongate Kilwinning Lodge of Freemasons, where Burns was affiliated and crowned as "poet laureate." The mansion at the head of the street, with its front windows overlooking the Canongate, was the town house of Mrs. Telfer of Scotstoun, the sister of Smollett, who in 1766 was her guest on his second and last visit to Edinburgh. No. 10 was the residence of James Ballantyne, the elder of the two brothers who were Scott's printers and partners in the disastrous printing business. Here James was wont to give those mysterious dinners on the eve of the publication of a new novel by "the Author of *Waverley*," at which, during dessert, the host would read in measured tones and slow a chapter or two of the forthcoming work. In No. 13 lived James Burnett, Lord Monboddo, one of the judges of the Court of Session and an author of no small reputation, who long anticipated Darwin's theory of a simian descent for the human race. Monboddo held the curious idea that new-born children



## *The Canongate*

had tails, but that doctors and midwives were in league to nip the caudal appendage off before presenting the babe to its parents. No. 15 was the residence of the famous Dr. James Gregory, Professor of the Practice of Physic in Edinburgh University, and father of the compounder of the well-known medicine, "Gregory's Mixture."

We now reach Moray House, one of the most in-



teresting mansions in the Canongate. Erected in the early part of the reign of Charles I., by Mary, Countess of Home, whose initials, M. H., surmounted by a coronet, are sculptured over the large central window of the south gable, it was visited or occupied successively by Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., the Earl of Argyll, Lord Chancellor Seafield, and others. Viewed from the street, the chief feature is the balcony (supported on heavy buttresses), on which Lord Lorne, afterwards Earl of Argyll, during the ceremony of his marriage to

Lady Mary Stuart, eldest daughter of the Earl of Moray, stepped out with his bride and the wedding guests to see the unfortunate Montrose carted up the street to his place of execution at the Cross. The windows have ornate entablatures over them, while surmounting the heavy pillars of the gateway are two large stone spires, which have been a feature of the house for over 200 years. The rooms are large and lofty; many of the ceilings are exquisitely beautiful, some being moulded in artistic designs representing foliage, flowers and fruit, while in other cases they are divided into squares, each containing the heraldic device associated with the numerous titles of the great House of Moray. In the spacious gardens around the mansion there was long shown a thorn tree believed to have been planted by Queen Mary, while the old stone summer house—only removed in recent years—was one of the places of refuge to which the Union Commissioners vainly resorted in order to sign the “Articles.” For a time Moray House was occupied by the British Linen Company’s Bank, but since 1847 it has been used by the United Free Church of Scotland as a Training or Normal School for teachers in connection with the system of National Education.

Leaving Moray House we next come to *Bakehouse Close*, immediately opposite the Canongate Tolbooth, which is interesting as containing a fine old timber-fronted land facing the street, which was formerly the residence of the Marquises of Huntly. It still presents to the Canongate a picturesque row of gables resting on carved corbels, with a cornice projecting from the basement and a series of sculptured tablets adorning it, filled with verses from the Latin poets and the Vulgate, as “*Ut tu linguæ tuæ, sic ego mear; aurium, Dominus sum*”; and on another, “*Hodie mihi, cras tibi, cur igitur curas*”; and on a third, “*Constanti pectori res mortalium umbra.*”

## The Canongate

On the east side of the close is the handsome mansion of Acheson of Glencairney. Over the pediment above the main entrance is Sir Archibald Acheson's crest, a cock standing on a trumpet, while the three sides of the little court are adorned with dormer windows. The baronet was one of the Secretaries for Scotland.

We now hasten down the remainder of the Canon-gate that we may reach the grand old Palace and Abbey. On the north or left-hand side, we have first the Canon-gate Church and graveyard. The former is architecturally almost inconceivably tasteless, but is interesting from the fact that Dr. Hugh Blair, author of the *Lectures on Rhetoric* and *Sermons* (which ran into three editions), and Dr. John Lee, Principal of the University from 1840-59, were ministers of it. In the graveyard lie the remains of the unfortunate young poet, Robert Fergusson, with the stone erected over his dust by his brother bard, Robert Burns; also of Dugald Stewart, the distinguished metaphysician; of Adam Smith, the immortal author of the *Wealth of Nations*; of Dr. Adam Fergusson, the author of the *Institutes of Morals* and the historian of the *Roman Republic*; Dr. Burney, author of the *History of Music*; Dr. Horatius Bonar, the well-known hymn-writer: David Allan, the Scottish Hogarth; Dr. Gregory, and many others. Passing onward we note *Panmure Close*, interesting as containing the town house of the Earls of Panmure, where afterwards resided Adam Smith from 1778-90, when he held the appointment of Commissioner of Customs.

Still lower down the street, and almost opposite Queensberry House, is the high gable end of "The Golfer's Land," said to have been built by John Paterson with the proceeds of a wager won at golf. On the wall are Paterson's arms, and a slab over the entrance door contains an inscription in Latin, beginning, "*Cum victor ludo, Scotis qui proprius, esset,*" which is an anagram on

the proprietor's name. The legend relates that some of the gentlemen on the Duke of York's suite having asserted that Englishmen could play golf as well as Scotsmen, His Royal Highness wagered that he and a Scottish player he would name would beat any pair of Englishmen. The wager was accepted. The duke then chose Paterson, the champion Scots player, though but a poor shoemaker in the Canongate. The match came off on Leith Links, the Englishmen were ignominiously beaten, chiefly by Paterson's splendid play, and the duke was so delighted that he presented his partner with the stake, with which he erected the house. On its summit he placed his arms, three pelicans feeding their young; on a chief, three mullets surmounted by a helmet; crest, a dexter hand grasping a golf club with the motto, "Sure and Farre."

"Jenny Ha's Change-House," a famous tavern, to which Gay and the wits who flocked about Queensberry House were wont to repair, stood hereabout; while at the further end of *Galloway's Entry* stands what remains of Whitefoorde House, erected on the site of the mansion of Lord Seton, afterwards Earl of Winton, where Darnley lodged when he first came to Edinburgh. This was a very stately edifice, and is specially mentioned by Scott in *The Abbot* as "Lord Seton's lodging in the Canongate" to which Roland Græme repaired. After the attainder of George, fourth Earl of Winton, who escaped to Rome when sentenced to death after the battle of Preston in 1715, his house became ruinous and was sold to Sir John Whitefoorde of that Ilk and Ballochmyle in Ayrshire, who erected on it a fine town house, part of which is still standing. After the death of Sir John, his house was divided into two, each complete in itself. One of these was occupied by Professor Dugald Stewart, and the other by Sir William Macleod, raised to the Bench as Lord Bannatyne. He was one

## The Canongate

of the last survivors of the Mirror Club. In private life his benevolent and amiable qualities of head and heart, with his rich stores of literary anecdote, endeared him to a large and highly-distinguished circle of friends. Robert Chambers breakfasted with him in 1832, "on which occasion the venerable old gentleman talked as familiarly of the levees of the *sous-ministre* for Lord Bute, in the



*The White Horse Inn  
near Holyrood.*

old villa at Abbeyhill, as I could have talked of the Canning Administration."

We now reach *White Horse Close* (so called from a palfrey belonging to Queen Mary), where stood the celebrated "White Horse Hostelry"—not to be confounded with the White Horse Inn of St. Mary's Wynd and Boyd's Close. This was a famous inn and posting-house, where horses were hired for journeys and arrangements made for remounts along the line of travel. Here

the officers of Prince Charles Edward's army had their headquarters, and the whole surroundings of the place are most vividly described in Scott's *Waverley*. The hostelry forms the main feature of a small paved quadrangle near the foot of the Canongate. A broad flight of steps leads up to the building, diverging to the right and left from the first landing and giving access to two singularly picturesque porches which overhang the lower storey. A steep and narrow alley passes through below one of these and leads to the north front of the building. Owing to the peculiar slope of the ground, the building rises on the north side to more than double the height of its south front, and a second tier of windows in the steep roof gives it some resemblance to the old Flemish hostels still seen in Belgium. The courtyard of the "White Horse Inn" is completed by an antique tenement towards the street, where Bishop Paterson lived, the chaplain of the Duke of Lauderdale. Eastward a few yards of the White Horse Close stood the "Water Gate," which of old formed the chief entrance to the burgh of the Canongate. It was a "port" or gate of considerable antiquity, being mentioned early in the sixteenth century.

But stay, what does that line of variegated stones in the causeway mean? That is the "girth" (from the Anglo-Saxon *gyrdan*, to enclose) or "strand" which denotes that all the territory within that mark is "sanctuary" or protected ground. Accordingly to cross that narrow boundary by hook or crook was the object of every luckless debtor, many of whom resided years in sanctuary, only issuing from the Abbey bounds on Sundays. At midnight on the Sabbath the bailiffs were all on the *qui vive* to catch unwary debtors who had outstayed their leave. Ludicrous stories are told of fugitives falling as they crossed the line and having their head and shoulders seized by their brethren in

## *The Canongate*

sanctuary, on the one side, and their heels by the bailiffs on the other. The tug-of-war that resulted was not conducive to the debtor's bodily comfort.

On the southern or right-hand side of that section of the Canongate extending from the Tolbooth to the Abbey Strand, there are comparatively few closes and houses of interest. A little below the Marquis of Huntly's house and at the head of *Reid's Close*, a square projecting turret, corbelled well out over the pavement, with a massive gable bearing the date 1624, is the town mansion of the Nisbets of Dirleton. Here resided Sir John Nisbet, promoted to the Bench as Lord Dirleton, whose legal treatise entitled *Dirleton's Doubts*, was long a standard work. *Queensberry House* is a large, gloomy building built by the celebrated Lord Halton, afterwards Earl of Lauderdale, and sold by him to William, first Duke of Queensberry, the favourite Scots minister of Charles II. As he declined to countenance the legalising of popery in Scotland, he fell out of favour with James II., who dismissed him from his offices. He practically rebuilt Halton's house and made Queensberry House, both inside and out, one of the finest mansions in the country. With the third duke, however, viz., Charles, and his celebrated duchess, Lady Catherine Hyde, the beauty of the Court of George I., the house was chiefly associated. The duchess was celebrated in the verse of Pope, Swift, Prior, and Gay, while Horace Walpole referred to her in her old age as "Prior's Kitty, ever fair." Gay was her *protégé* and private secretary. Queensberry House was dismantled after the death of Duke Charles by his successor, "Old Q.," and was sold in 1801 to the Government for barracks. It is now a House of Refuge for the Destitute.

Eastward of Queensberry House, on the site now occupied by one of the numerous breweries with which

the Canongate abounds, was "Lothian Hut," erected in 1750 by William, third Marquis of Lothian, where he died in 1767. His widow resided there for many years, after which it was occupied by Lady Caroline D'Arcy, Dowager Marchioness of the fourth Marquis; and later by Dugald Stewart before he went to Whitefoorde House. At Lothian Hut Professor Stewart wrote several of his most notable works.



## CHAPTER XVIII

### *The Abbey and Palace of Holyrood*

"THE Abbey Lands," as they are called, constitute a regality by themselves, hence they can never be wholly absorbed within the ever-voracious municipality of the Scottish capital. When David I. founded the Abbey, he granted to its canons a considerable tract of land lying between the town and the base of Arthur's Seat. Succeeding monarchs added to the "territory," which at the Reformation included the whole of what is now known as the King's Park, from Duddingston to Greenside, and from "Placentia Brae," now the Pleasance, to Restalrig. In the Lord Treasurer's Accounts for 1541 there is an entry of £406 paid to "Schir David Murray of Balwaird, knycht, in recompense of his lands of Dudingstoune tane into the New Park besyde Holyrudehous." In the reign of James VI. Fynes Moryson (1598) speaks of the Palace as being surrounded by a park of "hares, conies, and deare." The park, however, will be considered later on. Our object at present is principally with the buildings and "privileges" of the ancient Palace and Abbey.

The moment we cross the "Girth Strand" we are within the "precincts" of the old sanctuary of the Abbey of Holyrood, of which the foundation charter is still extant among the city archives. In it are recorded the long obsolete "privileges" of trial by wager of battle, by water, by red-hot iron, etc., but, singularly enough, the right of "girth" or sanctuary is not specifically included among these. It is referred to, however, in a

process before the Supreme Courts in 1569, as having existed at the foundation of the Abbey, "quhilk privilege has bene inviolablie observit to all maner of personis cumand wythin the bounder aforesaid, not committand the crymes expresslie exceptit for all maner of girth, and that in all tymes bigane past memorie of man."

The abolition of imprisonment for debt, in 1880, put an end to the necessity for sanctuary, but the privilege, though not availed of, still exists.

Passing onward from the "strand" we issue in front of the grand old building, veritably "a romance in stone and lime" if we take into account the vicissitudes through which it has passed since its foundation as a religious house in 1128. As we stand before it and gaze upon its weather-stained façade, upon ruined column and shattered arch, calling to mind the while the manifold scenes it has witnessed of joy and of sorrow, of marriage and of funeral, of gay levee and ghastly tragedy, a profound feeling of reverence arises in the heart for the grey old pile which, though torn by the tooth of time, is still substantially the same edifice as was associated with so much of the weal and the woe alike of Scotland's kings and Scotland's capital.

We are now standing in the court of the main entrance, beside the great *Fountain* in Palace Yard, erected by the late Prince Consort, which is adorned with the sculptured heads of the Duke of Sussex, Ida Irondale, Buchanan, Edward I., Shakespeare, and Oliver Cromwell on the lowest line; Rizzio, Queen Elizabeth, the Old Town Drummer of Linlithgow, Lady Crauford, the Earl of Stair, Queen Mary, Sir John Cope, and Isabella of France on the second row; while the third is occupied by four Canongate heralds. The north-west wing (the one on our left hand), terminated by two great towers, is the most ancient part of the Palace extant, having

## *The Abbey and Palace of Holyrood*

been built by James V. after designs by Sir James Hamilton of Finnart; in the centre are the State Apartments, while the Royal Apartments are in the southern wing, entering from the door in the south-west corner of the quadrangle.

A large part of the most ancient portions of the Palace, those erected by James III. and James IV., was consumed by the great fire which occurred while Cromwell was using the building as a barracks. The Palace in its complete state contained five courts or enclosures. The largest of these was the "place" to the west of the principal front, which formed one of its sides; while at the north-west corner was the vaulted and turreted porch, built in the reign of James IV., but removed as being ruinous about 1750. The next court, to the east of this, was surrounded by buildings which appear to have occupied the space where the inner part of the present quadrangle stands—its northern and eastern sides advancing up to the walls of the south-western tower of the Abbey Church and overlapping its front to some extent. On the south there were two other courts, while the fifth lay eastward, immediately to the south of the Abbey Church.

The quadrangle, as it now exists, surrounded by the State Apartments, the Great Gallery, etc., remains as it was completed after the Restoration, by Robert Mylne, King's Mason, from the designs of Sir William Bruce of Kinross. Here James II., when Duke of York, held his "so-called Court"; in the great "Picture Gallery of the Kings," Prince Charles Edward held his levees when he was occupying the Palace of his ancestors; while subsequently, at different times, Louis XVIII. and the exiled Charles X. of France were residents of the Palace. George IV. visited it in 1822, Queen Victoria resided in it at least four times during her reign—1842, 1850, 1872 and 1887

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

—while Edward VII. has paid two visits, residing there in 1859 when he was studying under Dr. Leonard Schmitz, Rector of the Royal High School, and again in 1903. Each year the Lord High Commissioner occupies it for a fortnight while representing the sovereign at the General Assembly.

The general style of the architecture of the Palace is French baronial, chiefly of the time of Louis XIV., the edifice itself being quadrangular in shape and built round a central court 95 feet square. The principal front is 215 feet long, with two towers at either end of the northern and southern wings. The central front consists of a receding screen of mixed architecture lower than the rest of the Palace; while the main entrance is composed of four Doric columns surmounted by the Royal Arms of Scotland below an open pediment, on which are two reclining figures, the whole surmounted by an octagonal tower terminating in the imperial crown.

Having passed through the main entrance, which is guarded by sentries, we reach the quadrangle, surrounded by a piazza or colonnade, having nine arches on each side. The east, north and south sides of the quadrangle are three storeys high, while in the centre of the east wall appears a pediment whereon are sculptured the arms of Great Britain. Beneath the windows of these storeys are rows of pilasters, the uppermost Corinthian, the middle Ionic, and the lowest Doric.

In the quadrangle we turn to the left, and the first door we reach gives admission to the stair leading to the *Picture Gallery*—a noble hall, measuring 150 feet in length by 24 in breadth, and with a fine oak roof 20 feet in height. This is not in the older part of the Palace, but in the addition made by Charles II. Its walls are covered with the portraits of 100 reputed Kings of Scotland, beginning with Fergus I., B.C. 330, and coming down to James VII. and II. The pictures were executed

## *The Abbey and Palace of Holyrood*

by a Flemish artist, James de Witt, whose contract with the Government (dated February 1684) for the execution of these pictures is still in existence. De Witt undertook to paint 110 portraits in two years, he supplying the canvas and colours, the Government on their part agreeing to pay him £120 sterling, and to give him access to the "originals!"

Many of these pictures were slashed by Hawley's dragoons after their defeat by the Young Chevalier at Falkirk. These valiant warriors, having been "soundly trounced" by the Highlanders, whom they had been inclined to despise, vented their spleen on the pictures. The injuries were repaired and the perpetrators severely punished, but the "dishonourable scars" remain. On screens at the end of the room are pictures of a more interesting character. One of them contains a portrait of Sir Edward Boncle, provost of Trinity College, with a figure representing St. Cecilia seated at an organ, which is asserted to be a portrait of Mary of Gueldres, queen of James II. On the reverse there is a portrait of Margaret of Denmark, queen of James III., with a man in armour bearing a banner. On the other screen appears a portrait of James III. and his son, with figures representing the Trinity on the reverse. This apartment was used by Prince Charles Edward as a ballroom during his occupation of the Palace; and is described in *Waverley* as that wherein the hero again met Flora McIvor, and was received by her as "a second brother." Since the Union it has usually been the scene of the elections of the Scottish Representative Peers.

On leaving the picture gallery we enter Lord Darnley's suite of rooms, the first of these being the *Audience Chamber*, which contains three very fine specimens of tapestry used as arras, the first representing a vineyard, with vines entwining four oak trees, nude Cupids sporting on the ground, climbing in the branches, and pluck-

ing the ripe clusters ; while in the distance is a hamlet, a river and a bridge. The second piece also exhibits oak stems encircled by vines, with boys at play, but through the trees may be traced in long perspective an elegantly-built street with human figures therein. The third design depicts a lake in the background, commanded at one extremity by a castle, while in the centre are two islands. In front is a large orange tree in which nude boys are plucking fruit. All the tapestries are of exquisite workmanship and finish.<sup>1</sup>

From the audience chamber by a door on the left we now pass into what was evidently *Darnley's Attendant's Room*, in which there are also some fine pieces of tapestry. One of them illustrates the well-known legend of the appearance of the cross in the heavens to Constantine the Great, on the eve of the battle between him and Maxentius, the motto, *In hoc (signo) vinces*, being conspicuously displayed. The companion piece represents the battle (A.D. 312) in which Constantine's soldiers appear with the cross emblazoned on their shields and ensigns. The pictures here are of no great value, the best of them being the portraits of James VI., Charles II., James VII., and Henry VI.

Returning to the audience chamber and passing through a door on the right, we enter *Lord Darnley's Bedroom*. The arras-tapestry here, both in texture and design, resembles the specimens contained in the audience chamber. This room also contains a screen which belonged to Charles I., an inlaid cabinet, and some ancient chairs.

<sup>1</sup> In this room are some fine old paintings showing James Stewart (Earl of Moray), when young ; the Admirable Crichton ; Charles II. in armour ; the Queen of James II. (Anne of Denmark), by Van Somers ; James VI., by the same artist ; the Queen of Bohemia, by C. Janssen ; the King of Bohemia, by C. Janssen ; the children of Charles I., after Vandyke ; Charles II., by Russell ; James VII., by Russell ; Queen Mary ; Henry, Prince of Wales ; and a female head after Verocchio.

## *The Abbey and Palace of Holyrood*

The principal pictures here are "Lord Darnley and his brother," "Queen Mary, consort of William III.," "John Knox," "Queen Mary," portrait of a lady supposed to be Lady Reres, Queen Mary's confidante. From this chamber we turn into the little turret-room on the left which was *Lord Darnley's Dressing-Room*, but it contains little that is of interest.

QUEEN MARY'S APARTMENTS: *The Private Stair*.—From a little turret-room on the right, a private stair, entering from the courtyard on the east side of James V.'s towers, leads up to Queen Mary's apartments. To the student of history this stair is of special interest, because by it the assassins of Rizzio gained admission to the Palace and ascended to the apartments of Darnley, who conducted them to the room where the unfortunate secretary was to be found. The walls of this little turret-chamber are covered with tapestry-arras illustrative of the classic story of Meleager and Atalanta. In the foreground Meleager is presenting the head of the Calydonian boar to Atalanta; on the left is a huntsman with two hounds in the leash, while the background of the picture is filled up by forest scenery. This staircase, however, is now closed to the public, and the one at present in use opens out of the audience chamber. The first of the suite of apartments is *Queen Mary's Audience Chamber*, a room measuring 24 feet long by 22 in width, and lighted by two large windows. The roof is divided into panelled compartments, adorned with the initials and armorial bearings of royal personages, while the walls are arrased with ancient tapestry, the colours of which have become almost entirely faded during the lapse of centuries. In this apartment stands the bed used by Charles I. during his residence in Holyrood. Though in its time it has been a magnificent piece of furniture, its curtains of rich embossed velvet are now mouldering and moth-eaten. In this

bed Prince Charles Edward, great-grand-nephew of the original occupant, slept during his stay in the Palace in September 1745, and in the following year his kinsman and conqueror, the Duke of Cumberland, also passed a night in it. The room also contains some richly embroidered and carved chairs and tables of the period of Charles I. In this apartment Mary had her historic "wars of words" with John Knox. Some of the pictures here are valuable, notably the portrait of the Regent Moray, also a "Bacchic Festival," and "A Magdalen," the first named being the work of Jamesone.

From that apartment we pass into *Queen Mary's Bed-Chamber* (22 ft. by 18 ft. 6 in.), the ceiling of which is also divided into panelled compartments, of diamond and hexagonal shape, adorned with the initials and bearings of various Scottish monarchs. The walls here are likewise arrayed with rare tapestry illustrative of the tale from Greek mythology of the "Fall of Phaeton," who lost his life through attempting to drive the chariot of his father, the Sun. The bed of Queen Mary stands here with its mouldering hangings of crimson damask with green silk fringes and tassels. What a tale of mingled joy and sorrow, of happiness and despair, could these walls unfold, were they permitted to reveal all that had occurred within them! The pictures in this room also are very valuable, viz., the portraits of Queen Elizabeth and Henry VIII.; that of a lady unknown (by some said to be Mary Carmichael, one of the "Maries"), and one of Queen Mary herself. At the south-west corner of this chamber a narrow door leads us into the *Queen's Dressing-Room*, a small apartment about 10 feet square occupying the eastern buttress of the tower, and hung with faded tapestry supposed to represent Ariadne deserted. A little to the west of it is another door, half hidden by tapestry, communicating with a secret staircase on the



## *The Abbey and Palace of Holyrood*

north side of the room, and near the head of this staircase is the *Queen's Supper-Room*, in the west buttress. Here the queen was seated with her secretary and one or two familiar friends when Darnley entered, followed by Ruthven, George Douglas, and the other conspirators; and hence the wretched Rizzio was dragged through the bedroom and the audience chamber, until the ghastly work was completed at the head of the principal staircase. His blood soaked into the flooring, where the stain is still shown. The partition which now encloses the spot is said to have been erected by order of Mary so that she might not see the marks, though she would not allow them to be obliterated, wishing that they "shulde remane as ane memoriall to quychen and confirm her revenge."

We now retrace our steps to the inner court. The suites of rooms in the southern wing of the building are what are known as the Royal Apartments, being those occupied by the sovereign when in residence in Holyrood. They are, however, somewhat limited as regards accommodation for the numerous *entourage* of a Court in modern times. The usual entrance to the rooms is by the door at the south-east corner of the quadrangle, but it will be more convenient to describe them as they were used during King Edward's visit to Edinburgh in 1903. Though the Palace was then only employed for the State functions, His Majesty and the Queen residing at Dalkeith Palace, all the rooms were in occupation. Entering from the Picture Gallery, those invited to the Levee and Drawing-Room first passed through the *King's Breakfast-Room*, a spacious apartment with ceiling coved and coffered, the walls partially oak-panelled; while the mantelpiece and panel above it, into which has been inserted a painting of the "Finding of Moses," are notable examples of oak-carving. Thence we reach the *Vestibule*, out of which

opens the *Dressing-Room*, with a ceiling of great beauty, whose centre-piece, an oval panel-painting, represents the "Expulsion of Vulcan from Heaven." The doors, panels and mantelpiece are elaborately carved, while over the latter is a panel-painting of the "Infant Hercules Strangling the Serpents."

We now enter the *King's Bedroom*, a noble room magnificently furnished and hung with tapestry representing the "Destruction of Niobe's Children," and other subjects ; while the panel-painting over the mantelpiece depicts "Venus Anadyomene Rising from the Sea." The ceiling has in the centre an octagonal panel richly moulded. From this we pass into the *King's Drawing-Room*, the ceiling of which is one of the finest in the kingdom, the large centre panel being deeply coffered and surrounded with hand-wrought mouldings of leaves and fruit. The oak mantelpiece and panel are fine specimens of carving, while in the centre of the panel is a large Venetian mirror. The Gobelins tapestry in this apartment is illustrative of scenes in the "History of Diana." Through the *Evening Drawing-Room*, which also possesses a finely-moulded ceiling and mantelpiece, and is adorned with some exquisite Gobelins tapestry, we pass into the *Throne-Room*, a magnificent *salon*, 56 feet long by 29 in width and 16 feet in height. The walls are richly draped, while at the southern end is the Throne surmounted by the Royal Arms. There are several fine portraits here :—George IV. in Highland costume, by Wilkie ; William and Mary ; Anne and Prince George of Denmark, etc. From it we pass into the *Withdrawing-Room*, also furnished and adorned in magnificent style. The other rooms call for no special mention, but the *Grand Staircase*, the ceiling of which with its noble circular panel aroused the admiration of Millais, is worthy of particular notice. The Royal Apartments are not open to the public without special order.

## *The Abbey and Palace of Holyrood*

We now proceed to the north-east corner of the quadrangle and enter the ruins of the grand old Abbey. The only portion now remaining of the church is the nave, the choir and transepts—injured during Hertford's invasions—having been completely destroyed at the Reformation. The roof of the nave, however, did not finally give way until 1768, and then only through the folly of a builder, posing as an architect, who sought to cover it with flag-stones in place of slates. The best point from which to obtain a view of the entire building is in front of the great western doorway. We are now looking up to the western front, which at the present time consists of one tower to the north, *i.e.*, on our left hand, and the great doorway immediately before us, with the two very ancient windows above it. The northern tower is a unique specimen of that style of architecture belonging to the period of transition from the Romanesque to the First Pointed or Early English style in Scotland (1168-90). It received its light from four large windows, one on each side, every window being divided by a single shaft, while below these, on the west and south sides, it was adorned by two storeys of arcades, with a row of sculptured heads between them. The lower row of arcades is exquisitely ornamented, being composed of trefoiled arches resting on grouped detached shafts. The doorway, which is high-arched or pointed, and deeply recessed, with eight detached shafts on either side tied together with a band half way up their length, with capitals enriched with foliation, birds and grotesque heads, and with fine floriated and dog-tooth mouldings, is regarded as an excellent example of the Early English style. The tympanum presents an arcade of five pointed arches supported by a row of cherubs on the architrave. The central western windows are early examples of the Perpendicular style, peculiar to England, wherein the stone window-mullions go straight up into the window arch, which they seem to pierce, while the

transoms break up the great window into square line. These features must always be repellent to an eye fed on the curves used by the best Gothic architects, who never allowed a straight mullion to approach the arch-head. In these windows, however, there are flat segmental arches with pendent cusps or fleur-de-lis instead of the usual tracery and slender mullion shafts, receding from the external surface of the wall.

Over the western doorway we note the tablet placed there by Charles I. with the inscription, “ ‘ He shall build a house for my name and I will stablish the throne of his kingdom for ever ’ : *Basilicam hanc semi-rutam Carolus Rex optimus instauravit. Anno Dom 1619. 16CXXXIII.* ”

We now enter the chapel in order to admire its noble lines, the fact being always borne in mind that what remains is only the nave of the original structure. The proportions of the building in the days of its entirety must have been exceedingly imposing, for again and again it is referred to as the “ magnificent Abbey-Kirk of Halirude.” To describe it in detail would occupy more space than we can give. Only the most salient features therefore can be indicated. The eye as its gaze travels along the line of noble pillars, which divides the nave from the aisles, rests almost inevitably on the great window, which occupied nearly the whole of the eastern end of the church. It is 34 feet high by 20 feet in width, and was built after the choir and transepts had been demolished by the English, being filled for about two-fifths of its length with quatrefoil tracery, and subdivided below by four mullions and a transom. The eastern ends of the aisles were, subsequent to the Reformation, filled in with windows in order that the structure might be used as a chapel royal. The south side or southern aisle of the building remains in the best state of preservation, or shall we say has been more artistically restored ? The



THE GREAT WESTERN DOORWAY

roof of the aisle and the pillars still remain, with the arches of the triforium and some fragments of the clerestory. The piers or pillars are of the "grouped" type associated with the Early English style, the capitals being richly adorned with foliage and sculptured heads. On the inner surface of the wall of the south aisle, there is an arcade (the same as prevails on the north side), but singularly enough the arches composing it are quite different in style, being of the Poinced type with rounded abacus and keeled bowtells, while the capital is richly floriated, each one being different in design. The western extremity of the southern aisle abuts on the Palace wall, with which it formerly communicated by a doorway now built up.

The wall of the northern aisle is supported on the outside by seven upright buttresses adorned with canopied niches and acorn pinnacles, while the doorway at the western end of this aisle is rich in ornament, but the style is later by at least 200 years than its other parts. At the east end of the south aisle, and at the back of the mass of masonry surmounting the Royal Vault, is a small doorway now built up, which communicated with the old cloisters of the Abbey. This door and the portion of the wall immediately adjoining it are undoubtedly the most ancient parts of the edifice now extant, belonging to the closing years of the Romanesque period, for the doorway exhibits the round-headed arch with receding "orders" and with zig-zag and billet mouldings resting on two single shafts with a square abacus. On the outside of this aisle can still be traced the lower stage of five flying buttresses, which springing from piers about 10 feet distant from the wall, and crossing what was of old the roof of the cloister, rest against flat pilasters on the wall of the aisle. From these, as well as from the upright buttresses of the north aisle, there sprang a second row or "stage," which spanning the roof of the aisle and

## *The Abbey and Palace of Holyrood*

triforium, supported the wall of the clerestory. In the niches of the lower stage on either side of the building are the arms of Abbot Crawford. The high altar stood of course in the chancel which no longer exists.

Within the enclosure of the Abbey many distinguished personages are interred. The Royal Vault is in the south-east corner of the chapel, but it was violated by an infuriated mob at the time of the Revolution (1688), and the coffins of those interred therein were wantonly destroyed. Fortunately, however, about five years prior to this, a Commission had been authorised to open and to enter the vault to discover who actually had been buried there. The report then given is in the Advocates' Library to the present day. At that time there were resting in the vault the bodies of James V. and his first queen, Magdalene; Dame Jane Stewart, Countess of Argyll, and two other coffins without names, the plates having fallen off. There were also the coffins of two children. Darnley was certainly buried in the Royal Vault, but James VI. ordered the body of his father to be brought to England and it was interred in Westminster Abbey. Since then the body of Mary of Gueldres was removed from its resting-place in Trinity College Church, on the latter being taken down, and was interred in the Royal Vault. Among other personages buried in the Abbey are Lord and Lady Reay, Lord Belhaven, George Wishart, Bishop of St. Andrews; George, fourteenth Earl of Sutherland; Dame Jean Hamilton, Countess of Eglintoun; Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney and Shetland and Commendator of Holyrood; while in the north-east corner of the chapel, on the site of the ancient choir, is a monument to Alexander Mylne, one of Scotland's chief architects, to whom the restoration of parts of the Palace was due.

In the beautiful grounds, lying to the west of the building, stands *Queen Mary's Dial*, a remarkable old

horologe, which has a separate gnomon on each of the twenty divisions of the apex of the pedestal. Immediately opposite the

main entrance to the Palace stands a low turreted building, occupying the site of what was known as the dwelling of Rizzio, Queen Mary's secretary. This is the Guard House and the Royal Stables. To the north-west of the Palace we catch sight of a quaint little building with pyramidal roof, dormer windows, and lofty chimneys. This is known as *Queen Mary's Bath*, where, says tradition, the beautiful queen was wont to bathe in white wine to increase her charms. Through this house the murderers of Rizzio



*Queen Mary's Bath.*

escaped, and in 1789, when workmen were repairing the roof, they found stuck into the sarking a richly-chased dagger, belonging in all likelihood to one of the conspirators.

Any reference to Holyrood would be incomplete



## *The Abbey and Palace of Holyrood*

without a notice of the *King's Park*, by which name the royal demesne round Holyrood is known. To see this to advantage one ought to drive round it, the coachman being instructed to proceed to the right after leaving the outer gates of Palace Yard.

The drive is both picturesque and delightful. A carefully-constructed road, *The King's Drive*, about three miles and a half long, encircles the park, and the variety and beauty of the scenery obtained at different points, make it without doubt one of the finest carriage drives in Europe. About three quarters of a mile from our starting point we reach *St. Leonard's Hill*, taking its name from an hospital dedicated to a saint of this name which once stood on it. On its eastern slope, and commanding a fine view of Salisbury Crags, is pointed out *Jeanie Dean's Cottage*, with its stone seat and garden so familiar to readers of the *Heart of Midlothian*, and near it are the *Dumbiedykes*, long ranges of walls stretching towards Holyrood. A little farther on and we pass St. Leonard's Railway Station, the coal depot of the North British Railway, the directors of which purchased it from the Edinburgh and Dalkeith Railway Company. This was the first line in the kingdom, being of old drawn by horses, and the horse cars continued to run long after the introduction of steam. It received the nickname of "The Innocent Railway," from the fact that no life was ever known to be lost thereon. We now begin to mount the hill-road which skirts the haunch of the leonine form of Arthur's Seat, leaving the lower road to wind on through the park to the village of Duddingston. When we have reached the summit of the steep ascent we are opposite the *Hunter's Bog* on the left, of old a favourite hawking ground, and now the place where the rifle-butts are placed. Here a portion of Prince Charles Edward's army encamped in 1745. *The Echoing Rock* is now just below us, while near the south end of the railway

## The Story of Edinburgh

tunnel, situated beyond the lower road 150 feet beneath us, are the celebrated *Wells o' Weary*, frequently mentioned in Scottish ballad literature as the haunt of forsaken lovers.

“Wade in, wade in, my lady fair,  
Nae harm sall thee befall,  
Aft times hae I here watered my steed  
Wi' the Water of Wearie's well.”

The well is now enclosed in the garden of a cottage. Below us we note the mansion of the late Thomas Nelson, of the great publishing firm of Messrs. T. Nelson & Son, while a little further on, Prestonfield House meets the eye, the seat of the Dick-Cunninghams. We are now immediately over the curious basaltic rocks in column shape known as *Samson's Ribs* and at the turn of the road obtain one of the noblest views in the kingdom—sea, meadow, moor, mountain and forest being spread out like a picture before us. Immediately below this lies the village of *Duddingston*, with its reed-fringed loch dotted with swans and water-fowl, and its square-towered Norman church, in which the Rev. John Thomson, the landscape painter, ministered for many years. Sir Walter Scott was one of the elders, and when staying with Thomson on one occasion, is said to have written several of the chapters of the *Heart of Midlothian* in the manse garden. On the wall of the churchyard hangs the “jougs,” a sort of iron collar, in which vagrants and scolding wives were temporarily fastened as a punishment. To the right of the village are the woods and grounds of *Duddingston House*, the seat of the Duke of Abercorn. Directly south is the picturesque pile of Craigmillar Castle. Pressing onward we pass the almost Highland solitude of *Dunsappie Loch and Hill*, near which the remainder of the Highland army encamped in 1745, while from this point the ascent of Arthur's Seat can be accomplished with the least fatigue. Rounding

## *The Abbey and Palace of Holyrood*

the corner of the lake, the drive skirts *Whinny Hill* and, on the right, the mansion of *Parson's Green*; while further on to the north-east the eye catches sight of Lochend House and the church and village of Restalrig. *Muschat's Cairn*—the scene in 1720 of an infamous wife murder by a surgeon of dissolute life, Nicol Muschat—*St. Margaret's Loch*, *St. Margaret's Well* are passed in turn, and then we note on our right the military *Parade Ground*, where the late Queen Victoria held the great reviews of 1861 and 1881. On the left, crowning the slope of the "Haggis Knowe," are the remains of the old *Hermitage of St. Anthony*, with his well in the vicinity. We have no intimation as to who St. Anthony was, but his picturesquely-situated retreat seems to have been built in 1430 and to have had some connection with the Knights Hospitallers of St. Anthony in Leith. Finally we end our drive beside the *Duke's Walk*, so called from its having been the favourite sauntering-ground of the Duke of York, afterwards James VII., when he represented his brother, Charles II., in Scotland. Above us towers the imposing mass of Salisbury Crag, named from the Earl of Salisbury (the husband of the countess in whose honour "the most noble Order of the Garter" was instituted), who encamped on them when he commanded one of the divisions of the army wherewith Edward III. invaded Scotland in 1336. At the foot of the precipitous cliffs which form the crest of the "Crag," a pathway has been formed, called *The Radical Road*, owing to the fact that it was made in 1820, by some unemployed workmen who had become discontented owing to the harangues of certain Radical orators. On the advice of Sir Walter Scott, they were given the job of constructing a "footpath way" around the Crag, and their complaints soon ceased.

## CHAPTER XIX

### *The Cowgate, Grassmarket, Portsburgh, King's Stables*

WE dismiss our carriage at the Park Gates immediately in front of the *Cricket Ground of the Royal High School*—a gift to the institution, by the way, from her late Majesty, Queen Victoria. We now take the first turning to the left after passing the gates, and begin to walk slowly up the thoroughfare known as the *South Back of the Canongate*, which was formerly occupied by the gardens and pleasure grounds of the mansions of the Canongate. We are now in a region of breweries, one following another in quick succession as we near the Cowgate. The stream, which in old days threaded its way down the rustic glen, still flows, but at a considerable distance underground. So good is the water, and so admirably adapted for brewing purposes, that there is considerable competition to get a site on the line of flow.

The Cowgate, or Soo-Gate (South Gate), commences at the point where the *Pleasance*—so named from the Convent of St. Mary of Placentia, which was situated near this spot—joins St. Mary Street (of old St. Mary's Wynd). At this place there was, as we have said, a fortified "port" or gateway like that at Netherbow, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was seldom without a goodly harvest of human heads surmounting its "pricks" or "pinnacles." The Cowgate must have been an exceedingly picturesque thoroughfare up to the middle of the eighteenth century, greatly resembling Chester as we know it to-day. Most of the houses were timber-fronted, owing to the almost

## *The Cowgate, Grassmarket, etc.*

inexhaustible supply of wood to be obtained from the Boroughmuir and also because the prevailing taste in Europe (*teste* Nuremberg even to the present time) was favourable to timber fronts and also to open piazzas and galleries projecting from the façades. The greater part of the Cowgate must have been in existence before the commencement of the sixteenth century, because the Flodden Wall was extended beyond the lines of that of James II. largely to protect this suburb. Next to the Canongate it was the most fashionable of the Edinburgh streets. Beginning our walk we first pass, on the left-hand side, the remains of the *Old High School Wynd*, in which stood the Municipal Grammar School with its ancient tower and spire. Hither the school was transferred from Blackfriars' Wynd, to which place it had been brought from Holyrood Abbey, and here it was conducted until it was removed in 1777 farther up the slope of the hill to the foot of Infirmary Street. The name given to a lane here, *High School Yards*, still preserves the memory of what had been the playground of the school. All this south (or left-hand) side of the Cowgate as far as College Wynd was, until the Reformation, the gardens surrounding the great Dominican Monastery of the Blackfriars, which stood immediately opposite the wynd of that name. In High School Wynd resided in later days the satirist "Claudero," otherwise James Wilson, whose skits on local men and manners were so trenchant and racy. A little further west was the town house of the Bishops of Dunkeld, where Gawain Douglas lived and where he wrote part of the translation of the *Æneid*. A little further along, but on the north or right-hand side of the street, was the Mint, which also had an entrance from the High Street, while St. Patrick's Catholic Church, with the Presbytery attached, has been erected on a part of the site of what once was the Earl of

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

Selkirk's mansion. This church was built early in the nineteenth century as an Episcopal place of worship, of which the Rev. Archibald Alison, father of Sir Archibald Alison, was incumbent. Purchased by a United Secession congregation, it was for some years the meeting-place of one of the straitest sects of the Seceders. They, however, migrated in 1856 to other fields and disposed of the edifice to the Roman Catholics. One of the altar-pictures, by Runciman, representing the "Return of the Prodigal Son," is interesting because the poet, Robert Fergusson, sat as a model for it. The picture may still be viewed in the church.

On the same side of the street, but on the other side of the tunnel passing under the South Bridge, is the "Meal Market," where a serious riot occurred in 1763, at a time of great scarcity of bread. A few yards further on is the place where the "Back Stairs" formerly joined the Cowgate from the Parliament Close. Up and down these steps thousands of persons—lawyers, litigants, and loungers—passed daily, as they were the readiest means of access to Parliament House. In a house whose entrance was on the stairs resided the young English officer, Captain Cayley, whose death at the hands of a beautiful young married woman, Mrs Macfarlane (daughter of Colonel Straiton, a leading Jacobite, to whom Pope refers in a letter to Lady M. W. Montague), whom he had attempted to outrage, created such a sensation in 1716. On the site of the Free Library was the house of the celebrated Sir Thomas Hope, King's Advocate to Charles I. in 1626. Hope encouraged that stern resistance to the king's foolish interference with the constitution of the Scottish Church, which ultimately led to the great Civil War. In his house all the consultations with regard to the policy of the Covenanting party were held. He was one of those who framed the modifications in the

## *The Cowgate, Grassmarket, etc.*

National Covenant in 1638, while he assisted Henderson in drafting the *Solemn League and Covenant* in the form accepted by the Westminster Assembly. Two of his sons were raised to the Bench while he was yet King's (or Lord) Advocate, and as it was esteemed unfit that a father should plead uncovered before his own children, he was allowed to wear his hat, a privilege



the Lord Advocate can claim to this day. He died in 1646. In No. 8 Cowgatehead, the windows of which look up Candlemaker Row, there lived in 1777 a widow lady named Syme (sister of Principal Robertson), with whom a young English gentleman, Henry Brougham, of Brougham Hall, went to lodge. He had suffered a great sorrow, his intended bride dying suddenly on the eve of their marriage. He brought letters of introduction to Robertson, and the latter, not being able personally to show him hospitality, asked his sister to take him in. No sooner did the mourning

## The Story of Edinburgh

lover see Mrs Syme's daughter, than he 'fell in love with her, owing to her extraordinary likeness to his deceased *fiancée*. Miss Syme reciprocated his feelings, the pair were married, and of this union was born Henry, Lord Brougham, Lord Chancellor of England. Next door was Palfrey's "King's Head Inn," whence most of the southern stage-coaches by the east coast roads took their departure. Here, too, was the great rendezvous for the carriers, more than thirty of them every week coming and going to and from "Palfrey's" hostelry.

Returning to our position opposite Blackfriars' Wynd, we take special note of the following houses and closes on the south side of the street, viz., *College Wynd* (now called Guthrie Street) at the head of which Sir Walter Scott was born in 1771, and in which for 150 years many of the professors of the University were wont to reside. At an earlier date (1699-1715) Symson, the Edinburgh printer, had here his timber-fronted dwelling, while in the next alley, *Horse Wynd*, so called, possibly, as being the only thoroughfare leading from the southern suburbs which a horse could safely descend, was the mansion of the Earl of Galloway, whose countess was so very punctilious that she would order out her carriage to pay a call next door. Horse Wynd was an ultra-fashionable quarter, nearly all its denizens in the last decades of the seventeenth and first of the eighteenth century bearing titles. *Tailors' Hall* is the next building of interest. A lofty gable pierced by a double tier of windows presents an imposing front to the Cowgate. Passing through a massive archway surmounted by a sculptured pediment decorated with a huge pair of shears, the insignia of the craft, with the date 1644 and the distich—

"Almightie God, who founded, built and crown'd  
This wark, with blessings mak it to abound,"





College Wynd

## The Story of Edinburgh

we enter the quadrangle which, though now a brewer's yard, still bears traces of former grandeur. Two lofty crow-stepped gables project into the court, and over the ornamental pediment which surmounts the east wing of the building the insignia of the shears appear again, with the date 1621 and the inscription, "God give the blissing to the Tailzier Craft in the gude toun of Edinburgh." Here the assembly of 300 clergymen met in February 1638 to discuss with the Earls of Rothes, Loudon and Lindsay the renewal with modifications of the *National Covenant*, which on the following day was to be presented to the people in Greyfriars' Churchyard. The Tailors' Hall occupies the south and east sides of the court, and over the entrance was placed the legend:—

"To the Glore of God and Virteu's Renowne  
And the Campanie of Tailzeurs within the gude toun  
For meeting of their craft this hal Has been erected  
With trust in all God's goodness to be Blist and protected."

The hall was used in 1656 as the Courthouse of the Scottish Commissioners appointed by Cromwell for the administration of the forfeited estates of Scottish Royalists, and from about 1727 to 1753 it was used as a theatre by itinerating companies. To the west of this is a house of the time of Charles I. with moulded doorway bearing the inscription:—

"R.H.—O Magnifie the Lord with me—J.H.  
And Let us Exalt His Name together.—An.Dom. 1641."

The doorway of this house is only 3 feet 3 inches wide. We are inclined to think from a careful study of the title of the place that this was the original residence of the Carmichaels, afterwards Earls of Hyndford. This also was the house occupied by the Italian wizard, John Damien or Trevira, who lived toward the close of the seventeenth century and concerning whose marvellous powers tradition indicates so much vaguely

## *The Cowgate, Grassmarket, etc.*

and so little specifically. Where now the southern piers of the George IV. Bridge stand, was the mansion of Thomas Hamilton of Priestfield, Lord President of the Court of Session in 1592, Secretary of State for Scotland in 1612, Earl of Melrose in 1619, and first Earl of Haddington in 1627, but better known by his sobriquet, *Tam o' the Cowgate*. He was famous for his acumen as a judge and also for his industry in collecting legal decisions. He amassed so much wealth that his master, James VI., with whom he was a chief favourite, firmly believed him to be in possession of the "Philosopher's Stone." Tam did not deny the impeachment, but said that if the monarch and his courtiers would dine with him on the morrow he would disclose to them "the secret." Thinking this referred to the "Philosopher's Stone," they were all on the *qui vive* until after dinner, when the earl said, that it was true he was in possession of a sovereign secret to ensure wealth and success which was, "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day; never trust to the hand of another that which your own can do."

We now reach one of the most remarkable buildings in Edinburgh, the little spire of which has been a landmark for over 350 years. This is the *Magdalen Chapel*, otherwise the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, almost the oldest ecclesiastical edifice in the city. Maitland, in his *History of Edinburgh*, states that:—

"The Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene was erected on the site of a ruinous hospital, called *Maison Dieu*, by Michael Macquheen, citizen of Edinburgh, who being greatly affected by a grievous distemper and oppressed with age, appropriated the sum of £700 Scots money towards erecting a charitable foundation, to which divers persons promised to contribute to accomplish so good and desirable a work, but these promises, not being performed, Janet Rynd, relict and executrix to the said Macquheen, was thereby induced to accomplish the design of her husband by adding to his bequest the sum of £2000 Scots, with which sums she erected an

## The Story of Edinburgh

hospital and chapel, for the accommodation of a chaplain and seven poor men, and endowed the same with a perpetual annuity of 138 merks, arising out of certain lands and tenements, and dedicated

her new foundation to Mary Magdalen, and by deed of settlement, February 1547, granted it to the Corporation of Hammermen, with whom it still remains. This chapel is at present (1753) occupied by the Conventry of this city, who meet occasionally therein."



The chapel remains very much as left by its foundress. The architecture is quaint and archaic, the cannon-shaped gargoyles round the spire, each with a ball stuck into the muzzle, having been often remarked upon by *cognoscenti* as unique of their type. Its windows are still adorned with ancient painted glass (the only specimens of pre-Reformation glass known to be extant in Scotland), containing the Royal Arms of Scotland, encircled with a wreath of thistles; next those of the Queen-Regent, Mary of Guise, within a wreath of laurel; finally the shields of the founder and foundress within ornamental borders.

The little chapel is well worthy of a visit, containing as it does many antiquarian objects of great interest, among others the tomb of the foundress, and a fine St. Bartholomew in stained glass, certainly dating back to the fifth decade of the sixteenth

## *The Cowgate, Grassmarket, etc.*

century. A very ancient bell hangs in the steeple, on which is the inscription, "*Soli Deo Gloria Michael Burgerhuys me Fecit—Anno, 1632,*" while underneath is written, "*God bles the Hammermen of Magdalen Chapel.*" John Craig, the reformer, and afterwards colleague of Knox, preached here for some time in Latin, until he had recovered the command of his mother tongue, of which he had lost the familiar use owing to long residence abroad. The General Assembly of 1578 met in the Magdalen Chapel; and here in June 1685 the decapitated body of the Earl of Argyll was placed, prior to its transmission to the family vault at Kilmun. Over the door of the chapel is a representation of an Edinburgh Hammerman of the period (1555), in doublet and trunk hose, with peaked beard and moustache, and with a hammer grasped in his right hand.

We now turn to our left and enter the *Candlemaker Row*, which was of old the roadway leading from the Grassmarket to the lands of Bristo and Powburn. Flanked on the western side by the boundary wall of Greyfriars' Churchyard, on the east, from Greyfriars' Port to the Cowgatehead, there was a continuous line of houses, with an open space behind. In Gordon of Rothiemay's map, two or three houses appear on the western side, at the foot of the *Row*, one of which was a curious little timber-fronted tenement, surmounted by antique crow-steps while an open gallery projected in front, and rude little shot-windows admitted light to the gloomy chambers within. This in all probability was "*The Cunzie Nook,*" the early site of the Mint prior to its permanent establishment in Mint Close, High Street. Near the foot of the *Row* on the west side is the old entrance to Greyfriars' Churchyard (of which more anon) which originally bore the following lines on a tablet over the archway:—

## The Story of Edinburgh

“Remember, man, as thou goes by,  
As thou art now, so once was I,  
As I am now, so shalt thou be :  
Remember, man, that thou must dee.”

At the head of the Row where it joins Bristo, still stands the hall of the ancient Corporation of Candle-makers with the arms of the craft cut boldly over the doorway on a large, oblong panel above the motto, “*Omnia manifesta luce,*” and the date 1722.

We now retrace our steps to the foot of the Row and enter the *Grassmarket*. This spacious thoroughfare, rectangular in form and upwards of 230 yards in length, extends from the West Bow to the entrance to the West Port. Modernised as it is, its situation is still wondrously picturesque, but what must have been the scene when its sides were lined with those antique and lofty lands with their peaked and crow-stepped gables ; dormer and recessed windows ; their timber fronts ; projecting “turnpikes” diversified here and there by forestairs ; while overhead towered the mighty mass of the Castle and the line of the houses in the Castlehill and Lawnmarket. At the north-east end of it, immediately opposite to the place at the corresponding south-east corner where the Cowgate and Candlemaker Row debouched upon the Grassmarket, was the termination of the West Bow or “Bowfoot,” as it was called ; and here, as shown in the accompanying illustration, was the place of public execution, where, condemned to death by those bloodthirsty Scottish Alvas of the seventeenth century, Rothes, Lauderdale, Sharp, Dalziel, Grierson, and Claverhouse,—often after a mere mockery of a trial, often without any at all,—“the Martyrs of the Covenant,” from Guthrie to Renwick, “glorified God in the Grassmarket,” as one of their so-called judges, the Duke of Rothes, brutally remarked. Here also occurred the incident of “Half-



The Gibber at the foot  
of the West Bow.

## The Story of Edinburgh

hangit Maggie Dickson." She was sentenced to death for child murder, and, as supposed, duly executed. She was then put into her coffin and her friends allowed to remove the body. Having placed it in a cart they started on their journey to Inveresk. The jolting of the cart over the rough cobble-stones seems to have restored suspended animation, which otherwise might have flickered out. On passing Peffermill she scared her friends by knocking upon the coffin lid, and on reaching Musselburgh she drank a glass of whisky and declared herself as well as ever she was in her life. On hearing of the incident the law would fain have reclaimed her, but her certificate of execution had already been signed, and the highest legal authorities declared that the Magistrates had no further "rights" over a woman certified dead. She lived for many years thereafter, was the mother of several children and was a crier of salt in the streets of Edinburgh as late as 1770.

Another terrible scene occurred there on the night of the 7th September 1736, when an overflowing tide of excited humanity poured down the West Bow, bearing on its crest a pale and trembling wretch as helpless as a straw amid the *maelstrom*. Onward the living current rolled until it checked itself before a dyer's (dye's) pole on the south side, exactly in a line with the place where the gallows usually stood, and there they hanged their victim. It was the Edinburgh mob taking lynch law vengeance upon Captain John Porteous for the unwarrantable slaughter of some of their neighbours five months before. The spot where the socket for the gibbet was wont to be sunk is still marked by a Saint Andrew's Cross in the causeway.

The Grassmarket was long used for the sale of cattle and horses, the custom having been initiated by the monks of the Greyfriars' Monastery, whose "house," church, and gardens covered all the ground south of the Grass-



## *The Cowgate, Grassmarket, etc.*

market up to the Boroughloch. The weekly markets thus commenced by the monks continued to be popular until about eighty years ago, when the new market off Lauriston attracted thither the cattle and sheep. The weekly sale of horses, however, is still maintained. The only house of any historic interest in the Grassmarket is situated at the north-eastern end of the square, and though now a lodging-house was at one time the residence of Graham of Claverhouse, where the great foe to the Covenanters was wont to watch the executions of the Covenanters. Claverhouse was by no means the bloodthirsty fiend represented by many Whig historians. By his own friends he was greatly beloved; but like Dalziel he esteemed the execution of Charles I. so unpardonable an offence, that he deemed that any sympathiser with the principles of the regicides deserved naught but death.

At the lower end of the "market" and still on the north side, is the *White Hart Inn*, a very ancient hostelry. Mentioned by several chroniclers in the sixteenth century, it was still, in the eighteenth, the starting place for all the coaches and carriers proceeding along the great northern and north-western roads.

In one of the numerous narrow alleys (some say Plainstane's Close) at the back of the Inn, the "Cock-pit" was built for the sport of cock-fighting. It was here that the delegates of the British Convention of "Friends of the People"—that association of early Radicals—were seized in December 1793. Their aim was to stir up the masses to assert their rights and privileges. But the movement was both premature and ill-managed, and ended, as we have stated elsewhere, in the transportation of Palmer, Skirving, Margarot, Gerald, Downie, and others, while Watt was executed because he had actually caused arms to be made for the furtherance of the enterprise, a course opposed by the others.

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

Immediately opposite, on the south side, is the Corn Exchange, erected in 1849 in the Palladian style after designs by David Cousin, and fitted up with every convenience for the display and testing of grain. Here the grain-merchants are accustomed to meet. The old Corn Exchange stood on the west side of the square. We now strike down the narrow thoroughfare called the "West Port," and on the left-hand side come to a steep lane called the *Vennel*, up which we proceed to climb. The line of the "city wall" ran along the eastern side of this alley and was terminated by a battlemented gateway, somewhat similar to the "Netherbow Port," called the "West Port." The *Vennel* is especially worthy of the visit we make to it because therein is still preserved a section of the "old city wall" popularly called the "Flodden Wall." About eighty yards of it are still intact with one bastion, as will be seen from the illustration on page 53. That it was built in haste and by unskilled workmen can be surmised from the character of the materials employed and their unworkmanlike arrangement. It was a time of stress and suffering, when women and children all helped in the prosecution of what was esteemed a necessary undertaking. Retracing our steps to the foot of the *Vennel* we find ourselves in the ancient burgh or barony called Portsburgh, the superiority of which was purchased by the Town Council from Sir Adam Hepburn in 1648. According to Maitland, it comprehended the main street of the West Port and all that part of Lauriston now extending to Tollcross, on which in afterdays were built some of the suburban mansion houses, surrounded by their orchards and grounds: those, *e.g.*, of the Vans of Barnbarroch, the Hawthorns of Castlewigg, and the Lawsons of Highriggs. Lady Lawson's Wynd, running at right angles from the West Port and named from the last-named family, was originally the road leading up to

## *The Cowgate, Grassmarket, etc.*

their mansion and long contained the meeting-house of the Cameronians or Reformed Presbyterians. The West Port was also the scene, in 1828, of the terrible succession of murders by William Burke and William Hare. These human ghouls, who lived in a wretched alley called 'Tanner's Close, on the north side of the street, were in the habit of decoying men, women, and even children into their den, where after being induced to take drink strongly drugged, the wretched victims were suffocated, and their bodies sold to the surgeons for dissection. This awful traffic had gone on for many months before suspicion began to be aroused. At last, owing to the unaccountable disappearance of a city natural, "Daft Jamie," suspicions were aroused and investigations instituted which led to the apprehension of the two principals and their female associates, Log and M'Dougal. Against the women nothing definite could be proved, and Burke, to do him justice, did all he could to screen his so-called wife, M'Dougal, but Hare, the greater villain of the two, turned king's evidence. The punishment fell on Burke alone, the commission of at least nine murders being abundantly proved.

The burgh of Portsburgh, from the "Port to the Tollcross" was formerly the residence of many families of distinction whose houses, situated in off-shooting wynds and closes or on the main street, were in existence until comparatively recently, when the Town Council, under the City Improvement Act, here as elsewhere, swept away many substantial tenements that might well have been allowed to remain. We cannot leave this part of the city without recalling that it was here that Dr. Chalmers initiated his great experiment of "Territorial Churches," which has been the model of nearly all Home Mission work from that day to this. The Chalmers' Territorial Church (otherwise the West Port U.F. Church) is the outcome of it, while the district

## The Story of Edinburgh

has been changed from being the most degraded and dissolute in the city to one of the most orderly. (See Hanna's *Life of Chalmers*, Vol. IV.)

We now retrace our steps to the Grassmarket, and passing the site of the old Corn Exchange turn to the left into *King's Stables Road*. Above us towers the Castle perched on its precipitous crag, with Johnston Terrace winding like a snake round the cliffs, midway between us and the fortress. Of old, the space between us and the terrace in question was occupied by ancient houses, many of them dating back to the sixteenth century. *King's Stables Road* preserves the name of the Royal Mews, which were situated here from the reign of Robert II. The jousting-ground being located where the western side of the Grassmarket is now, the close proximity of the stables was a necessity. From that day to this the locality has retained its connection with equine accommodation and equestrian exercises, the large Horse Bazaar and Riding School of Messrs. Croall keeping up the tradition. There used to be a small chapel here in pre-Reformation days, especially devoted to shriving knights about to engage in combat. One of the finest old houses in Edinburgh was that of Thomas Borland, which long stood in *King's Stables*, a handsome and substantial edifice, three storeys in height, including the dormer windows, with picturesque crow-stepped gables and a finely-moulded door in front, over which was the legend: "*Fear God; Honour the King; T.B. ; V.B. 1675.*"

Proceeding along *King's Stables Road*, Castle Terrace crowning the raised bank above us on the left, where also is the chosen site of the new Usher City Hall; while on the right is the rugged base of the Castle Rock, thickly wooded and with pleasant walks diverging hither and thither, we at length reach the entrance to St. Cuthbert's or the West Kirk, the history of which goes

## *The Cowgate, Grassmarket, etc.*

further back into the dim reaches of history than that of any other ecclesiastical institution in Edinburgh. The site was occupied by a church as early as the eighth century, being dedicated to St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Durham, who had died in 687. Prior to the Reformation its history is involved in obscurity, but a detailed record exists of all its ministers since that event, many of them being men of note in their day, such as Robert Pont, Nicol Dalgleish, David Williamson ("Denty Davie"), Neil M'Vicar, Thomas Pitcairn, David Dickson, Robert Paul, and Sir Henry Moncrieff. The parish was, in 1835, so large that it measured 5 miles in length, north to south, and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in breadth, the present day *quoad sacra* parishes of Buccleuch, St. Bernard's, Newington, and Lady Glenorchy's being all included in it. The present building was erected in 1775, but was altered, modernised and enlarged in 1895-96. The graveyard contains the dust of many of Scotland's well-known sons, especially those who attained eminence in the Church of Scotland. Here also the remains of Thomas de Quincey rest, the spot well-nigh overshadowed by the beetling Castle Rock. 'Tis a sequestered and silent corner where he sleeps, all else concealed save nature's beauties, though within sight and sound of the stream of the busy city's life!

King's Stables Road here joins the Lothian Road, about a hundred yards from the foot of the latter. At the corner on the right-hand side stands the beautiful Scottish Episcopal Church of St. John's, erected in 1817 in the modern Gothic style after the plans by Mr. William Burn, who designed it in imitation of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Of this church the pious and genial Dean Ramsay was long the incumbent. In the little graveyard adjoining, or in the vaults under the church, rest Sir Henry Raeburn, one of the greatest of Scottish painters, Sir William Hamilton, Professor of

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

Logic and Metaphysics in the University, and one of the greatest philosophers Scotland ever produced; Macvey Napier, who edited the *Edinburgh Review* after Jeffrey's retirement; Catherine Sinclair, the novelist, and many others.

Immediately opposite the church is the great terminus of the Caledonian Railway, with the large and magnificent hotel attached. The sculpture over the main entrance for foot-passengers is a very fine piece of art.

With regard to Lothian Road it may interest our readers to know that this thoroughfare was constructed in a single day as the result of a wager. The editor of *Kay's Portraits* states that though the road had long been projected, owing to objections raised by the proprietors of many neighbouring barns, byres, and sheds, the scheme could not be carried into effect for some years. When at last the proposal was about to be agreed to by the opposing parties, the broad and stately road was, to the surprise of the public and the mortification of the opposition, made *in a single day*!

"A gentleman, said to be Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, laid a bet with a friend to the effect that he would, between sunrise and sunset, execute the line of road, extending nearly a mile in length by twenty paces in breadth. This scheme he concerted with address and executed with promptitude. It happened to be the winter season when many men were unemployed. He had no difficulty in collecting several hundreds of these on the ground at the appointed time, when he gave them all a plentiful breakfast of porter, whisky, and bread and cheese, after which, just as the sun rose, he ordered them to set to work, some to tear down enclosures, others to unroof and demolish cottages, and a considerable portion to bring earth wherewith to fill up the natural hollow (near the churchyard gate) to the required height. The inhabitants, dismayed at so vast a force and so summary a mode of procedure, made no resistance. And so active were the workmen that, before sunset, the road was sufficiently formed to allow the bettor to drive his carriage triumphantly over it, which he did amidst the accumulation of a great multitude of persons, who flocked from the town to witness the issue of this extraordinary undertaking."

## CHAPTER XX

### *Princes Street and the Older Parts of the New Town*

PRINCES STREET has been aptly styled "the noblest street in Europe." For variety and richness of scenery, for picturesqueness of situation, for magnificence of architectural effects, as well as for convenience of access and exit it is unrivalled. Yet only 160 years ago all the surface, now covered with streets of houses, the stones of which are already beginning to assume the tinge of antiquity, was a wide expanse of cornfields and dairy meadows, where citizens went to enjoy a country walk, or to eat curds and cream at "Bearford's Park" or "Wood's Farm." Where the East and West Princes Street Gardens are to-day was a wide, sedge-fringed sheet of water, the Nor' Loch, famed for its mammoth eels and its innumerable water-fowl, while along the high, precipitous northern bank ran a long, straight road, between two low, dry-stone walls, called the "Lang Dykes," or the "Lang Gait." Beyond this, down to the village of Canonmills, and the banks of the Water of Leith, were only farmhouses and the cottages of market-gardeners. On the site of the Register House stood the mansion house and home farm of Moultrie's Hill; and on the ground now occupied by the head office of the Royal Bank, there used to be a house and garden called "Peace and Plenty," where the citizens of the mid-decades of the eighteenth century were wont to treat themselves to strawberries, or a dish of curds and cream.

## The Story of Edinburgh

But about the middle of the eighteenth century, as we have said, the lack of accommodation in the "Old Town" began to be painfully felt. In the cramped *ménage* of the wynds and closes, in which "laigh rooms" or underground cellars were too often used as nurseries, a succession of abnormally damp seasons increased the rate of infantile mortality so terribly, that several schemes were proposed for the erection of a "New Town" on the opposite bank of the Nor' Loch. The North Bridge, which was always presupposed as a *sine qua non* in any scheme for a "New Town," was several times planned, once by Sir William Bruce of Kinross, the Scottish architect of Charles II., and subsequently by others. The plan, however, which was adopted was that in which the Mylnes were chiefly interested. In 1752 a design was accepted, but no steps were actually taken to further the erection of the bridge until 1759, when the Town Council applied to Parliament for a Bill to extend the "royalty" of the city over the ground whereon the New Town stands to-day. After delays, extending over four years, the Council, incited thereto by the public-spirited George Drummond, had to begin the bridge without having any Bill to authorise it. A portion of the Nor' Loch was drained, foundations were dug, and in 1763 the first stone was laid, amid great rejoicings. After many interruptions and hindrances, some of them caused by the fall of a portion of it, the bridge was completed in 1772. In consequence of the increase of traffic it was widened in 1873, and a wholly new structure was substituted in 1899-1900.

The erection of the bridge stimulated the laying out of the new royalty. About 1760-61, James Craig, a well-known Edinburgh architect, and the nephew of Thomson, the poet of the *Seasons*, prepared a set of plans which were, after some changes, pronounced



## *Princes Street*

satisfactory by the Town Council. His idea was that the main streets with those intersecting them should form a series of parallelograms, the names assigned to the thoroughfares being taken chiefly from the royal family and the patron saints of the town. In this scheme Princes Street was originally styled "St. Giles' Street." On the plan being shown to George III., when he saw that the principal street was called "St. Giles' Street," a name suggesting to a Londoner all that is mean and squalid, he cried, "Hey—hey—what—what—what—call your chief street St. Giles' Street? Never do, never do!" Accordingly the designation was changed to Princes Street, after the younger members of the royal family, Frederick Street being called after the Prince of Wales.

Easy, however, was it for the magistrates to put the plan on paper: a harder task lay before them to induce "Old Town" citizens to begin building in a spot so far removed from the centre of business. For a long time no one offered to build, though several persons purchased feus. The magistrates were accordingly obliged to offer a premium of £20 to the individual who should erect the first residence, and in October 1767 a Mr. John Young began the construction of his mansion in Rose Court, George Street, the first house in "New Edinburgh." Whether or not the premium was paid to him I cannot discover. One of the earliest houses in Princes Street was erected in the following year by Mr. John Neale, a silk mercer. This building, afterwards the place of business of Archibald Constable, the great publisher, Neale's son-in-law, and still later occupied by the Crown Hotel, is now the branch office of one of the great English railway companies. Thereafter building proceeded rapidly, and by 1790 the line of Princes Street was fully completed as far as Castle Street. An attempt was made to erect houses on the south side.

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

This design, however, as being a breach of the original contract, was vigorously opposed, and although one or two buildings were raised on the site now occupied by the North British Station Hotel, an interdict of Court stopped further steps in that direction.

Princes Street, save at its extreme eastern end, was at first wholly devoted to residential purposes, but after 1830 business premises began to banish the mansions, and now the magnificent thoroughfare is mainly occupied by the best hotels and the finest shops in the city. The architecture has been carefully watched by the Dean of Guild Court, and no structure of a low elevation or of a type out of harmony with the prevailing character and symmetry of the whole has been permitted to be erected. The result is, as is generally admitted, that Princes Street is now unsurpassed in beauty by any street in Europe.

To enumerate all the noble buildings on its northern side would be out of place in such a work as this. Only the most outstanding can be touched upon. The finest of the six great blocks into which Princes Street is divided are those between Castle Street and Frederick Street, between Frederick Street and Hanover Street, and between Hanover Street and South St. David Street. In the first of these the premises of the Conservative and University Clubs, and the "Scottish Liberal Club"; in the second, the "New Club," the Balmoral Hotel and the offices of the "Life Association of Scotland," with a very ornate façade in the florid Italian style; and in the third, the adjoining structures of the Royal Hotel and Messrs. Jenner & Company's great emporium, unite artistic taste in design with imposing architectural effects. At the east end of the northern side is the Register House, where historical records and public and private deeds of special value are deposited. From the twelfth to the sixteenth century the "Register House" was

## *Princes Street*

located in one of the towers of the Castle, and from some of the "Acts of Sederunt" many documents would seem to have been kept there as late as 1679. A vault below Parliament House was the second place of deposit for deeds, but owing to damp and vermin they suffered great damage there. For a long time the Government would do nothing, and the erection of the present fine building is really due to James, Earl of Morton (who died in 1774), the Lord Clerk Registrar. Seeing it was vain to hope for any official grant, he obtained out of the funds accruing from the forfeited estates of the Jacobites £12,000, which being invested till 1765, almost provided the required sum. In that year Morton renewed his application, this time with success, and the foundation-stone of the new structure was laid in June 1774. The building is of the Palladian order of architecture, being erected from plans prepared by Robert Adam, and combines the utmost internal commodiousness with great external beauty. Upwards of 100 vaulted rooms are devoted to the preservation of the historical legal documents of the kingdom. In one of the largest rooms are kept the rolls of the ancient Scots Parliament, the records of the Privy Council, charters of the sovereigns of Scotland from the days of William the Lion to those of Queen Anne, and on one of the tables lies the Scottish duplicate of the Treaty of Union. Here, too, is preserved the Act of Settlement of the Crown upon the House of Stuart, a document by virtue of which the present royal family inherits the Throne. Inside the building is a statue of George III., while immediately in front of the Register House is the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, by the late Sir John Steell, R.S.A., which stands on a pedestal of Peterhead granite.

The chief points of interest in Princes Street, however, are situated on the south side of it. Opposite the Register House is the splendid new Station Hotel, erected by the

## The Story of Edinburgh

North British Railway Company at an estimated cost of £220,000 (including the site), from plans prepared by the late Mr. Hamilton Beattie. The huge building is designed on the principle often adopted in mansions of the Jacobean period, of being erected around an interior quadrangle or courtyard. The clock tower can be seen from nearly all parts of the city and the view from it is magnificent. Immediately opposite the hotel is West Register Street, in which about seventy-five years ago was situated the cosy tavern, "Ambrose's," which Professor Wilson made the scene of those "Noctes Ambrosianæ" which had such a marvellous success when they appeared in the *Blackwood* of their day, but which nowadays, for the most part, appear so vapid and uninteresting, when we have in large measure lost the key to the references to contemporary events.

Adjoining the hotel are the steps leading down to the *Waverley Station*, the largest railway station in the world (covering an area of  $25\frac{1}{2}$  acres of ground, of which 13 acres are under glass roof), and connecting the North British Railway with the North Eastern, Great Northern, and Midland systems. Immediately to the right of this is the *Waverley Market*, with its roof laid out in pleasant *parterres* and clumps of shrubbery, with walks and seats between, affording a grateful contrast by its greenery, to the prevailing "grey" of the surroundings. The *Market*, erected in 1872 and devoted to the sale of garden produce, is most commodious and can be speedily converted into a large hall for monster meetings. Here the "Union" of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches was consummated on October 31, 1900. It is interesting to note that the old Scotland Street tunnel in the Edinburgh, Fife and Dundee Railway, which entered immediately below the line of Princes Street's retaining wall, still exists, but is now devoted to the purpose of mushroom growing.

## Princes Street

We now cross the upper end of the Waverley Bridge, the present structure being built in 1872-73, and enlarged in 1894-95, and enter the *East Princes Street Gardens*, laid out in graceful terraces and slopes, and with an esplanade, level with the street, about 100 feet wide, and extending from the Waverley Bridge to the Mound. At the extreme eastern corner is Mrs. D. O. Hill's fine bronze statue of Livingstone, representing the great missionary explorer in traveller's costume, and with "the Bible which I have found to be mightier than a thousand rifles" occupying a conspicuous place in his hand. A little further on, looking up South St. David Street, is the *Scott Monument*, erected in 1844—at a cost of £15,500, wholly raised by public subscription, from a competitive design prepared by Mr. G. M. Kemp, a young self-taught artist, who while travelling through Europe in order to study Gothic architecture, actually supported himself by working as an ordinary mason. He was accidentally drowned in the Canal before the completion of this great undertaking. The monument takes the form of a large open Gothic pinnacle 200 feet high, the central spire resting on four arches which form a canopy over the figure of the novelist seated with a shepherd's plaid thrown around him and with his favourite staghound, Maida, at his feet. Executed in Carrara marble by Steell, the statue is marvelously lifelike and true to nature. The niches above the centres of the four arches are filled with small statues—on the north, Prince Charles Edward, the Young Chevalier; on the south, the Lady of the Lake; on the east, Meg Merrilees; on the west, the Last Minstrel. Four flying buttresses, arched on clustered columns ascending to the first gallery, spring into the air to the height of 90 feet, and terminate in pinnacles beautifully carved and crowned with delicately-finished and richly-ornamented finials. All over the monument at stated intervals

## The Story of Edinburgh

there are niches which are filled with statuettes representing the principal characters in the "Waverley Novels," while the capitals of the pilasters supporting the vaulted roof are ornamented by likenesses of celebrated Scottish writers—Robert Burns, Robert Fergusson, James Hogg, and Allan Ramsay on the west front; George Buchanan, Sir David Lyndsay, Robert Tannahill, and Lord Byron on the south; Tobias Smollett, James Beattie, James Thomson, and John Home on the west; Queen Mary, King James I., King James V., and Drummond of Hawthornden on the north. An internal staircase leads to a series of open galleries encircling the spire. When the foundation-stone of the structure was laid in 1840, Lord Jeffrey, Scott's early friend, wrote the following inscription to be engraven on the plate affixed to the stone:—

"This graven plate deposited in the base of a votive building on the 15 day of August, in the year of Christ, 1840, and never likely to see the light again until all the surrounding structures are crumbled to dust by the decay of time, or by human or elemental violence, may then testify to a distant posterity that his countrymen began on that day to raise an effigy and architectural monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, whose admirable writings were then allowed to have given more delight and to have suggested better feelings to a larger class of readers in every rank of society than those of any other author with the exception of Shakespeare alone, and which were therefore thought likely to be remembered long after this act of gratitude on the part of the first generation of his admirers should be forgotten. He was born at Edinburgh, 15 August, 1771, and died at Abbotsford, 21 September, 1832."

A little to the east of the Scott Monument, but still on the esplanade in the gardens are the statues of Adam Black, the eminent publisher and founder of the firm of A. & C. Black, and who for some years was Lord Provost of the city and its representative in Parliament, and of Professor John Wilson (1785-1854), the "Christopher North" of *Blackwood*, a man whom Sir

## Princes Street

Walter Scott described as one of the first geniuses of his time. As poet, critic, essayist, novelist, and philosopher, he achieved his distinction, but, as Lord Robertson said of him, "the man was infinitely greater than his books."

We now issue from the East Princes Gardens and cross the foot of *The Mound*. This is a vast but ugly accumulation of earth bisecting the noble valley. It may be said to have taken its inception about 1781, being gradually formed by the earth thrown out when digging the foundations of the streets in the "New Town." By 1830 it had assumed its present dimensions, its length being 800 feet, its height towards the north 60, and towards the south 100. Carefully examined in 1859, retaining walls being built where required, its slopes were turfed or sown, and ornamental railings placed along the line of the road formed upon it. The two most interesting buildings situated at its lower end, constructed after the model of two Greek temples, are the *Royal Institution*,—the one facing Princes Street—and the *National Gallery*,—standing immediately in the rear of the other—both of them designed by Mr. W. H. Playfair. The former, founded in 1823, is a fine example of the pure Doric architecture of the Periclean epoch. As originally erected it was without enrichment in the pediments, but the building was largely altered in the year 1836, and now forms an oblong, nearly akin to that of a peripteral temple, with fluted columns all rising from a uniform base of steps and surmounted by a pure Greek entablature. From the north front projects a triple octo-style portico, and from its south front a double octo-style portico, the pediments of both being filled with exquisitely carved Greek scroll-work and honeysuckle. Eight sphinxes adorn the four corners of the roof, while behind the apex of the northern portico is a colossal crowned statue by

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

Steell of the late Queen Victoria, seated in state robes and holding the sceptre and orb. In this building the meetings of the Royal Society are held, and here too is located the Edinburgh School of Design. The Antiquarian Museum used to be housed here, but some years ago was transferred to the fine new quarters prepared for it in York Place.

The *Art Galleries*, the foundation-stone of which was laid in 1850 by the Prince Consort, stand immediately behind the Royal Institution, forming a cruciform structure with its main length extending north and south. At the north and south ends or fronts are exquisitely symmetrical Ionic porticoes, while on the side of each transept is a noble hexastyle Ionic portico. The eastern section or "Gallery" is occupied from February to May of each year by the Royal Scottish Academy's Exhibition; while the western section is permanently reserved for the "National Gallery" or collection of Old Masters. Divided into three great saloons, the first of these contains specimens of Flemish, Dutch, and French art; the second or central division is allocated to the various Italian Schools—Florentine, Venetian, Neapolitan, Genoese, Milanese, Ferrarese, etc., and the Flemish School—while the third embraces examples of English and Scottish painters. The National Gallery is well worthy of a visit, though it cannot compare for a moment with the great collections in London or on the Continent. It includes, however, favourable specimens of Tintoretto, Titian, Domenichino, Roberti, Perugino, Lippi, Vandyke, Jan Van Eyck, Rembrandt, Rubens, Paul Veronese, Velasquez, Murillo, Greuze, Poussin, Huysmans, etc., while the examples of the British and specially of the native school are particularly choice and valuable. A fine collection of water-colours is also housed here, also others of bronzes and marbles. The Royal Scottish Academy



## Princes Street

only dates back to the early part of the nineteenth century (May 1826), but for centuries before, Scottish artists had won reputation for themselves, chief among these being George Jamesone, "The Scots Vandyke" (1586-1650); the two Scougals, who lived in the seventeenth century; Nicolas Hude, a Huguenot refugee, also of the seventeenth century, who lived in Beth's Wynd; John Baptisto Medina, who migrated from Flanders and settled in the Canongate, where his son succeeded him; Allan Ramsay, son of the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*, who became royal portrait painter to George II.; Norrie, the landscape painter and decorator; Carse, the Teniers of Scotland; Runciman, and later, David Allan, Sir William Allan, Sir Henry Raeburn, Sir D. Wilkie, Thomson of Duddingston, the Watsons, etc. Since 1826 the Royal Scottish Academy has had an unbroken career of success, and has ever been the foster-parent of subsidiary and affiliated societies for the cultivation of special branches of Art.

Crossing the foot of the Mound we now enter the West Princes Street Gardens, beautifully designed and laid out (in 1816-20) by Scott's intimate friend, James Skene of Rubislaw. Here shady walks meander over slope and flat or lead the visitor up to the ridge of the Castle bank, where a magnificent view can be obtained of the whole expanse of the Forth. The gardens contain some excellent statues of some of Edinburgh's greatest citizens, beginning with Allan Ramsay, the poet, whose house formerly crowned the crest of the hill on the opposite bank of the Nor' Loch. The statue was executed by Steell, being erected in 1865, at the cost of Lord Murray, a descendant of Ramsay. The medallions around it represent the various descendants of this genial son of song. Proceeding along the broad northern walk we reach the statue of *Sir James Y.*

## The Story of Edinburgh

*Simpson*, "the beloved physician," the discoverer of chloroform and one of the most illustrious medical scientists of modern times. The statue, which is by Brodie, presents the great professor seated in his chair, his head slightly bent towards the ground, as though absorbed in thought. A little further along, but in the grounds of St. John's Episcopal Church, stands a fine Celtic cross erected in memory of Dean Ramsay, for many years incumbent of the church and author of a volume which is a household word north of the Tweed, *Characteristics of Scottish Life and Character*.

Having completed our survey of Princes Street, we must now take a glance at the streets which run parallel with it and form with it the older part of the "New Town." Crossing the busy thoroughfare beside the great clock, which marks a *quinquium* or point of junction of five ways, we turn up Hope Street and enter *Charlotte Square*, one of the most imposing and splendid of the many noble squares of Edinburgh. The houses are almost entirely occupied by the leading physicians and surgeons of the city. On the western side, so placed as to form a fitting termination to the long stately line of George Street, is St. George's Church, the dome of which is a model on a small scale of that of St. Paul's in London. The pulpit of this church was long occupied by the celebrated Dr. Andrew Thomson. In the gardens which form the centre of the square is the *Albert Memorial*, an equestrian statue of the late Prince Consort, by Sir John Steell, unveiled by the late queen in 1876. At the lower end of the north-west corner of the square stands a beautiful monument in the shape of a cross with pyramidal base, erected to the memory of Catherine Sinclair, the novelist. Her father, Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, a keen politician and Member of Parliament, as well as a voluminous author on such subjects as the Corn Laws, the political state of Europe,

## *Princes Street*

Catholic Emancipation, Education, and Infant Schools, lived in "No. 6" in the square. Other distinguished residents of it have been Lord Neaves (in No. 7), James Syme, the celebrated surgeon (No. 9), Sir William Fettes, who founded Fettes College (No. 13), Lord Cockburn, jurist and man of letters (No. 14), Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, another of Scott's friends (in No. 31), while Lord Robertson, son of the great principal and historian, and himself a judge of ability and a man of much culture, lived in No. 42.

*George Street* opens immediately out of Charlotte Square and is one of the broadest and most imposing streets in the city, being 115 feet in width, though its architecture is somewhat heavy. Intended for residential purposes, it, too, like Princes Street, has been wholly monopolised by offices and shops. It has, however, been adorned by a line of statues which stand at the points of its intersection with cross thoroughfares, that of Chalmers where it joins Castle Street, that of Pitt where it meets Frederick Street, and that of George IV. where it joins Hanover Street, while at the upper end, where it is terminated by St. David Street, there is a fine group of statuary by Steell, representing "Alexander and Bucephalus." On the section between Frederick Street and Hanover Street are the establishments of two famous publishing firms, "No. 45," that of Messrs. William Blackwood & Son, whence *Maga* is issued, and the threshold of whose door has been crossed by nearly four generations of authors, from Scott and Galt to Neil Munro. On the opposite side of the street, at "No. 38," the great theological and legal publishing firm of Messrs. T. & T. Clark has its headquarters, the present head of which firm is Sir John Clark, Bart. Almost opposite the "house of Blackwood" and sufficiently noticeable by a massive portico and an arcade of three rustic arches are the buildings known as the

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

*Assembly Rooms* and *Music Hall*, where most of the great public social functions and the chief concerts of the musical season are held. On the north side, near the St. Andrew Square end, is St. Andrew's Church, where, on the 18th May 1843, the Disruption in the Church of Scotland took place, when 470 ministers gave up their livings rather than suffer what they believed to be a usurpation of authority on the part of the State over the Church. Immediately opposite "St. Andrew's" is the head office of the Commercial Bank of Scotland, a noble edifice, designed by David Rhind in the Græco-Roman style, and with a hexastyle portico, admitted to be one of the finest examples of this mode in Britain. The Commercial Banking Company was founded in 1810, and has had a very successful career during the century of existence which it has so nearly completed.

St. Andrew Square forms the termination of George Street on the east, even as Charlotte Street does on the west. The east and west sides of the square are bounded by St. Andrew Street and St. David Street, the latter being named after David Hume, the great historian and philosopher. He had only recently removed into the corner house at the north-west side of the square, the street itself being as yet unnamed, when one morning his servant-maid came running in to tell him that someone (said to be the witty daughter of Chief Baron Orde), had written up the name "St. David Street" on the side of the house, which she considered was done to ridicule her master. "Never mind, lassie," said the philosopher, "many a better man has been made a saint of before!" To banking establishments and insurance offices St. Andrew Square is now largely relegated, the three great institutions, the National Bank of Scotland (founded in 1825), the British Linen Company (in 1746), and the Royal

## *Princes Street*

Bank (in 1727), all adjoining each other on the east side. The office of the first named is severely plain, being merely a dwelling-house enlarged by additions behind, to serve the purposes desired. The British Linen Company's office, on the other hand, is a magnificent structure, in the Corinthian style of Grecian architecture, with a three-storey façade, having its entablature supported by six fluted and projecting columns and surmounted by six statues, 8 feet in height, representing Navigation, Commerce, Manufacture, Art, Science, and Agriculture. The interior is magnificently finished, with a telling-room adorned with magnificent columns of Peterhead granite, which accord well with its finely-painted walls, its grand cupola of Venetian-stained glass, 50 feet in diameter and 30 feet high, and its Roman tile pavement. The Royal Bank occupies the mansion which once belonged to Sir Laurence Dundas, the founder of the family now bearing the title of Earl of Zetland. Standing within its own grounds the bank has a fine gravelled approach, round a central plot on which is placed the monument to Sir John Hope, fourth Earl of Hopetoun, who greatly distinguished himself in the Peninsular War. The house next to the Royal Bank was long occupied as Douglas's Hotel, being one of the best private hotels in the city. In this hotel Sir Walter Scott spent the last days he was ever to pass in Edinburgh, after his return from Italy, and just before he went home to Abbotsford to die. The monument which towers up from the gardens in the centre of the square to a height of 110 feet, was erected in 1821, in memory of Henry Dundas, first Viscount Melville, Lord Advocate in 1775, who held many high offices in the Government of Britain during the administration of Pitt. He was, however, charged with malversation of public funds, during his tenure of the office of Treasurer to the Navy, but triumphantly acquitted.

## The Story of Edinburgh

The monument is modelled after the Trajan column at Rome.

Sir Walter Scott had a great liking for George Street. In No. 107 he began his married life, taking his bride, *née* Miss Charlotte Charpentier, thither, until his own house in 39 Castle Street was completed; and at No. 75 his mother lived from the time of the death of Mr Walter Scott, sen., W.S., in 1798, until her own demise in 1819. But it is around the Castle Street house that the interest of all residents in and visitors to Edinburgh will naturally centre, "Poor No. 39," as Scott calls it in his *Journal*. The first house on the right-hand side of the northern section of the street, it commanded a view of a goodly portion of George Street, as well as the street in which it was situated. To it Scott went in 1802 and in it a great part of his literary work was done, from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* to *Woodstock*. Here his children grew up around him; here he entertained his visitors and friends during "session-time"; here he lived the sturdy, strenuous life of a high-spirited enthusiastic Edinburgh citizen, proud alike of his birthplace and of its people. Even more than Abbotsford, "No 39" was identified with all the lights and shadows of Scott's marvellous career. Abbotsford was his "show-place," his palace and his pride: "No 39" was his workshop, his magician's cell, within whose mysterious walls he gave definite shape and being to those wondrous creations of his fancy, whose existence, like those of Shakespeare, are not for an age but for all time. Few houses in Edinburgh arouse so many varied emotions in the mind of the observer as "Poor No. 39."

No. 5 George Street was of old the residence of William Creech, the publisher, after he had left the Old Town; No. 25 where Mr. James Ferrier resided, Principal Clerk of the Court of Session and father of



Nº 39 Castle Street  
Edinburgh

Robert Ralston

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

Miss Ferrier, the novelist. He was a keen whist-player and every night in his life had a rubber. His party often included Lady Augusta Clavering, daughter of his friend and client, John, fifth Duke of Argyll, and old Dr. Hamilton, who, from the fact of his being the last who habitually wore a cocked hat, was called "Cocked-Hat Hamilton." When victorious, the doctor would give way to extravagant demonstrations of joy, capering about the room and snapping his fingers, to the indignation of stately old Mr. Ferrier, who would say to his partner in his quiet tones, but always using his native Doric, "Leddy Augusta, did ye ever see such rideeclus leevity in an auld man?" No. 86 was the residence of Sir William Forbes, nephew and heir of the founder of the great banking business of that name. He is still remembered as being the successful suitor for the heart and hand of the lady for whom Sir Walter Scott felt such devoted attachment, viz., the only child and heiress of Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn and Invermay. In Scott's *Life* we read this extract from a letter of one of his friends—"Mr Forbes marries Miss Stuart. This is not good news. I always dreaded there was some deception on the part of our romantic friend, and I now shudder at the thought of its effect on his most irritable and ungovernable mind." For years Scott avoided meeting the lady.

Of existing places of interest in George Street we may state that at No. 84 the Northern Lighthouses Board has its offices; at No. 88 the Scottish Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is located; No. 96 is the headquarters of Scottish Freemasonry, the offices and rooms with the large meeting-hall attached being situated here; while at No. 125 the Local Government Board for Scotland is established.

*Queen Street* runs parallel with George Street and Princes Street, and was also at one time wholly resi-



## Princes Street

dential as regards the character of its houses, but they have been converted in a great measure into lawyers' chambers. Nevertheless, the street has an air of inherent gentility, of which even the partial invasion of shops at various points cannot deprive it. The extensive gardens in front impart to it, especially in summer, a semi-suburban character which is shared by Heriot Row and Abercromby Place, which are its *vis-à-vis* across the pleasure-grounds. In Queen Street many of the nobility, landed gentry, and legal luminaries had their mansions, No. 8 having been the residence of Chief Baron Orde of the Scottish Exchequer—afterwards of Sir Neil Douglas, who led the Cameron Highlanders in Spain during the Peninsular War, and later was Commandant of Edinburgh Castle; at No. 13 the Rev. Sir Henry Wellwood Moncrieff, Bart. (1755-1827), minister of St. Cuthbert's, lived, of whom Cockburn writes:—

“The Sunday suppers of Sir Henry Moncrieff are worthy of record. This most admirable and somewhat old-fashioned gentleman was one of those who always dined ‘between sermons,’ probably without touching wine. He then walked back from his house at the east end of Queen Street to his church, with his bands, his little cocked hat, his tall cane and his cardinal air, preached if it was his turn a plain practical sermon, walked home in the same style, took tea about five, spent some hours in his study, at nine had family prayers, at which he was delighted to see the friends of his sons, after which the whole party sat down to roasted hares, goblets of wipe, and his powerful talk.”

In No. 38 lived the celebrated George Patton (1803-68), afterwards Lord Advocate, and finally Lord Justice-Clerk, whose suicide created such a profound impression in 1868. A contemplated examination regarding his relations with the Bridgewater electors during a recent electoral contest in which he was defeated, preying on a mind unusually sensitive to scandal, unhinged his reason and led to this rash deed. His body was found in the River Almond with his throat cut. It may be stated

## The Story of Edinburgh

that the allegations were afterwards proved to be absolutely false and only started to prejudice his appointment as Lord Justice-Clerk.

No. 52 will always be a celebrated dwelling, for there the discovery of chloroform as an anæsthetic was made by Professor Sir James Y. Simpson, Bart., M.D. He thus relates his experience :—

“I had had the chloroform beside me for some days, but it seemed so unlikely a liquid to produce results of any kind, being heavy and unvolatile, that it was laid aside ; and on searching for another subject among some loose papers, after coming home very late one night, my hand chanced to fall upon it, and I poured some of the fluid into tumblers before my assistants, Dr. George Keith, Dr. Duncan, and myself. Before sitting down to supper we all inhaled the fluid, and were all under the mahogany in a trice, to my wife's consternation and alarm. On awakening, my first perception was mental, viz., that this was stronger and better than ether, my second was to note that I was prostrate on the floor among a heap of others and that there was confusion and alarm in the room. I then saw that Dr. Duncan was snoring heavily, and that Dr. Keith was kicking violently. We made several more trials with it that evening, all being absolutely satisfactory.”

The house is still occupied by a distinguished physician, Professor A. R. Simpson, nephew of Sir James, and his successor in the Chair of Midwifery.

In No. 53 John Wilson, “Christopher North,” resided with his mother even after his marriage, prior to removing to Gloucester Place. Here the famous *Chaldee Manuscript* was concocted, which created such a sensation when it appeared in *Blackwood* ; and to the Queen Street home Wilson brought his beautiful bride, Miss Jane Penny, the belle of the Lake District. In No. 62 Francis Jeffrey lived when he first actually commenced the formal work of editing the *Edinburgh Review*, being succeeded in the tenancy of the house by Professor Sir John Leslie, of the Natural Philosophy Chair in the University, and author of the *Essay on the Nature and Properties of Heat*. No. 64 was the town house of the

Earls of Wemyss ; No. 71 that of Francis, Lord Napier, a distinguished soldier of the race of " Fighting Napier," while in No. 79 Sydney Smith lived during the three years he spent in Edinburgh. Among other places of interest in Queen Street at the present day, No. 22 is where the Offices of the *Church of Scotland* are situated, and where all the great Standing Committees meet which manage the business details of the numerous missionary and other agencies in connection with the State Church ; while at No. 13 are located the analogous " Offices " of the Episcopal Church of Scotland. No. 9 is now the headquarters of the Royal College of Physicians in Scotland, No. 8 the *Edinburgh Institution*, one of the best educational seminaries in the city ; No. 4 the Philosophical Institution, where there is a fine lending library, magazine and newspaper-rooms, and where during the winter season lectures are delivered by well-known individuals on topics of current or general interest. Finally we reach the magnificent structure which terminates the long architectural vista of Queen Street, viz., the buildings wherein are housed the *Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, with their grand *Museum of Antiquities* ; the *Scottish National Portrait Gallery*, and finally, the *Royal Scottish Geographical Society*. The splendid pile of fourteenth-century Gothic architecture wherein these are lodged is due to the liberality and public spirit of the late J. R. Findlay, Esq., of Aberlour, one of the proprietors of the *Scotsman*, and was erected about 1890-95, after designs by Dr. Rowand Anderson, at a cost of £60,000. Both the Museum of Antiquities and the Scottish National Portrait Gallery are worthy not merely of a passing visit, but of detailed study and examination. Both are admirably arranged and classified, and carefully-compiled catalogues are procurable from the custodians, which enable one, even without a great amount of special knowledge, thoroughly to enjoy

## The Story of Edinburgh

a visit to these great collections. They are worthy of the land whereof Edinburgh is the capital.

Queen Street here terminates, but the line of thoroughfare is continued still further eastward by *York Place* (in which, singularly enough, there are two churches, both belonging to the Scottish Episcopal body, St. Paul's and St. George's), and *Picardy Place*. We must not forget, that, as regards York Place, in No. 10 there lived, early in the nineteenth century, William, Lord Craig, a well-known judge (who occupied his seat on the bench from 1792-1813). He was one of the contributors to the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, and wrote the paper in the latter on Michael Bruce, the poet, which admirers of the young bard value so highly. Lord Craig was the cousin of the beautiful Mrs Macle hose, the "Clarinda" of Burns. No. 19 was the residence of the famous Dr. John Abercrombie, author of the *Intellectual Powers*, and one of Edinburgh's most celebrated physicians. In No. 22 another judge lived, Charles Hay, Lord Newton, one of the hardest of claret drinkers, yet one of the ablest lawyers of his time. In No. 32, prior to 1820, Sir Henry Raeburn had his studio, and here, it is said, occurred the romantic accident by which he won his wife:—

"One day a young lady presented herself at his studio and desired to sit for her portrait. He instantly remembered having seen her in some of his excursions, when with sketch-book in hand he was noting down fine sketches of scenery, and as she had harmonised with the surroundings he had included her in the sketch. On further acquaintance he found she had sensibility and wit. His respect for her did not affect his skill of hand, but rather inspired it, and he succeeded in making a fine portrait, with which the lady was greatly pleased. A month or two afterwards she gave him her hand in marriage, bestowing on him at once an affectionate wife and a handsome fortune."

In No. 47 Alexander Nasmyth, the father of the Scottish School of landscape painting, had his residence,

to whom Edinburgh owes not a little of her beauty ; while No. 40 was the residence of Alexander Osborne, Commissioner of the Board of Customs, the tallest and heaviest man of his time, whose height was 7 feet 2 inches and his weight 19 stones, while his legs were nearly as large as the body of an ordinary person. Being in London once and having been an enthusiastic volunteer from the inception of the movement, Lord Melville introduced him to George III. as a specimen of the loyal defenders of the North. On witnessing such a Herculean type of man, the worthy monarch asked eagerly, "What—what—hey—hey, are all my Edinburgh volunteers like you?" Osborne, supposing the king referred to their status in society, answered promptly, "Every one of them, please your Majesty." "Astonishing!" cried the king, lifting his hands in wonder.

In *Picardy Place* (which, as we have seen, received its name from a colony of Picardy silk weavers, established here in the seventeenth century), John Clerk, Lord Eldin, a great lawyer and a great wit, lived in No. 16, after he was raised to the Bench. He was a great collector of pictures and prints, as well as of antiquities. His readiness of speech was proverbial. One day, while passing along the street, he heard a young lady behind him say to her friend, "That is John Clerk, the lame lawyer, in front of us." In an instant Clerk had wheeled round, "Nay, nay, madam, a lame man if ye like, but not a lame lawyer, as 'the Fifteen' know to their cost."

## CHAPTER XXI

### *The Older Parts of the New Town*

WE now retrace our steps a little, and striking down Duke Street we reach Abercromby Place (named after the hero of Acre), which, with its continuation, Heriot Row (so styled because the property was on the lands of George Heriot's Trust), faces Queen Street, across the gardens. These are two of the most delightful residential quarters in the older parts of the New Town, and as yet have not been invaded by offices and shops. At No. 21 *Abercromby Place*, William Edmonstone Aytoun, author of *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, was born, and at No. 22 James Pillans, LL.D., Professor of Humanity in Edinburgh University, lived from 1820-63. Pillans was one of the finest teachers that ever occupied a chair in the University, though by no means so outstanding a scholar as Dr. Adam of the High School. In No. 3 *Heriot Row* James Ballantyne resided subsequent to 1803, when he removed from St. John Street. Here Scott dined with him in that year (December 21), and recorded in his *Journal*:—

“Dined with James Ballantyne and met my old friend Matthews, the comedian, with his son, now grown up, a clever, rather forward lad, who makes songs in the style of Smith or Colman, and sings them with spirit.”

In No. 6 Henry Mackenzie, author of *The Man of Feeling*, resided in his later years. Lord Cockburn says in his *Memorials*:—

“The title ‘The Man of Feeling’ adhered to him ever after the publication of that novel in 1771, and it was a good example of the difference there sometimes is between a man and his work.

## *The Older Parts of the New Town*

Strangers used to fancy he must be a pensive sentimental Harley, whereas he was a hard-headed, practical man, full of worldly wisdom."

In No. 17 Robert Louis Stevenson resided under his father's roof from 1857, when the family migrated from Inverleith Terrace, until he finally left Edinburgh on that weary hunt after health which was eventually to lead him to Samoa. It was in this house, as Miss Margaret Moyes Black says of him, that as a child—

"He bore the burden of his bad health as bravely in those days as he did in after years, and made for himself plays and pleasures with his nimble brain while his weary body was often tired and restless in that bed whereof he had so much. His mother used to describe, with that same graphic touch which gives life to all her son wrote, the bright games the little fellow invented for himself, when he was well enough to be up and about and tell how in a corner of the room he made for himself a wonder-world all his own, in which heroes and heroines of romance loved and fought and walked and talked at the bidding of the wizard in frock and pinafore."

Passing from Heriot Row into *Howe Street* we note that in No. 18 Sir William Hamilton, the great metaphysician, resided from 1818-27, prior to the era of his professorship. Of this period Carlyle writes in his *Journal*:—

"In my student life in Edinburgh in 1819 or 1820 . . . there looked out upon me a back window on the ground floor of a handsome enough house; a window that had no curtains, and visible on the sill of it was a quantity of books lying about, gilt quartos and conspicuous volumes several of them; evidently the sitting-room and working-room of a studious man whose lot in this safe seclusion I viewed with a certain loyal respect."

From *Howe Street* we enter *Northumberland Street*, a fine row of moderately-sized dwellings suitable for households of cultured tastes, but whose means do not permit of residence in more expensive neighbourhoods. In No. 19 the late Dr. Terrot, Bishop of Edinburgh, lived for many years, while in No. 25 John Gibson

## The Story of Edinburgh

Lockhart resided in 1823-24, subsequent to his marriage with Sophia, daughter of Sir Walter Scott, and until his removal to London in 1825 to take up the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*. Of him Sir Archibald Alison writes at this time :—

“ His hair was dark, his eye keen, his lips thin, his complexion sallow, his manners polished but reserved. In general society he was silent and observant, in his intimate circle joyous and expansive. His satirical powers made him an amusing companion, but at the same time there mingled a certain feeling of distrust even with the affection of his most intimate friends : for you never could tell how soon you yourself might become the object of the shafts which he launched with so unmerciful a hand at others.”

From Northumberland Street we pass *via* Nelson Street into *Drummond Place*, one of the fine old squares of Edinburgh, the houses in which still retain traces of the days when it was one of the most fashionable quarters. In No. 28 Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Hoddam lived for several years before his death, and here was lodged that marvellous collection of antiquities, articles of *vertú* and *objets d’art* which he had amassed through life. He was full of persiflage and graceful wit. Mr. M. S. Tait, one of his early friends, permits us to publish the following as a specimen of a letter of invitation sent to him by Sharpe over fifty years ago :—

“ Come on Friday  
Wet or dry day.”

Chambers described him in his *Biographical Dictionary* as—

“ Peculiar in personal appearance and in the style of his dress, which belonged to a past rather than the present fashion. . . . His manner had all that gracefulness and ease, familiar yet polite, which distinguished the highly-aristocratic school in which he had been brought up.”

While Scott in his *Journal* says :—

“ He is a very complete genealogist. Strange that a man should be so curious after scandal a century old. Not but that Charles



## *The Older Parts of the New Town*

loves it 'fresh and free' also, for being a very fashionable man, he is always master of the reigning report, and he tells the anecdotes with such gusto that there is no helping sympathising with him, a peculiar voice adding not a little to the general effect. My idea is that Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, with his oddities, tastes, satire and high aristocratic feelings, resembles Horace Walpole."

No. 32 Drummond Place was the residence of Patrick Robertson, a man equally celebrated as a lawyer and a wit, who was raised to the Bench under the title of Lord Robertson. He was famous for his mock heroic speeches, for his improvised poems, their merit often lying in their excruciating badness, and for his flow of puns and witticisms. No form was more familiar than his in Parliament House, his face full of grotesque humour, his rotund figure of Johnsonian amplitude (as Grant says) being known to all, while his *sobriquet*, "Lord Peter," was in everyone's mouth. Lockhart, who in the *Quarterly Review* (at least in the single copy sent to Robertson) had written of him as

"that peerless paper-lord, Lord Peter,  
Who broke the laws of God, of man and metre,"

thus described a dinner at which Robertson presided:—

"He made his approach to the chair amid such a thunder of acclamation as seems to issue from the cheeks of the Bacchantes when Silenus gets astride his ass, in the famous picture of Rubens. Once in the chair, there was no fear of his quitting it while any remained to do homage to his authority. He made speeches, one chief merit of which consisted, unlike epic poems, in their having neither beginning, middle nor end. He sang songs in which music was not; he proposed toasts in which meaning was not: but over everything that he said, there was flung such a radiance of mother-wit . . . as to diffuse over us all one genial atmosphere of unmingled mirth."

He was a terror to all bores, and in *Wilson's Memorials* there is recounted one case in which he completely silenced a talker of this kind:—

"At a dinner-party a learned and pedantic Oxonian was becoming very tiresome with his Greek erudition which he insisted

## The Story of Edinburgh

on pouring forth on a variety of topics. At length at a stage of the discussion on some historical point, Lord Robertson turned round and fixing his large grey eyes upon the Englishman said, with a solemn and judicial air, 'I rather think, sir, Dionysius of Halicarnassus is against you there.' 'I beg your pardon,' said the Oxonian, quickly, 'Dionysius did not flourish for ninety years after that period.' 'Oh,' rejoined Robertson, with an expression of face that must be imagined, 'I made a mistake, I meant *Thaddeus of Warsaw*.' In the shriek of laughter that followed, the Grecian discussion collapsed."

He, however, always met his match in Scott. Robertson, who was convinced Scott was the author of the *Waverley Novels*, often tried to draw him. Sir Walter, as is well known, had a very high almost conical forehead, which in age was crowned with a mass of thick white hair. One day the discussion on the authorship of *Waverley* had grown very animated in the hall of Parliament House among the advocates, when the white head of Scott was seen approaching. The incident occurred just after the publication of *Peveril of the Peak*, therefore Robertson pretended to silence the more youthful disputants by saying loud enough for Scott to hear, "Hush, boys, hush, here comes old Peveril, I see his Peak." Scott affected not to hear, but passed on with an enigmatic smile, muttering in allusion to Robertson's Silenus-like figure, "Ay, ay, maybe it would be as well to be Peveril o' the Peak, as Peter o' the Paunch."

No. 38 was the residence of Adam Black, the publisher and founder of the firm of A. & C. Black. Though the son of a humble builder, he lived to become the head of one of the largest publishing houses of his time. Twice he refused knighthood: he was Lord Provost of the city from 1834-48, and was in his seventieth year when he was returned to the House of Commons in preference to Lord Macaulay. As is said of him in his *Life*, "Being a member of the inde-

## *The Older Parts of the New Town*

pendent body he was ever an advocate for unsectarian education, absolute freedom of trade, and complete toleration in religion."

Drummond Place opens into another thoroughfare filled with spacious and substantial dwellings—*Great King Street*. In No. 3 Professor Sir Robert Christison (1797-1882) of the Chair of *Materia Medica* in the University, resided for over half a century. He was probably the greatest authority on toxicology and of the whole science of animal and vegetable poisons, that has lived in modern times. His evidence at the trial of Palmer in London in 1856, was so valuable that he was specially thanked by Lord Campbell. To him also we owe the delightful drink, kola. In No. 9, Thomas De Quincey (1785-1859) lived for a time with his family between the years 1830-34 when he was writing his brilliant series of articles for *Blackwood*. In No. 72 Sir William Allan (1784-1852), President of the Royal Scottish Academy, lived and died, while in No. 16 Sir William Hamilton (1788-1856) resided for several years. In his *Memoir* the following description is given by Veitch of the interior of his mansion :—

"The rooms in which he and his family usually sat were surrounded by books; how clearly does one in which we passed many a pleasant hour rise to mind. In it from floor to roof the bookshelves mounted one above another, almost entirely covering the walls. Beneath some fine engravings of the Italian poets, on a table inlaid with brass, stood two handsome malachite vases, some pieces of old china, and usually a glass with flowers. The room was lighted by one large window, and in its entrance stood a large Indian jar covered with strange devices, which must have had a charmed life, since it had survived many generations of children unscathed. . . . Hamilton (as Professor Von Scheel said) is undoubtedly one of the first-class scholars living in Great Britain. His reading is immense, for he has considered no branch of science entirely foreign to his pursuits, and his memory is admirable."

Sir William Hamilton founded no school because he

## The Story of Edinburgh

devoted himself to the exposition of the principles of Thomas Reid's *Philosophy of Common Sense*—a course deeply to be regretted. With the exception of his edition of Reid, and his half-dozen articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, he wrote nothing. His lectures on *Logic and Metaphysics* prepared for his class requirements, often the night before delivery, could manifestly be no complete presentation of his philosophical ideas, and the fact has been shown by Professors Veitch, Seth Pringle-Pattison, and others, and not least by the late Herbert Spencer, that not only had John Stuart Mill, in his *Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy*, entirely misapprehended Hamilton's position, but had in many respects set up a man of straw of his own which he certainly annihilated, but without touching Hamilton. That he took a somewhat unfair advantage of one no longer able to reply, by selecting for the brunt of his attack lectures manifestly only adapted for the instruction of very young students of philosophy, is now generally admitted.

From Great King Street we ascend into the Royal Circus, formed by two stately and spacious "crescents" divided by Circus Place, thence through Gloucester Place and Doune Terrace into the celebrated Moray Place, the most magnificent and palatial street in the city. Before referring to it, a word regarding the residents of *Gloucester Place*. In No. 6 resided, from 1825 until his death in 1854, Professor John Wilson, "Christopher North." Here all his best and most enduring work was done. Sir Archibald Alison wrote of him in his *Autobiography*:—

"He was essentially a man of genius; you could not converse with him for five minutes without perceiving it. His very look revealed the fervour of his mind. Blue piercing eyes, thin and flying yellow hair, a fair complexion and sanguine temperament bespoke the Danish blood. His heart contained many of the purest and noblest sentiments, but with these was combined a

## *The Older Parts of the New Town*

strange mixture of drollery. . . . He scarcely ever began to work till a day or two before the article required to be printed, and then he wrote straight on often for sixteen or seventeen hours before leaving his room. In the intervening four weeks till the periodical demand of the printer's devil returned, he did little or nothing, dreaming over poetry, fishing up the Tweed or wandering in romantic rapture through the Highland glens."

Carlyle also writes of him in 1827 :—

"—a man of the most fervid temperament, fond of all stimulating things from tragic poetry down to whisky punch. He snuffed and smoked cigars and drank liquors and talked in a most indescribable style. Daylight came on before we parted : indeed it was towards three o'clock when the professor and I walked homeward, smoking as we went. He is a broad sincere man of six feet, with long dishevelled hair and two blue eyes keen as an eagle's."

No. 1 *Doune Terrace* was the residence of Robert Chambers, the younger of the two brothers to whom Scotland and Scotsmen, as well as Edinburgh and its citizens, owe so much. His industry was prodigious, as the list of works he produced amply testifies, beginning with the *Traditions of Edinburgh* and ending with the *Book of Days*, the preparation of which really killed him. The writer of the *Memoir of the Two Brothers* says :—

"Robert was so constituted that remarkably little sleep sufficed for him when in health, seldom more than five hours out of the twenty-four being so spent. Breakfast at eight, writing in his own house till one, a visit to the office, a walk of an hour or two and retirement to his study—when not dining out or entertaining at home—to work from eight to one, appears to have been his daily routine. . . . He used to pay for two pews in different churches, and on being asked the reason, replied, 'Because when I am not in one, it will be concluded by the charitable that I am in the other.'"

*Moray Place*, built upon the grounds of the Earl of Moray's beautiful mansion of Drumsheugh, was until 1823 open country with surrounding scenery as charming as any in Midlothian. In that year the estate was

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

cut up and feued, and the present "place" built upon it in the shape of a pentagon, with a diameter of about 325 yards and with a charming enclosed pleasure ground in the centre. The characteristics of the architecture are a series of finely-symmetrical confronting façades, broken at stated intervals by huge, richly-adorned quarter-sunk Doric pillars, crowned with an imposing entablature. The houses are very large and suitable only for households with an extensive staff of servants. In No. 7 Dugald Stewart lived for a time in 1824-25, shortly before his death. Here the second Mrs Stewart dispensed that graceful hospitality for which she was so celebrated. One of her friends thus writes of her :—

"Though the least beautiful of a family in which beauty is hereditary, she had the best essence of beauty, expression, a bright eye beaming with intelligence, a manner the most distinguished yet soft, feminine and winning. She bestowed a wealth of affection on her husband which was beautiful to witness. Her grace and dignity made a great impression on the pupils who were placed under the professor's care, many of whom attained the highest honours in political life—Lords Palmerston, Lansdowne, Dudley, Kinnaird, and Ashburton. Her talent, wit and beauty made the wife of the professor one of the most attractive women in the city. No wonder, therefore, that her *salons* were the resort of all that was best of Edinburgh. In her Lord Dudley found indeed a friend : she was to him, in the place of a mother, and his respect and affection for her were unbounded. Often have we seen him when she was stricken in years seated near her for whole evenings, clasping her hand in both of his."

No. 12 Moray Place was the residence of Charles Hope of Granton, Lord President of the Court of Session, who was largely instrumental in raising the large volunteer forces which in Scotland, and in Edinburgh in particular, at the time of the French scare in 1804 responded to the call of the Government ; while in No. 24 Francis Jeffrey resided from about 1824 until his death in 1850. His latter years were spent

## *The Older Parts of the New Town*

between this house and his beautiful country home at Craigcrook, about three miles distant. His biographer, Lord Cockburn, says :—

“ One autumn day in 1849, he took what he felt to be a farewell view of the beauties of this suburban retreat, and on January 22, after a brisk walk round the Calton Hill, was attacked by bronchitis, a complaint to which for some years he had been more or less subject. After four days’ illness in which he suffered little he breathed his last on the 26th inst. He too felt the ruling passion strong in death, for in his dreams during the three nights prior to his dissolution, the spirit of the Edinburgh Reviewer predominated, so that he was examining proof sheets, reading newspapers and passing judgment on arguments and events as they rose before his mind’s eye.”

Moray Place leads us through Great Stuart Street into Ainslie Place, also a noble range of family mansions. In 16 *Great Stuart Street*, William Edmonstone Aytoun, Professor of Rhetoric and *Belles Lettres* in the University, lived from 1853 until his death in 1865. The following description of the author of the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* occurs in Sir Theodore Martin’s *Life* of him :—

“ We found him sober in gait, slow and gentle in voice and with a student-like stoop in his shoulders, advancing like a young girl. At this time he must have lost a good deal of the robust health and elasticity of spirits of his earlier days . . . though his colour was still fresh, and his brown hair was neither thinned nor silvered, yet he was extremely indisposed to exertion.”

In No. 6 *Ainslie Place* Sir Charles Bell, the great surgeon, had his home and consulting-rooms. He will ever be remembered for his great discovery of the distinct functions of the nerves. In his *Life and Letters* the following reference to this discovery takes place :—

“ We had a cottage at Hampstead. He drove to Haverstock Hill and walked on. He came in breathless and sat down, saying to his wife, ‘ O May ; I have discovered what will immortalise me.’ He then placed a sheet of paper on the table and sketched on it what he afterwards called the *Classification of the Nerves*.”

## The Story of Edinburgh

Lady Bell thus writes of Ainslie Place, after her husband's appointment to the Professorship of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh :—

"We came to Scotland at the right season and were welcomed by all whom we wished to welcome us. The windows of Ainslie Place looked out to the glorious colouring of the north-west skies, to Corstorphine Hill and the distant Grampians. The garden was in terraces down to the Water of Leith and the walks there among the sweet briar hedges made our home in Edinburgh very delightful."

In No. 23 Dean Ramsay, the incumbent of St. John's Episcopal Church, lived from 1865-72. In the first-mentioned year his charming work, *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, was published, of which twenty-two editions had been issued in 1872. In Professor Cosmo Innes's *Memoir* the following reference to Ramsay occurs :—

"How accomplished he was, what knowledge he had on many subjects, his fine taste ; his gentleness and Christian piety ; how amusing he was ; and such droll things broke out every now and then."

The Rev. Dr. Guthrie, the celebrated preacher and Christian philanthropist, another kindred spirit of heroic mould, also wrote of him :—

"The Dean is just the Dean. To describe him by citing any parallel or analogous type of character would be impossible, for there are none such. He is one of the most saintly and at the same time the most courtly Christian gentlemen it has ever been my fortune to meet. As a clergyman he is *sui generis*."

Passing from Ainslie Place, we enter *Randolph Crescent*, a delightfully situated range of dwellings, in No. 3 of which the late John Blackwood lived, son of the founder of the famous firm of William Blackwood & Sons. To John Blackwood is due the credit of discovering the genius of George Eliot. So highly did he rate her ability as displayed in her early works that he wrote in one of his letters :—

"I hope the present year will be a successful one and that we



## *The Older Parts of the New Town*

shall light upon some new authors of genius, though I can never hope to light upon another George Eliot."

We have now reached the *Queensferry Road*, the great main thoroughfare to the north-east of Scotland, the Dean Bridge with the glorious view from its centre, and our labour will not be lost if we take a walk down to the old village of the *Water of Leith*. Proceeding down the somewhat steep descent which diverges to the left before the main Queensferry Road crosses the Dean Bridge, we speedily enter a new world. Far above us, on the crest of the high, precipitous banks of the ravine, spanned by the noble bridge, erected in 1832, by Lord Provost Learmonth of Dean, after plans supplied by Telford, is modern Edinburgh with its fashionable crescents and stately terraces; down here by the side of the silvery Water of Leith, brawling and foaming and tumbling over its rocky bed, we are transported back into the world of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Here are cottages with curious overhanging eaves, quaint, crow-stepped gables, peaked dormer windows, heavily mullioned and with antique devices over them, massive doorways with heavily-bowtelled lintels and sculptured architraves with the quaint inscriptions and insignia of the old craftsmen, regarding whom we may say:—

"Their tools are rust,  
Their bones are dust,  
But their souls are with the saints, we trust."

Here too are the remains of the mills called "Bell's Mills"—once a hive of industry—which date back to the seventeenth century, some of the buildings of which still retain the curious symbols of the miller's craft over the doorways, although all "molindinary operations" (Sir Piercie Shafton *dictu*) have long since ceased, and the premises have been converted to other purposes. The late J. R. Findlay of Aberlour has

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

erected some cottages here which are models of what such dwellings should be. The view down the valley of the Water of Leith, whether we take it from the site of the old bridge or from the parapet of the great modern structure which towers overhead, is idyllic in its peaceful beauty, and is thus charmingly described by Mr. John Geddie in his delightful volume, the *Water of Leith from Source to Sea* :—

“The stream here brawls whitely over sharp-edged whinstone ledges or eddies in the brown pools between. Many thousands of foot-passengers have gazed down into the hollow, divided in mind as to whether the palm for picturesque effect should be assigned to the upstream view (into murky depths out of which rise the grey gables and red roofs of Water of Leith village, fronted by its sheet of falling water and backed by masses of buildings and of foliage, broken by many spires and pinnacles, and ending in the wooded crest of Corstorphine Hill) or to the prospect seaward, through the green and winding jaws of the gorge and across Leith and its smoke to the Firth, Inchkeith, and Largo Law.”

From the Dean Bridge, looking north-eastward down the course of the river which we are now about to follow, a noble prospect is obtained, whether we elect to let the eye travel along the right or the left bank. On the latter, and extending back to where the ground begins to slope down to the bed of the Forth, are the noble lines of residences formed by Buckingham and Learmonth Terraces, and Clarendon Crescent, with Comely Bank and Raeburn Place lying to the north, the latter being named after the great Scottish painter, Sir Henry Raeburn, upon whose property it was situated. The dwelling of the artist was at “St Bernard’s,” a villa overlooking the Water of Leith, and occupied the site where *Dean Terrace* stands to-day. In No. 21 Carlyle lived for nearly two years after his marriage with Jane Welsh, and thus sketches the tenour of his life there :

“Directly after breakfast, the good wife and the doctor (his

## *The Older Parts of the New Town*

brother John who was staying with them) retire upstairs to the drawing-room, a little place all fitted up like a lady's workbox, where a spunk of fire is lit for the forenoon, and I meanwhile sit scribbling and meditating and wrestling with the powers of dullness till one or two o'clock, when I sally forth into the city, or toward the seashore, taking care only to be home for the important purpose of consuming my mutton chop at four. After dinner we all read learned languages till coffee (which we now often take at night instead of tea), and so on till bedtime, only that Jane often sews, and the doctor goes up to the celestial globe, studying the fixed stars through an upshoved window and generally comes down to his porridge about ten, with a nose dripping at its extremity. Thus we pass our days in our little cottage. Many a time, on a soft mild night I smoke my pipe in our little flower garden and look upon all this, and think of all absent and present friends and feel that I have good reason to be thankful I am not in Purgatory."

Further round is Eton Terrace, with the cosy substantial houses of *Ann Street*, behind, where in No. 29 Professor John Wilson lived, before his removal to Gloucester Place. Here De Quincey resided with him for many months, and Wilson's daughter, Mrs Gordon, thus vividly describes the English "Opium-eater's" habits :—

"An ounce of laudanum per diem prostrated animal life in the early part of the day. It was no infrequent sight to find him in his room lying on the rug in front of the fire, his head resting on a book, with his arms crossed over his breast in profound slumber. For several hours he would lie in this state until the torpor passed away; . . . the time when he was most brilliant was generally towards the early morning hours; and then more than once, in order to show him off, my father arranged his supper-parties so that sitting till 3 or 4 a.m. he brought Mr. De Quincey to that point at which in charm and power of conversation he was so truly wonderful."

On the right-hand bank of the river as we pace along the low road, skirting the water-side, a wide prospect meets the eye as it ranges past the "backs" of the Moray Place houses—a hideous architectural mistake—along the wooded slope above us, noting as we pro-

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

ceed the beautiful structure of *St. Bernard's Well*, erected by Lord Gardenstone in 1789 in the form of a Doric temple after the model of the Sybil's Fane at Tibur (Tivoli): past St. Stephen's Church, a massive octagonal structure in the "mixed Roman style," with a lofty square tower tipped at the four corners with crocketed pinnacles, onward to the "Stock or Stake" bridge—the district taking its name from the ancient wooden bridge which spanned the stream. The "Water of Leith" here passes through the remains of the ancient hamlet of Silvermills, once the centre of thriving colonies of silversmiths and of tanners, past the back of Henderson Row, in which stands the Academy, one of the best as well as one of the most fashionable seminaries in Edinburgh, of which Sir Walter Scott was one of the founders; then onward to Canonmills, where of old were situated the mills of the Augustinian monks of Holyrood. Here the stream washes the foundations of Tanfield Hall, originally built in the form of a Moorish fortress when it was the works of the "Oil Gas Company," an ill-fated speculation in which Sir Walter Scott was interested. In the great workroom of this defunct company, after the place had been adapted to the purposes of a hall, the Free Church of Scotland was constituted on the 18th May 1843, out of those who were known as the "Non-Intrusionist Party" in the Church of Scotland; and in the same place the two sections of the Secession Church, the United Secession and the Relief, were welded together into one in May 1847 under the name of the United Presbyterian Church. The Water of Leith then skirts the boundary of the *Warriston Cemetery*, charmingly situated on a rising ground on the left bank of the stream, and commanding a glorious view of the city. In this burying-place lie Sir James Y. Simpson, Bart., the discoverer of chloroform; Alexander Smith, the poet, author among other

## *The Older Parts of the New Town*

things of *A Life Drama* (1858), *City Poems* (1857), *Dreamthorp*, a volume of essays, and *Alfred Hagart's Household*, a novel, and undoubtedly his greatest work; Rev. Dr. Peddie, Horatio MacCulloch, R.S.A., Sir Thomas Clark, Bart., the well-known publisher, and others. The river here passes through what was once the property of the Johnstons of Warriston, a name famous in the great struggle between Presbyterianism and Episcopacy, as being that of one of the great champions of the Covenant. Warriston House, the entrance to which is in Inverleith Row, opposite the Botanic Gardens, is a modern edifice occupying the site of an older one, which was in 1591 the scene of a dark tragedy: Jean Livingstone, a beautiful young woman of family and fortune, had been forced by her friends into a marriage with John Kincaid of Warriston (who seems to have owned the property before the Johnstons), a man much older than herself, with nothing in common with her, and whom she loathed. Driven to frenzy by his jealousy, cruelty and suspicion, and instigated by an old nurse, whose love for her young mistress seems to have blinded her to aught else, Mrs Kincaid induced one of her serving-men, Robert Weir, to beat her husband to death. As Mr. Geddie says in his *Water of Leith*:—

“All three actors in the murder suffered death. But while the nurse was burned on the Castle Hill, and Weir was broken on the wheel, ‘Lady Warriston,’ now an interesting penitent, ascended the scaffold at the Girth Cross in the Canongate and was beheaded by the ‘Maiden,’ behaving herself as cheerfully, we are told, ‘as if she were going to her wedding and not to her death.’”

The river until it discharges itself into the sea at Leith now flows on through districts becoming every year more densely populated, but which were only recently the wood-dotted parks and green lawns of such fine old family mansions as Bonnington Lodge, Beaverbank, Old Broughton Hall, Blandford House, Redbraes,

## The Story of Edinburgh

Bonnyhaugh, Stewartfield, Pilrig, Hillhousefield, etc.  
*Eheu ! Eheu ! tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.*

At Canonmills, *Inverleith Row* begins. In No. 54, Horatio MacCulloch, the great Scottish landscape painter, lived and died. The chief place of interest here is the *Botanic Gardens and Arboretum*, which rank among the finest in Britain, and are under the care of the Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh, who acts as the Regius Keeper of them and during the summer delivers his botanical lectures there. Formed in 1824, when the old *Physic Gardens* at the foot of the Calton Hill were abolished, they embrace an area of 27 acres Scots and contain an extensive range of greenhouses, palmhouses, tropical grottos, hothouses, and all the other necessities for studying the *flora* of other climes and countries. The *Arboretum*, opened in 1881, is more especially devoted to the study and cultivation of arboriculture and forestry and to the encouragement of scientific and ornamental afforestation in Scotland. Delightfully secluded pathways lead one deep into woodland glades, where seemingly far from the madding crowd one could fleet the summer's day away in meditation and reverie. Yet we are distant but five minutes' walk from the scenes of the city's life, which ever and anon breaks in with its muffled hum upon the peaceful stillness of the retreat.

Adjoining the gardens is *Inverleith Public Park*, one of the "lungs" of the town, where of an evening all kinds of sports are in progress, and less than a mile north-west of us, standing out white in the sunlight, we descry the splendid pile of Fettes College, which is a conspicuous feature in the landscape for miles around. This noble edifice, erected in 1870 at a cost of £150,000 after the designs of David Bryce, R.S.A., is remarkable for the marvellous diversity of its ornamental accessories and the exquisitely harmonious symmetry of

## *The Older Parts of the New Town*

the architectural whole. The style adopted is the most ornate type of the Scots Baronial, and the building consists of a grand centre, with wings thrown out at a somewhat obtuse angle, all these exhibiting a profusion of towers, buttresses, pinnacles, and crockets, finished even to the minutest detail with the choicest carving. As a seminary of learning, modelled, as regards the staff of teachers, the course of study pursued, and its internal management, upon the great English schools, Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, Fettes College has taken a very high place, the system of instruction being both thorough in its grounding and comprehensive in its scope. The funds necessary for the erection and equipment of such an institution were derived from the estate of Sir William Fettes, once a grocer at the head of Bailie Fyfe's Close in the High Street of Edinburgh, but who, by probity, perseverance, and foresight, rose to be Lord Provost of Edinburgh and one of the wealthiest men of his time. Beyond the college is another imposing-looking building—the new Leith Hospital for Infectious Diseases. In its architectural details a commendable regard has been paid to the preservation of the amenity of this exquisite landscape.

Inverleith Row, to which we must now return, extends on to Goldenacre, a popular residential suburb, where many fine villas are in course of erection. Here we meet the boundary line of the Leith, Trinity, and Granton districts, which will be described in a future chapter.

## CHAPTER XXII

### *Modern Parts of the New Town*

AS the population of the town increased, more accommodation for householders became imperative, and accordingly, about 1820, a movement began to be made "westward," when the lands of Easter and Wester Coates were feued, and upon these were built East and West Maitland Streets, Shandwick Place, and Coates and Athole Crescents. Maitland Street and Shandwick Place, at first purely residential quarters, are now given up wholly to shops and offices. In No. 6 *Shandwick Place* Sir Walter Scott lived, during the winter from 1828-30, when he was busy with those various literary tasks by which he hoped to pay off the mountain of debt which had been left upon his shoulders by the failure of the Ballantynes and Constable. At the corner of Walker Street and Shandwick Place is St. George's United Free Church, the scene of the ministrations of one of the greatest and most beloved of Scottish clergymen, the Rev. Alexander Whyte, D.D. By his eloquent sermons, by his lectures to his Bible Classes—classes which never number less than 500 or 600—and by his books, he has exercised an influence upon the religious thought of Scotland as deep as it is likely to be lasting. His predecessor in the church, the Rev. Dr. Candlish, was a man of immense intellectual force, both as a controversialist and as a preacher.

Striking along Walker Street wereach Melville Street, which with George Street ranks as the widest street in the city. The houses are large, imposing and substanti-



## *Modern Parts of the New Town*

ally built, while it is nobly terminated at the western end by the majestic proportions of St. Mary's Cathedral—which, however, actually stands in Manor Place. This grand structure, the lofty spire of which, 275 feet in height, can be seen all over Edinburgh, is one of which



*St Mary's Cathedral*

every citizen is proud, be his kirk or creed what it may. Unquestionably it is the most beautiful ecclesiastical edifice raised in Scotland since the Reformation. Designed in the Early Pointed style by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and erected in 1874-78 at a cost of over £120,000, the sum was defrayed by a bequest left by the Misses Walker of Coates, whose ancient family mansion still exists adjoining the Cathedral. The length of the building, chancel and nave, is 279 feet by 98 in width. Chastely simple as regards architectural ornamentation, the com-

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

parative absence of this sometimes meretricious accessory adds to the effect produced by the noble outlines of the building and by its majestic repose. Somewhat removed from the turmoil of the town's great arteries of traffic, it stands restful, solemn, and stately, a fitting house of prayer, whither the steps of worshippers may almost involuntarily turn when the spirit longs for communion with the Eternal.

The interior is planned and fitted up with the same subtle artistic sense of what is harmoniously accordant and proper. Chancel, nave, choir, aisles, the stalls for the clergy, the seats for the worshippers, the ornamentation of the walls, the reredos, and organ loft, have all been finished and furnished in a manner felicitously congruous with the grand central idea that the building is a house of God who is a spirit and must therefore be worshipped in spirit and in truth. The organ is a very fine one, while the peal of bells on a clear day can be distinctly heard at Gilmerton and at Aberdour.

The bishop, the Right Rev. John Dowden, D.D., who at present occupies the See of Edinburgh, is one who has done much to extend the influence of the Episcopal Church throughout his diocese, and his efforts are loyally seconded by the dean, the Very Rev. J. S. Wilson, and the canons and clergy of the Cathedral.

*Melville Street*, which is divided into two parts by Melville Crescent, in the centre of which stands a life-like statue of the second Viscount Melville, has been the residence of many distinguished men. In No 1 Sir David Brewster, Principal of the University of Edinburgh and one of the greatest scientists of his age, lived for some years prior to 1827. He was a remarkable man in many ways, but never quite realised the expectations entertained of him. In *The Home Life of Sir David Brewster* the writer says:—

“He used the strongest language to express what to other minds

## *Modern Parts of the New Town*

would have been a comparatively small trial, and events—the smallest circumstances connected with foot servants, foot journeys, or such like, were created by a naturally irritable temper into serious events, and if the slightest thing went wrong were commented upon in terms so distressed as to lead—as would have led a stranger—to believe that some calamity of unusual magnitude had occurred. His power of telling sarcasm was very great and came too easily to his hand when he wielded a pen : his entire freedom from it in daily life and speech was however remarkable.”

He was excessively timid and the following anecdotes are related by his daughter :—

“At the time Lord Rosse’s telescope was drawing so many scientific men across the Channel he was asked if he were going too. ‘Oh, no,’ he replied, ‘I am much too afraid of the sea.’ On a friend telling him that all he had to do was to go to his bed when he went on board and when he awoke he would find himself at his destination. ‘What,’ cried Brewster, ‘d’ye actually think I would go to my naked bed’ (a Scotch expression for undressing to go to bed) ‘in the middle of the ocean?’ On another occasion he was telling a friend how acutely he had been suffering from toothache and his companion asked him why he had not got the tooth drawn. ‘Get it drawn,’ said the philosopher, ‘would you have me lose a member of my body?’ The friend therefore asked what he had done. ‘Done, I just sat and roared,’ was Brewster’s reply.”

No. 29 was the residence, for many years prior to his death, of the celebrated Dr. Andrew Thomson, the minister of St. George’s Church, Charlotte Square, the greatest man, save Chalmers, the Church of Scotland has produced of recent times. Lockhart wrote of him in *Peter’s Letters to his Kinsfolk* :

“I am assured that church-going was a thing completely out of fashion among the fine folks of the New Town of Edinburgh till this man was removed from a church he formerly held in the Old Town and established under the splendid dome of St. George’s. He is an active and muscular man about forty, and carries in his countenance the stamp of a nature deficient in none of those elements which are most efficient in giving a man command over the mind of his fellows.”

He was on one occasion blamed by a co-presbyter for

## The Story of Edinburgh

the poor substitutes he used to put into his pulpit, his friend saying, "You put everybody into your pulpit, Dr. Thomson." "No! no!" replied the ready-witted Andrew, "I don't put everybody, though I believe I put anybody."

Dr. Thomson died suddenly when entering his own house on the 9th February 1831, at the early age of fifty-two. As Dr. Hanna says in his *Life of Chalmers* :—

"It was as a debater in the Ecclesiastical Courts that Dr. Thomson shone pre-eminent. He had studied the constitution and made himself familiar with the practice of these courts. Prompt, self-possessed, and furnished with almost every kind of needful weapon, he varied the closest and most crushing arguments with sallies of broad humour and shafts of playful satire."

In No. 36, Patrick Fraser Tytler, F.R.S.E., the well-known Scottish historian, resided, and in No. 45 George Combe, the phrenologist, had his dwelling where he entertained inquirers from all parts of the world. Here Marian Evans (not yet "George Eliot") visited him in 1854. From Melville Street we pass into *Manor Place*, described by Professor Veitch, Sir William Hamilton's biographer, as being (in 1829-33), when the philosopher resided there (in No. 21), "a pleasant row of houses, then at the extreme west end of Edinburgh, which looked into the grounds of the old Manor House of Coates, and afforded easy access into the country." In No. 7 lived Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, authoress of *Letters from the Mountains*, while in No. 25 William Chambers was residing in 1862. Five years later, when he was Lord Provost of Edinburgh, he was living in *Chester Street* (No. 25)—which intersects Manor Place at right angles. Mr. James Payn thus writes of Chambers in *Literary Recollections* :—

"An amiable weakness of William Chambers was a too great partiality for referring to the days when he earned his matutinal hot roll by reading *Roderick Random* to the baker and his men before dawn, seated on a folded-up sack in the sill of the window, with the book in one hand and a penny candle stuck in a bottle

## *Modern Parts of the New Town*

in the other—reminiscences which his brother Robert did his best to discourage.”

From Chester Street we pass into *Douglas Crescent*, where, in No. 9, the late Professor John Stuart Blackie lived for many years prior to his death in 1895. The writer was a student in his classes in the early “seventies,” and though we learned from him a little of everything, along with Greek, not one of us but loved the dear old sage, and treasured his sayings, to be remembered in after years. Blackie was a man of true genius, with a strong dash of eccentricity, which those who did not know him affirmed to be put on. Not a bit of it! Blackie was incapable of affectation. He was a true, leal-hearted, enthusiastic Celt, with a love of nature amounting to a passion, and a passion for beauty in art, letters, and life amounting almost to mania. Peace be to his ashes, and may his memory be forever green!

In order to see the remainder of the city, which stretches further westward, our best plan is to mount one of the numerous tramway-cars running to Coltbridge. We pass in turn the *Haymarket Station* of the North British Railway on the left, once the terminus of the Edinburgh and Glasgow line, before the long tunnels below the city streets were constructed which connected Haymarket Station with the Waverley. A little further out, and on the right hand, is a palatial structure in the Tudor style of architecture, resembling in its general features the fine old family mansion of the Cecils at Hatfield. This is *Donaldson's Hospital*, erected in 1851 at a cost of £120,000, from the money left by James Donaldson (1751-1830), printer, of the West Bow, the son of that Alexander Donaldson who was the pioneer in the practice of issuing cheap editions of works newly out of copyright. Donaldson's action in this particular led to the famous litigation over that question, which was forever settled in 1774 by the decision of the

## The Story of Edinburgh

House of Lords in his favour and against the contention of the London publishers. James added largely to the wealth left by his father, and at his death bequeathed a quarter of a million to found, build and endow an hospital and school for poor children, where they could receive education and be taught a trade. The institution has been of untold benefit to many thousands.

Coltbridge, where the tram-cars stop, is situated on the Water of Leith, and is historically memorable for the *Canter o' Coltbrig*, an inexplicable panic which suddenly seized the dragoons of Sir John Cope's army in 1745, when marching against Prince Charles Edward. Seven Highland gentlemen chanced to appear, and fired their pistols, whereupon the whole body of dragoons turned and fled along the "Lang Gait," now Princes Street, filling the citizens of Edinburgh, who saw it all, with dread and dismay.

We next come to the massive old mansion house of Roseburn, a curious edifice with innumerable crow-stepped gables, high clustered chimneys, and quaint-sculptured lintels, elaborately decorated. One of these has two tablets, reading :—

GYF VOU	INCLINE
VIL ENTER	YI EIR VN
AT CHRYST	TO YE PVRE
TIS DVRE	
1562	

which Grant considers should read consecutively, as follows, beginning on the left-hand side, "When you will enter at Christ his door  $\times$  1562  $\times$  Aye mind you the room to the Poor;" while between two shields, whereon the emblems are defaced, is the inscription in Latin and English from the Breviary, "Lord save thy people whom Thou has redeemed : Lord give peace in our days." In the centre of the doorway is another

## *Modern Parts of the New Town*

shield, bearing the Royal Arms, and tradition relates that Mary Queen of Scots resided here, one of the rooms being still called "The Queen's Room." In later days Roseburn House is said to have been occupied for at least one night by Oliver Cromwell, when his army encamped here after their repulse from Edinburgh.

Murrayfield is a charming suburb, situated near the foot of Corstorphine Hill, and already long terraces and crescents of beautiful villas are springing up on every side. In the immediate neighbourhood are the fine old mansion houses of Beechwood, once the residence of the Dundases of Dunira, and of Ravelston, the home first of the Foulises and later of the Keiths, the latter dwelling having had the honour of suggesting to Sir Walter Scott many of the outstanding features of the Castle of Tullyveolan in *Waverley*. But, alas! the trail of the builder is passing over all, and the immemorial oaks and elms which sheltered generations of rooks and wood-pigeons are memories of the past.

A short walk brings us to Craigcrook Castle, of old the residence of the Grahams of Kinpunt and Dundaff, more recently of Archibald Constable, the publisher; but within the memory of many now living the home of Francis Jeffrey, where he spent much of his spare time. The house, part of which is very ancient, was enlarged and modernised by Constable and Jeffrey, and now it is a commodious and beautiful mansion. At a little distance from where we now stand is Lauriston Tower, where resided the famous John Law of Lauriston, the great financier and founder of the Bank of France; to which was attached the famous Mississippi Scheme which set all Paris mad with the "speculation mania," even as the South Sea Bubble infected London:—

"Law was the idol of the hour: his house in the Rue Quin-

## The Story of Edinburgh

quempoix in Paris was beset day and night by applicants for allotments of shares—peers, prelates, ladies of rank, citizens, artisans, all flocked to him, until he had to purchase from the Prince de Carignan, at an enormous price, the Hotel de Soissons, in the spacious gardens of which he held his levees. Here, when in the zenith of his fame, he was visited by John, the great Duke of Argyll, who found him busy writing. The duke, along with a crowd of the first people of France, had to wait impatiently until he finished his letter, never doubting but he was arranging something of the highest importance, but he was only writing to his gardener at the old Tower of Lauriston about planting cabbages in a particular place.”

The view from the Lookout Tower called “Rest-and-Be-Thankful,” on the summit of Corstorphine Hill, is unrivalled in Midlothian.

We here turn our steps homeward, casting the while a longing glance backward at the beauties we leave unvisited, among other places at the charmingly-situated *Convalescent Home* of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, standing so invitingly within its grounds. But the boundary line of the municipality has been reached, and we must return to other scenes. Passing along *Ravelston Dykes*, and noting about a quarter of a mile distant due north, the old *Craigleith Quarry*, whence five-sixths of the stone that has built the New Town of Edinburgh have been taken, we reach the *Dean Cemetery*, another of the beautiful burying-grounds in the vicinity of the city. Here lie the remains of many of Edinburgh’s most distinguished sons. Among lawyers of eminence there are Lords Cockburn, Jeffrey, Murray, and Rutherford; Professors Wilson, Aytoun, and Blackie, Sir Archibald Alison, and Alexander Russel (*Scotsman*), among men of letters; Professors Goodsir, Grainger Stewart, and Syme, among physicians and surgeons; Allan Scott, Sam Bough, and Sir George Harvey, among painters; Edward Forbes, the naturalist, and many others of equal and lesser note. A more charming spot for the last long slumber of those we



## *Modern Parts of the New Town*

love could scarcely be conceived. In the vicinity are *Watson's Institution* and *Daniel Stewart's College*, structures of great architectural beauty devoted to the instruction of youth; and immediately in front, as we pass along *Dean Path* to join the Queensferry Road, another glorious view of the Forth and the lands of Fife expands before us, with the intervening stretch of country, descending to the water's edge in gently-undulating natural terraces, richly wooded and dotted with villas and mansions. A few minutes more and we again reach the Dean Bridge, guarded at its northern end by Trinity Episcopal Church, where our walk for the time ends.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### *From the Post Office by George IV. Bridge to Tollcross*

OUR walk on this occasion will not be a long one, but is full of interest. Starting from the Post Office we pass up the wide thoroughfare of the North Bridge, beneath which lies the busy hive of industry of the great Waverley Station. The view both on the right hand and the left is very fine, embracing on the former side the rugged line of the towering buildings of the High Street and its diverging alleys from the Castle to the Tron Church, and on the left, the lower slopes of Salisbury Crags, the High School, the castellated County Gaol, and the Calton Hill, while on the horizon gleams bright amidst the azure of distance the shimmering expanse of the Firth of Forth. Hastening onward, we reach the splendid new range of offices just completed in the Scots Baronial style of architecture, where the *Scotsman* newspaper is published. The premises are amongst the largest and the most completely equipped in the United Kingdom. The sites at the upper end of the bridge on either side of the street were purchased by the Town Council, and sold by them to the present proprietors. The style of architecture is in harmony with that adopted in the *Scotsman* office.

We now strike up the High Street until we reach George IV. Bridge (constructed in 1827), which spans the ravine of the Cowgate on fourteen arches, seven being open. Into this we turn, having on our right Melbourne Place, named after Lord Melbourne, Prime Minister of England from 1834-41, and on our left the

## *From the Post Office to Tollcross*

new County Buildings and the Advocates' Library. A little further down on the right, Victoria Street joins the "Bridge," with Victoria Terrace carried along as a colonnade some twenty feet above the main thoroughfare, until it meets what remains of the Old West Bow. Victoria Street contains the lofty pile of the *India Buildings*, erected in the old Scots Baronial style, and *St. John's Parish Church*, built in 1840, before the Disruption, for the eloquent Dr. Thomas Guthrie. Free St. John's, whither he went after the Disruption, is almost immediately opposite. Victoria Street also affords ready access from this part of the city to the Grassmarket. At the point of its junction with George IV. Bridge, but facing the latter, are the offices of the Highland and Agricultural Society, which aims at encouraging and improving the farming and stockbreeding of Scotland. Founded in 1784, and incorporated by Royal Charter in 1787, it has steadily grown in numbers and influence, until now its annual income reaches £6000, its invested securities amount to £80,000 and its membership exceed 6000. Every year it holds a great exhibition in some one of the leading centres of population in Scotland, and no event of the year is looked forward to more eagerly by all interested in the various branches of farming. The Society's hall is a tasteful edifice, the doorway being surmounted by the arms of the association with a figure of "Caledonia" on a pedestal supported by a ploughboy and a Highland reaper, with the motto *Semper armis nunc et industria*. Immediately opposite are the Sheriff Court Buildings, presenting a lofty façade in a mixed type of the Italian variety of architecture, being designed by David Bryce and erected in 1865-68. Adjoining the Highland and Agricultural Society's Offices is the Edinburgh Free library, an ornate edifice in the French Renaissance style, designed by Washington Browne, and founded in 1890

## The Story of Edinburgh

by a generous gift of £50,000, from Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the American "Steel King." Under the careful superintendence of an excellent committee and the unwearied efforts of its chief librarian, Dr. Hew Morrison, it has given the means of instruction and culture to thousands who otherwise would have been entirely deprived of them. Not only is there a large Lending Library, but newspaper and magazine rooms, and an excellent Reference Library have been added, while of recent years branches from the parent library have been opened in various parts of the city. Such an institution as this, if conducted on lines public-spirited and beneficent, often proves the most efficient coadjutor of the home mission work of the churches.

From the open ironwork railing of the bridge, we obtain a glimpse of the squalor and poverty of the Cowgate far below, while a little further on we pass in succession the office of the *Scottish Reformation Society* and the *Martyrs' Church*, the worshippers in which represent the oldest of the dissenting congregations in the city, dating back as it does to 1682, or "The Killing Time." It formerly belonged to the Cameronian or Reformed Presbyterian body (who were of course the Covenanting "Hillmen" of 1662-88), which was long ministered to by one of the most eloquent and scholarly of Scottish ecclesiastics, the Rev. William H. Goold, D.D. (1815-97). Immediately opposite is the *Augustine Congregational Church*, the scene of the labours of another great and good clergyman, the late Dr. Lindsay Alexander, who both as preacher and theologian did yeoman service to the cause of religion in his day. At the end of the bridge is the famous "Book-Hunters' Stall," a favourite hunting-ground of John Hill Burton and many another bibliophile since; while the fountain, surmounted by the effigy of a dog, which stands at the point of junction of George IV. Bridge and Candle-

## *From the Post Office to Tollcross*

maker Row, and which was erected by the Baroness Burdett Coutts, commemorates "Greyfriars' Bobby," a little dog so faithful to his master, that when the latter was buried in the old graveyard adjoining, he frequented the grave continually for twelve years, save when he was taken into the caretaker's house at night. In the end he died lying stretched across his master's resting-place, and by special permission the grave was allowed to be opened, and the faithful little creature was interred beside him whom he had loved so well.

Fitting now it is that we visit this old churchyard—by far the most ancient in the city—the main entrance of which is immediately opposite the end of George IV. Bridge. The space now occupied by the Old and New Greyfriars' Churches, the graveyard and the Heriot grounds were all included in the Greyfriars' Monastery and gardens. Founded by James I. about 1429, for the encouragement of learning and culture in Scotland, the Vicar-General of the Franciscan Order (or Greyfriars) at Cologne, in response to a request from the king, sent over a company of the brethren under the charge of Cornelius of Zurich, a scholar of great celebrity. Such was the magnificence of the buildings provided that Cornelius at first refused to accept the office of prior, until the Archbishop of St. Andrews exercised his influence and induced him to comply. That the buildings were exceedingly rich and splendid is evinced by the fact that Mary of Gueldres was temporarily lodged here prior to her marriage to James II. At a later date, as we have seen, Henry VI. of England, his queen and son sought refuge here, after the fatal field of Towton. The schools of the Greyfriars were in great repute; and tradition asserts that William Dunbar, the poet, was educated there under the great Latinist, John Leyrva, a Lombard.

In 1558 the Edinburgh mob, when the dawn of the

Reformation gave them a chance of showing their execration of the corrupt lives of the priests, expended their zeal in the destruction of the two monasteries of the Dominicans or Blackfriars, and the Greyfriars. So thorough was this purgation of the "Mammon of Unrighteousness," to quote John Knox's words, that even the walls were in some places torn down. At all events the place was in such a ruinous state that in 1562 the Town Council besought Queen Mary to grant them the land as a site for a burial-ground, which in 1566 she actually did. During the visitation of the plague, two years later, the dead were interred in "the Greyfriars' Kirkzaird," in "ane muckle pit." Here also, in 1581, the headless corpse of James Douglas, Earl of Morton, was interred by night in a place reserved for common criminals, and here a year later, Scotland's greatest scholar, George Buchanan, was buried. Alas, the shame of it ! His grave cannot now with certainty be identified.

In 1612 the first or "Old Greyfriars' Church" was erected, and in 1721 the "New Greyfriars" was added to it, owing to the fact that the older edifice was insufficient to contain the inhabitants of the parish. These two places of worship have continued to be occupied by their respective congregations until the present time. The building to-day presents the appearance of one long, barn-like structure, divided into two by a partition rendering them both of equal length. For a considerable time in the eighteenth century, when the mania for collegiate churches was at its height, four ministers were actually in charge of these two churches. The most famous pair of colleagues were the two associated with Old Greyfriars, viz., Dr. William Robertson, Principal of the University and the historian of Scotland, also the leader of the Moderate party in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland ;



Grey Friars Church

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

and Dr. John Erskine, who was the leader of the opposing or Evangelical party. Despite differences in views the two colleagues were warm friends. The clergymen who at the same period shared the pulpit of New Greyfriars were the Rev. Dr. Henry, author of the *History of Great Britain*, and Rev. Dr. Macknight, author of the *Harmony of the Four Gospels*. Regarding the latter an amusing anecdote is told. When his volume on the above-named subject was being published, in which he showed the substantial agreement between the Evangelists despite minor differences, he was absent from his pulpit for some Sabbaths. One of his church members having asked a leading elder of the congregation why the minister was so long away, received the reply—"Hoots, he's awa trying to reconcile four men that never cast out" (quarrelled). The father of Sir Walter Scott was for many years a member and later an elder in Old Greyfriars, and the graveyard may well be called the Westminster Abbey of Edinburgh from the number and the high reputation of those who rest therein. To detail them all would be impossible; suffice to say that in the words of Grant, there are thirty-seven chief magistrates of the city; twenty-three principals, many of them of European celebrity; thirty-three of the most distinguished lawyers of their day, one a Vice-Chancellor of England and Master of the Rolls; six Lords President of the Supreme Court of Scotland, twenty-two Lords of Session, and a host of others. Here lie George Heriot, father of the founder of the Hospital; George Jamesone, the Scottish Vandyke; Alexander Henderson, the great Covenanting divine and delegate from Scotland to the Westminster Assembly; William Carstares, the ecclesiastical statesman of the Revolution; Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, the Lord Advocate of Charles II.; Allan Ramsay, author of the *Gentle Shepherd*; Lords President



## *From the Post Office to Tollcross*

Duncan Forbes of Culloden, and Robert Blair of Avonton; Dr. Hugh Blair, the eloquent preacher; Henry Mackenzie, author of *The Man of Feeling*—but why prolong the list?

In the southern annexe of Greyfriars' Churchyard, as we have already stated, were confined the unfortunate Covenanting prisoners whom the gaols, already filled to overflowing with the adherents of this cause, could not hold; and large numbers of them died under the rigours of the winter. Here too the Covenant was signed in 1638 on the "througstone" or horizontal gravestone on the south side of the church. By far the most interesting memorial, however, in the churchyard is the one called the *Martyrs' Monument*, with its pathetic inscription—

"Halt, passenger! tak heed what ye do see,  
This Tomb doth show for what some men did die,  
Here lies interred the dust of those who stood  
'Gainst perjury, resisting unto blood;  
Adhering to the Covenants and laws  
Establishing the same; which was the cause  
Their lives were sacrificed unto the lust  
Of prelatists abjured; though here their dust  
Lies mixt with murderers and other crew,  
Whom justice justly did to death pursue;  
But as for them, no cause was to be found  
Worthy of death; but only they were found  
Constant and steadfast, zealous, witnessing  
For the prerogatives of Christ their King:  
Which truths were sealed by famous Guthrie's head  
And all along to Mr Renwick's blood.  
They did endure the wrath of enemies'  
Reproaches, torments, death and injuries.  
But yet they're those who from such troubles came  
And now triumph in glory with the Lamb"—

which will be found on the angle of the churchyard near the steps leading to the northern entrance. The present monument was erected in 1771, replacing the original slab which is now in the Municipal Museum at the Council Chambers.

## The Story of Edinburgh

In this churchyard commenced Sir Walter Scott's early love-romance with Margaret, daughter of Sir John and Lady Jane Stewart of Fettercairn and Invermay. Lockhart says :—

“ Their acquaintance began in Greyfriars' Churchyard when, the rain beginning to fall one Sunday as the congregation were dispersing, Scott happened to offer his umbrella, and the tender being accepted, he escorted her to her residence, which proved to be at no great distance from his own. Through several long years he nourished a hope of ultimate union with this lady, but his hopes were terminated by her being married to the late Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Bart.”

We now issue from the graveyard and recall the fact that we are near the place where was situate the old *Bristo* or *Greyfriars Port*, the New North U.F. Church occupying the site where the guard-house was erected. A few yards south, in the centre of the triangular block of buildings, was the spot where within the writer's memory stood the *Old Darien House*. This was the headquarters of that great Scottish commercial speculation which, instigated by William Paterson, as we have already said, in 1698, sent out an expedition to colonise the Isthmus of Darien—an undertaking ruined by the jealousy of the English merchants constituting the East India Company. After the failure of the attempt at colonising Darien, the “ House ” was converted into an asylum for pauper lunatics, and here poor Robert Fergusson, the poet, died in 1774. *Bristo* was the main thoroughfare leading from Edinburgh to the south of Scotland, *via* Causewayside, Liberton and Peebles.

We now strike down Chambers Street, passing on the left the remains of Brown Square, where Lord Glenlee, one of the ablest judges Scotland ever had, resided for many years in the house now occupied by the Dental Hospital. On the right, up a steep lane, is “ Society,” a part of the town where the “ ultra fashion-

## *From the Post Office to Tollcross*

ables" of the middle of the eighteenth century had their "quarters." So exclusive were the residents that even lawyers other than those on the Bench were eyed askance. Only the clergy, the medical faculty, and the landed gentry, were considered eligible for admission to their social functions. Adjoining this now squalid spot is the imposing pile of the *Royal Scottish Museum*, the finest institution of the kind outside of London. Standing on the site of a beautiful old square, called *Argyll Square*, it has gradually been enlarged until it now embraces four extensive storeys, each extending the entire length of the building. The foundation-stone of it was laid in 1861 by the late Prince Consort, and the Museum itself was opened by the Duke of Edinburgh in 1866. Designed in the Venetian Renaissance style, it combines a maximum of accommodation with a minimum of expense in working it. The various halls, *salons*, and corridors, are so contrived that all of those upon each of the floors open into one another, so that the staff can exercise supervision with very little trouble. Well-nigh every department of art, science, trades, manufactures, and antiquities is represented, the model of the British Museum being followed throughout. To describe the whole of this great institution would not be possible with the space at our command, nor would it be proper. It is one of those places which must be seen to be appreciated. The Museum is now open free six days of the week from 10 till 4, and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 6 till 10; also on Sundays from 2 till 5 p.m.

On the left-hand side of the street are situated three very important educational institutions. The first of these is the *Heriot-Watt College*, one of the great establishments promoted by the Governors of the Heriot Trust. It comprehends in the scope of its scheme the dual systems of training pursued by the *Heriot Industrial*

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

*School* and the Watt Institution and School of Arts which was situated formerly in Adam Square, "a tiny tetrad," as Burton called it, which lay on the west side of the South Bridge just where the east end of Chambers Street is now, but was demolished in 1869. The statue of Watt which adorned the little square, now occupies a most anomalous and unsatisfactory position with its pedestal in the sunk area of the Heriot-Watt College. The institution not only affords an excellent system of technical training, for which it has splendidly-equipped workshops and laboratories, but, by means of evening classes, places the advantages of a literary, scientific, and art education at the disposal of those who, being compelled to work during the day, are thus able to prosecute studies in whatever departments of learning may attract them, after the regular hours of labour are over. Under the direction of Principal Laurie and a staff of carefully-selected professors, the institution is entering upon a new era of usefulness. Alongside of it is the *Minto House Medical and Surgical School*, one of the great extra-mural establishments for the study of medicine with which Edinburgh is so fully furnished. It is, of course, recognised by the University. The third of the institutions to which we referred is the *Church of Scotland Normal School and Training College*, which prepares teachers for their work in connection with the Government system of education. In this effort the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church work hand in hand. Guthrie Street represents what remains of College Wynd, at the head of which, in August 1771, the Wizard of Modern Romance, Walter Scott, first saw the light.

The remainder of the south side of the street is occupied by the great northern flank or side of the University, Chambers Street ending where it joins the *South Bridge*. The latter, erected in 1785-86, consists of nineteen

## *From the Post Office to Tollcross*

arches, spanning the ravine of the Cowgate, and though it has not the architectural elegance and beautiful natural scenery of the North Bridge, it is nevertheless a fine thoroughfare. In No. 49 the celebrated David Laing, the antiquarian, afterwards the chief librarian of the Signet Library, carried on business as a bookseller, and even then acquired a great reputation for the extent of his knowledge of Scots literature.

Opposite the foot of Chambers Street, but on the east or left-hand side of the South Bridge, is *Infirmary Street*, so called because in it was situated the Old Royal Infirmary, started elsewhere in 1729. The building is still standing, a gaunt, four-storied block consisting of an ornate central façade, with two projecting wings, the centre having a range of Ionic columns surmounted by a Palladian cornice, bearing aloft a pilastered belvedere and cupola. Encircled by tall houses on every side, most of which occupy higher ground, and as it has very little open space lying around, it always appears sunless and gloomy. Occupying the site of the Blackfriars' Monastery, and erected in 1741, when a series of lamentable deaths among the poorer classes, unable to pay for a doctor, revealed the urgent need for some such institution, the Infirmary owed much in its early days to the self-sacrificing public spirit of George Drummond, the Lord Provost, and the members of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons in Edinburgh. From the first the members of these two great bodies placed their services gratuitously at the disposal of the institution, and from that day to this, to their honour be it said, they have continued to do so, the doctors chosen for service each serving for a certain number of years. But of this more anon. In 1869, owing to the complaints made regarding overcrowding in the Old Infirmary, a movement was made to erect a building that would be in all respects up to date, as regards the arrangement of wards,

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

the segregation of special cases, and the prosecution of particular lines of treatment. Accordingly the ground belonging to George Watson's Hospital was purchased, and the institution removed there gradually during the years 1879-80, while the old building thus abandoned was converted into the *City Fever Hospital*. To this subject we shall return under the heading of Lauriston. At the foot of the street, and devoted now to purposes of a Surgical Hospital, is the "*third High School*," occupied as such from 1777-1829. This was the building which Scott attended, and a year or two ago there were still living one or two aged patriarchs who recalled with pride that they had been in the procession of scholars which marched from the old building to the new.

We now return to the South Bridge and find ourselves in front of Edinburgh University, which occupies the site of the Kirk-of-Field. It is matter for profound regret that this magnificent structure is thus cooped up in a narrow thoroughfare, where its fine proportions, its noble façade with its triple entrance gates, in the form of Grecian porches, supported by six massive Doric pillars, its majestic dome surmounted by the figure of "Youth," carrying the torch of "Knowledge," cannot be seen to advantage. In our chapter on Edinburgh as an educational centre, we shall say more about this great institution, but as regards the present buildings, we may state that they were erected at intervals between 1789 and 1834, after plans prepared originally by the celebrated architect, Robert Adam, but modified after the lapse of years, in accordance with the advice of another distinguished architect, Mr. W. H. Playfair, owing to funds expected not being forthcoming. The edifice as a whole forms a perfect parallelogram, 356 feet long by 225 wide, the Grecian style predominating, with some intermixture of Palladian accessories. Let us enter the quadrangle



The Old University

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

and pace the sunny terrace with its elegant stone balustrade and broad coping, opening from which are the doors of the class-rooms in the Faculties of Arts, Law, and Divinity. We are in a new world, finding ourselves at once in an atmosphere of academic peace and seclusion. The noise of the city seems to reach us only as a muffled hum. We are surrounded by a mighty cloud of witnesses in the memories of the great dead who have been *alumni* of this glorious college. We envy the light-hearted undergraduates who pass and repass on their way to their various classes, airing opinions upon everything mundane and not a few things supra-mundane, with that brisk "cocksureness" which seems the characteristic of the ingenuous collegian. Pleasure and pathos are subtly blended in our feelings as we listen to them and recall the days when we too trod this quadrangle, and also enunciated our critical dicta with the same calm assurance. The individual changes, the type remains, and probably will remain, while the Scots academic training retains that element of broad, humanistic culture which has always distinguished it.

The class-rooms are large, airy, and well equipped. The library, which occupies the south side of the quadrangle, is a most valuable one, numbering upwards of 250,000 volumes and 7000 MSS., many of them of great value; while the Senate Hall on the second floor is a splendid apartment lined with rare books, and adorned with the busts of the professors of bygone days. At the upper end of the quadrangle is a striking statue of the late Sir David Brewster, who was Principal of the University from 1859 to 1868. The view from the foot of the dome is a magnificent one, commanding a prospect of well-nigh all Midlothian, of the Fife coast, and of the borders of Linlithgowshire.

We now reach South College Street, the first street on our right after leaving the University. Before pro-



## *From the Post Office to Tollcross*

ceeding through it, we take a few steps along Nicolson Street—the continuation of the South Bridge—and take a look at the *Surgeons' Hall*, the great rival of the University, and as far as surgery is concerned, the most eminent school in Britain. As it was founded in 1505, it is the elder of the University by over seventy years.



It has a large and distinguished staff of professors and lecturers, and a constantly-increasing number of students, its surgical degree being absolutely requisite both for the army and navy. The façade presented to the street is a beautiful one, designed by W. H. Playfair after the model of a Greek temple, with a fine hexastyle portico and pediment, sustained by fluted Ionic columns. The Museum attached to the Surgeons' Hall is an excellent one; while in Bristo is the *New School of Medicine*, an admirable extra-mural institution affiliated to it. This year (1905) the Hall is celebrating its quater centenary.

## The Story of Edinburgh

We now proceed up South College Street and its continuation, Lothian Street, the two being intersected by Potterrow on the left and North College Street on the right. Potterrow was formerly a fashionable residential quarter, and until the last year or two still retained some of the old timber-fronted lands. Here Principal Carstares, the confidential adviser of William III., lived; here too the Duke of Douglas had his mansion; on the left-hand side was Alison Square (now Marshall Street), where Thomas Campbell wrote the *Pleasures of Hope*, and further down on the right was *General's Entry*, named after General Monk, who resided there when in Edinburgh in 1656-59. Here, at a later date, Mrs Maclehose—Burns's "Clarinda"—lived while she was carrying on her correspondence with the poet. General's Entry formed a short cut through to Bristo, and at the "mouth" of the "entry" was *Leishman's School*, which Sir Walter Scott attended in early boyhood. At the end of Potterrow was the "Potterrow Port," another of the city gates.

As we reach the head of Lothian Street, we observe a tablet on the third storey of the house on the left-hand side of the street, opposite the end of Brighton Street, which informs us that this was "No. 42 Lothian Street," the lodgings which De Quincey occupied for so many years and where he died in 1859. The house was kept by a widow, a Mrs. Wilson, and her maiden sister, Miss Stark. Mr. Richard Rowe, author of *Episodes of an Obscure Life*, who occupied the rooms after De Quincey's death, writes:—

"This maiden sister seems really to have been a mature guardian angel to De Quincey. More than once, she said, she had 'Put him out' when he had fallen asleep with his head on the table, and overturned a candle among his papers. She used to buy his apparel for him piecemeal: now a pair of socks, now a pair of boots, now a coat, now a waistcoat, never a whole suit. Once she had to order for him a kind of military cloak lined with red. When he had an engagement to dine out, she had to keep him

## *From the Post Office to Tollcross*

up to it, and to call for him afterwards, lest he should forget to come home at the hour fixed, as he was apt to get liveliest in the early hours."

As we issue from Lothian Street we see immediately opposite us in Teviot Place the grand and imposing pile of the *Edinburgh University Medical School*—otherwise the medical class-rooms in connection with the University—with the noble M'Ewan Hall for the Graduation Ceremonies at the north-east end. In the course of time and owing to the great increase in the number of medical students, the accommodation in the Old University was found to be quite inadequate. The reputation of the Edinburgh Medical School was suffering in consequence. A move therefore was made to remedy the evil, and the present range of buildings—unquestionably the most fully-equipped medical institution in the world—came into being. Erected at a cost of £245,000 upon the site of Teviot Row and Park Place—in the latter of which the late Lord Campbell of Succoth and Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, were both born and brought up—designed moreover in the Italian style of the Cinque Cento period, after plans by Dr. Rowand Anderson, its class-rooms, dissecting-rooms, laboratories, and Anatomical Museum—the last-mentioned containing the skeleton of William Burke, the murderer and resurrectionist—are all built according to the most approved patterns and furnished with the latest appliances and instruments. The *M'Ewan* or *Graduation Hall*, also built after the design of Dr. Rowand Anderson at a cost of £115,000, defrayed by W. M'Ewan, Esq., M.P. for the Central Division of Edinburgh, is a great ornament to the city. Its architecture is of a piece with that of the Medical School. The interior of the hall is fashioned in the form of a Greek theatre. The mural decorations, by Mr. W. M. Palin of London, are executed in a manner

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

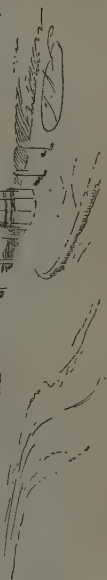
rarely seen in buildings in Britain, and attain the very highest standard of artistic excellence. A large panel, 100 feet long, representing the "Temple of Fame," and containing upwards of ninety separate figures, fills the entire space behind the platform; that on the left of the stage illustrates the "Pursuit of Fame," while the one on the right represents "Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom," seated on a throne receiving the gift of the hall, the portrait of the donor being introduced among the figures. The expanse of the great dome is divided into fifteen compartments, each with its symbolical life-size figure, these being representative of subjects in mythology and in ancient and modern history. The organ ranks as one of the largest in the kingdom, being built by Mr. Hope Jones of Birkenhead. Its mechanical parts are invisible, being placed in convenient recesses and connected with the keyboard by electric wires, the air being supplied by a 10-horse power electro-dynamo.

Directly south of the M'Ewan Hall, and partly screened by it, is the Music Class-room, erected in 1860 in the Early Italian style, from funds bequeathed for the purpose by the late General Reid, composer of the march "The Garb of Old Gaul." The hall is beautifully fitted up and contains an almost unique collection of musical instruments, while the organ in the building is a very fine one, built under the superintendence of the late Professor Sir Herbert Oakeley. East of this class-room is the *University Union* or Club-House, erected at the cost of students past and present. Here during the session debates are carried on among the various societies in connection with the University.

While here we take a walk about 100 yards south, through *Charles Street*, in which at No. 7, Lord Jeffrey was born; and in *Crichton Street*, running at right angles to it, Mrs. Cockburn of Ormiston, authoress of the later version of the "Flowers of the Forest,"



Type New  
Medical School



## *The Story of Edinburgh*

resided. In her little drawing-room the most distinguished men of the time used to assemble—David Hume, Adam Fergusson, Lord Monboddo, Adam Smith, Dr. Blacklock, the poet, and others.

We now enter *George Square*—so called after George III., who was the reigning monarch at the time when it was built. It represents one of the first attempts to break down the prejudice entertained by the citizens of Edinburgh against living outside the city walls. The site of the square was once occupied by a large antique mansion house, called Ross House, the policies of which extended from Bristo to the Boroughloch, the bed of which was the ground now laid out as public parks, the East and West Meadows. George Square, which even now contains some very handsome houses, became at once a fashionable locality, in which, during the first years of its existence, the directory shows it to have contained the residences of the Countesses of Glasgow and Sutherland, the Ladies Rae and Philiphaugh, the Earl of Kintore, Lord Falconer of Halkerston, Sir John Ross Lockhart, Lord President Blair, the Lords of Session Braxfield, Kennet, and Stonefield, the Duchess of Gordon, Lord Melville, and others. The centre of the square is laid out in beautiful gardens to which the residents alone have keys, and at all times this place has an air of dignified retirement that is grateful to those devoted to study or meditation.

No. 5 (now the site of the Merchant Company's School for Young Ladies) was formerly Admiral Lord Duncan's house, the hero of the naval victory of Camperdown over the Dutch admiral, De Winter. In *The Lives of Eminent Scotsmen* we read :—

“Naval tacticians accord to Admiral Duncan great merit for this victory. It stands distinguished from every other naval battle by the bold expedient of running the fleet between the

## *From the Post Office to Tollcross*

enemy and a lee-shore, with a strong wind blowing on the land, a mode of attack which none of his predecessors had ever hazarded. When the conflict was over, Duncan called his men together and, falling on his knees before them, thanked God for the victory. This pious act affected the captured Dutch Admiral to tears."

No. 20 was the residence of Robert Sym, W.S., uncle of Professor Wilson, and the "Timothy Tickler" of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

At No. 25 resided, from about 1773-96, Walter Scott, W.S., father of Sir Walter, and here the latter passed his youth and early manhood. The future poet and novelist had his "convenient parlour," where he pursued his studies, and of this room Lockhart wrote:—

"Walter had soon begun to collect out-of-the-way things of all sorts. He had more books than shelves; a small painted cabinet with Scotch and Roman coins in it, and so forth; a claymore and a Lochaber axe given him by old Invernahyle, mounted guard on a little print of Prince Charlie; and *Broughton's Saucer* was hooked up against the wall below it. Such was the germ of the magnificent library and *Museum* at Abbotsford."

At No. 26 lived the Hon. Henry Erskine, son of the Earl of Buchan and brother of Thomas, Lord Chancellor Erskine—one of the noblest natures, one of the finest lawyers, yet at the same time one of the most delightful wits whom the Edinburgh of the eighteenth century produced. As Jeffrey said of him, "His wit was argument and each of his delightful illustrations a material step in reasoning." He was an ardent Whig, and on being appointed Lord Advocate of the Coalition Ministry of 1783, in succession to Henry Dundas, remarked he must go and order his silk gown (the distinctive attire of the Lord Advocate). Dundas said jestingly, "It will not be worth your while, Harry, you'll need it for so short a time, for we'll be in office again in a trice. I'll lend you my old one." "Well, well, long or short," replied Erskine, "it shall never be said

Henry Erskine adopted the *abandoned habits* of his predecessors."

The eloquence and wit of Erskine were so much enjoyed by the Bench that when, on one occasion, he said, "I shall not need to take up much of your lordships' time, I shall be very brief," one of the judges at once said, "Hoots, Maister Harry, dinna be brief, dinna be brief!"

A friend, meeting him on the street, after the death of an advocate named Wright, who had been very unsuccessful as an advocate and had been entrusted with very few causes, made the remark, "Well, Harry, poor Johnnie Wright is dead. I hear he died very poor and has left no effects." "That's not surprising," said Erskine, "as he had no *causes* he could not be expected to have any effects."

No. 27 was, from 1788 onward, the residence of Sir Ralph Abercromby, one of the finest soldiers Scotland has produced. After a brilliant career he fell at Aboukir in the moment of victory (1801). He had a pet ape which he had taught to wear some articles of clothing, and particularly a cocked hat with a feather in it. One day an old maiden lady called, and seeing the animal said, "Oh, dear, Sir Ralph, that will be one o' thae awfu' French prisoners, I'm thinkin'."

No. 28 was long the residence of Robert Macqueen, Lord Braxfield, who held the office of Lord Justice-Clerk from 1788-99. Though a man of rough exterior and sometimes overbearing manners, "the Giant of the Bench," as Cockburn styles him, had a kind heart, and always gave nervous young advocates special consideration when making their first appearance, though he was a terror to the "bar flunkies," as he called the Parliament House fops of his day. He detested all Whigs, Radicals, French Revolutionists, and "sic-like enemies o' the King and Constitution." His remark to Mar-



## *From the Post Office to Tollcross*

garot, one of the "Friends of the People," after the latter, who was charged with having attended the "Edinburgh Convention," had made a very able speech in his own defence, is characteristic of the man. "There's nae doot ye're a vera clever chiel, man, but for a' that, I'm thinkin' ye wad be nane the waur o' a hanging." His butler having given up his place on the ground that his mistress was constantly scolding him, even when he had done nothing wrong, received the reply, "Hoots, man, is that a' ye're leavin' for? Ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankfu' ye're no' merrit to her."

No. 33 was, until two years ago, the residence of Sir Noel Paton, the Limner Royal for Scotland, and one of the most exquisite painters of the nineteenth century. His "Quarrel of Oberon and Titania" and his "Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania" are simply unrivalled for delicacy of draughtmanship and subtle beauty of colouring. At No. 39 resided Dr Alexander Adam, the famous Rector of the High School, author of an excellent Latin Grammar, which even yet is used, and a volume of *Roman Antiquities*, which long was popular among scholars.

In No. 56 Robert Blair of Avonton (1741-1811), Lord President of the Court of Session, resided. He was an advocate until 1804, when he was raised at once to the Presidentship without having occupied any intermediate seat on the Bench, being acknowledged without dispute as the greatest lawyer of his day, perhaps the greatest Scotland ever saw. He only held the Presidentship seven years. Lord Cockburn says:—

"He had been in court on the day of his death, seemingly in excellent health, and had gone to take his usual walk from his house in George Square round by Bruntsfield Links, the Grange Loan, and the Lover's Loan, where his solitary figure was a known and respected object, when he was struck with sudden illness, staggered home, and died."

## The Story of Edinburgh

Lockhart, in *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, relates that on one occasion John Clerk (afterwards Lord Eldin) having on one occasion expended all his immense intellectual force in preparing a clever and sophistical argument on a case, was so confounded by the President's calm demolition of his fallacious reasoning, that he was heard to mutter between his teeth, "Ma man, God Almighty spared nae pains when He made your brains."

No. 57, next door, was the residence of Lord Chief Baron Robert Dundas of Arniston, and is memorable as being the place where the first Lord Melville died in 1811. Lord Cockburn states:—

"The first Lord Melville had come into Edinburgh from Melville Castle to attend the funeral next day of his old and dear friend, Lord President Blair. He retired to rest in his usual health but was found dead in bed next morning. These two early attached and illustrious friends were thus lying dead with but a partition wall between them."

We must only take a glance at *Buccleuch Place*, a street of tall, massive and substantial but rather gloomy-looking houses, erected in 1788. The block which stands detached, immediately facing the opening from George Square, was formerly the Assembly Rooms for the south side of the city; while at No. 18 Jeffrey was living in 1802-03, when the project of founding the *Edinburgh Review* was mooted and agreed upon. Behind are the Meadows, originally the bed of a large natural lake called the Boroughloch, of the same geological formation as Duddingston. It was drained partially in 1612 by the Town Council, but completely in 1722 by Thomas Hope of Rankeillor, who besides draining off the water, undertook (and fulfilled to the letter) to make a walk round what had been the lake-bed, to plant lime trees around it and lay it down in grass. The Meadows, divided into the East and West sections, are convenient grounds for cricket, football, and all athletic sports, while a

## *From the Post Office to Tollcross*

broad carriage roadway called the Melville Drive after Lord Melville, encircles them. At the head of the Boroughloch Lane is the *Archers' Hall*, the headquarters of the Royal Company of Archers, the King's Body-guard for Scotland, formed in 1676 and incorporated by Royal Charter under the Great Seal in 1704. The Archers are specially granted a portion of the Meadows



*The  
Royal Infirmary*

for the practice of their delightful sport, and every year competitions and matches take place.

We now return by the *Meadow Walk*—a delightful promenade under the leafy canopy of immemorial elms, limes, and beeches, which connects the Old Town with the suburb of the Grange—to resume our walk along Lauriston. The new *Royal Infirmary* is adjacent to the Meadow Walk, so that we obtain a view from the lower end of it of the complete range of the pavilions facing south, and from the upper end of those facing north. This stupendous institution, covering with its buildings an area of nearly seven acres, was removed hither in

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

1879-80 from the Old Infirmary off the South Bridge. It presents its front façade to Lauriston—a thoroughfare named after the Laws of Lauriston, whose town house stood on the site of Chalmers's Hospital—but its back elevation, looking towards the Melville Drive and the green-sward and leafy walks of the Meadows, is also very imposing. The entire establishment, which contains 860 beds and 60 cots, is divided into 4 great sections, the Surgical Department, the Medical, the Gynæcological, and the Special. The first-named occupies the portion of the edifice facing Lauriston, embracing 4 pavilions, each containing 6 wards, and each ward from 16 to 22 beds; the Medical Department, occupying the side of the building facing the West Meadows, embracing also 4 pavilions, each containing 3 wards and each ward about 28 beds; the Gynæcological Department, also facing the Meadows, embracing 1 pavilion ("the Jubilee"), containing 3 wards with 27 beds. The Special pavilions, adjoining George Watson's School, embrace the Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat Wards, capable of accommodating in all about 70 patients. Accommodation is also provided in the Surgical House for about 15 patients suffering from diseases of the skin, while in addition there are the 2 "Lock Wards," capable of receiving 30 patients, an Isolation Ward, a Students' Ward, Convalescent Ward, etc. Over and above all these the laundries, the kitchens, the Clerk of Works Department, with the workshops—blacksmiths, carpenters, painters, etc.—are all most complete in their appointments. Coming to the staff, the whole institution is under the direction of a Superintendent (Colonel W. P. Warburton, M.D.C.S.I.), appointed by the Committee of Managers, while the needs of patients are attended to by a staff of 85 physicians, surgeons, and clinical assistants, and over 200 nurses. Class-rooms are provided, where instruction is given by the responsible "chiefs" of the various

## *From the Post Office to Tollcross*

wards to the medical students, who have the privilege of walking the Infirmary, while clinical lectures are delivered almost daily. During the year 1902-03, 10,484 patients were admitted to the Infirmary. Of these 4921 were discharged cured, 3480 were discharged "relieved," 603 were discharged on other grounds, and 758 died, while 722 patients remained under treatment at the close of the year. In addition, 31,801 out-door patients had their needs attended to.

The expenses of this great institution are met by voluntary contributions on the part of the public, by donations, legacies, and an annual church collection on "Hospital Sunday." The ordinary income for 1902-03 was £32,685, while the expenditure was £47,600, leaving a deficit of £14,915, which had to be met out of the reserve funds. The Royal Infirmary is a model of good management, while the skill and attention bestowed upon every case in the great establishment have worthily earned for it a world-wide reputation. It deserves and receives the confidence and support of the Edinburgh people, while strangers come to it from all parts of the globe.

Immediately opposite is another magnificent edifice, standing within large and beautifully laid out grounds. This is the far-famed *Heriot's Hospital*. George Heriot was born in Edinburgh in 1563, the son of the goldsmith of James V., and was admitted to the craft in 1588. He speedily became the leading man in the trade in Edinburgh, was appointed goldsmith and jeweller to Anne of Denmark and afterwards to James VI., both of whom were often in his debt to the extent of £20,000, a vast sum in those days. He followed James to London, and speedily acquired an enormous business there. After losing his first and second wives without issue, he determined to leave his great wealth to charity. Having experience of the good which Christ's Hospital

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

did for the children of London burgesses, he sought to establish an Edinburgh establishment upon the same principle, "for the education and upbringing of poor orphans and fatherless children of decayed burgesses and freemen of the burgh of Edinburgh." Accordingly, after his death in 1624, he was found to have left the whole of his fortune to "the civic authorities of Edinburgh and the clergy thereof" in trust for the carrying out of his wishes. The trustees began the erection of the hospital in 1628, the architect being in all likelihood William Wallace, and not Inigo Jones as is popularly supposed. Owing to various causes the great edifice was not completed till 1659. The building is a quadrangular four-storied one in shape, measuring 162 feet each way, the corners of the great square block being furnished with corbelled turrets having cupola vanes and roofs and on the north and east sides a piazza  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet in breadth. Over the northern gateway, which is an exceedingly ornate piece of work and is a prominent object when viewed from the Grassmarket, is a clock tower surmounted by a dome and lantern. Viewed from any point this fine old Tudor building is impressively majestic, and when the rays of the setting sun tip and tint its numerous towers and pinnacles with a soft roseate glow the effect is exquisitely pleasing.

From the seventeenth century to the present day "Heriot's foundation" has continued to increase in value. The investments of the capital proved so enormously lucrative, that the Governors have really had more funds than were needed for the purposes of the hospital, and have therefore been able to devote considerable sums to other means of providing educational advantages to Heriot's native city. Hence the Heriot free schools came into existence ; hence too the Heriot-Watt College was liberally equipped and endowed, whereby technical and industrial training have been so

## *From the Post Office to Tollcross*

greatly benefited. The interior of the hospital is even more interesting than the exterior, containing as it does many relics and mementoes of the grand old founder.

From the hospital we proceed along Lauriston, passing the head of the Vennel, where we again catch a glimpse of that section of the Old City Wall that is extant, passing Archibald Place, at the foot of which we note the spacious school erected by the Merchant Company, and called "George Watson's College." By far the most numerous attended of all the educational establishments in Edinburgh, the list of honours taken by its scholars each year at the University is always a very long and distinguished one. In No. 16 Archibald Place resided Hugh Miller, when he came to Edinburgh in 1840 to edit the *Witness*.

We next pass the new *Fire Station* at the head of Lady Lawson's Street, erected in 1900 at a cost of over £34,000; while behind it is the *Cattle Market*, to which we have already referred. Immediately opposite the head of Lady Lawson's Street is the *Chalmers' Hospital for the Sick and Wounded*, an extensive block of buildings in the Early Italian style, erected in 1861 with funds left by George Chalmers, a master plumber in Edinburgh. The management of this excellent institution is vested in the Dean and Faculty of Advocates. Lauriston Gardens with the *Convent of St. Catherine of Sienna* and the *Church of the Sacred Heart*, wherein is an image which once belonged to the old Abbey of Holyrood, the *Simpson Memorial Maternity Hospital*, erected to commemorate the work of the great and good Sir James Simpson, are all passed by us on our way to *Tollcross*, one of the busiest centres in the city, and the point of junction of no fewer than four lines of tramway.

If we take a few steps along Earl Grey Street—originally Wellington Street but changed at the time of the Reform Bill agitation—we reach the densely-peopled

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

district of Fountainbridge, in which are the city Abattoirs, and further on the crowded industrial suburbs of Dalry and Gorgie. At the end of Earl Grey Street is Port Hopetoun, the terminus or basin of the Union Canal, where lie the barges laden deep with coal, pottery and fire-clay ware from the mines and works of the west. At this point too ends the long ascent of the Lothian Road, intersected on the east side by Grindlay Street (in which is the Lyceum Theatre) and by Bread Street, and on the west by Morrison Street, which leads down to Haymarket and Dalry.



## CHAPTER XXIV

### *The Southern Suburbs*

NOT the least lovely of the notable features of Edinburgh are its suburbs. It may be called "a city of suburbs." The original municipal boundary was an extremely small one owing to the area of the houses having gone to height in place of breadth. Thirty or forty years ago the essential characteristic of these suburbs was villa residences; but now from the commendable desire that those unable to afford a villa, either detached or semi-detached, should not be debarred from the enjoyment of suburban residence, the erection of long terraces arranged upon the "flat" system has been introduced and has proved an incalculable boon to many households which otherwise would have been compelled to remain cooped up amid the smoky atmosphere of the city. This is a prominent feature of the Marchmont and Warrender Park districts, and is due to the foresight of Sir George Warrender.

Our last walk terminated at Tollcross. Here also we begin our fresh journey, and in order to enjoy the scenery, and at the same time avoid the fatigue resulting from a very long tramp, some may prefer to take one of the tramway-cars that are continually plying to and from Braid Hills Road. But for us "the footpath way" !

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a,  
The merry heart goes all the day,  
The sad tires in a mile-a."

## The Story of Edinburgh

About a quarter of a mile from Tollcross on the left-hand side of the street we pass a place of worship whose lofty spire is a conspicuous object in the landscape for miles around. This is the *Barclay United Free Church*—a magnificent piece of architecture, erected in 1862-63, at a cost of £12,000, from designs by Mr W. H. Pilkington. Its pulpit was long occupied by the late Rev. Dr. J. H. Wilson. Immediately opposite is *Gillespie's Hospital*, built in 1800 with funds left by James Gillespie, tobacco and snuff merchant, for whose carriage panels Henry Erskine suggested the motto, "*Quid rides,*" with the addendum:—

"Who would have thought it,  
That noses would have bought it."

The Barclay Church stands on the edge of a rolling stretch of meadow, which has for centuries been devoted to the grand old game of golf. This is the *Bruntsfield Links*, where as far back as 1579 the game of golf was played by grave senators of justice, and leading lawyers, prominent medical men, and landed gentry. It has recently, however, been greatly circumscribed since the opening of the "Braid Hills Course." Our direct road now sweeps onward up Bruntsfield Place, still skirting the links and the suburb of Viewforth until it reaches *Merchiston Place*, and a little further on, the *Colinton Road*, both of which give access to the numerous crescents and terraces of the sunny and salubrious suburb of *Merchiston*, one of the most popular residential quarters for the denizens of villadom. In Colinton Road stands the ancient castellated mansion house of *Merchiston Castle*, the home of the Napiers of Merchiston and the residence for many years of the celebrated John Napier (1550-1617), the inventor of "Logarithms," his volume on which was published in 1614, dedicated to Prince Charles. The house, now

## *The Southern Suburbs*

occupied by Merchiston Castle School, one of the leading Edinburgh educational establishments, still preserves many of the external features of the fortalice, and within it in the "Napier Room" are preserved numerous mementoes of the great mathematician, who singularly enough was regarded by his contemporaries as a wizard of great power. We here leave the direct road for a few moments and doubling back on our tracks for about 300 yards until we come to *Bruntsfield Terrace*, we cut across the links and reach *Whitehouse Loan* and the quaint old mansion of the Warrenders. With its massive gateway, its towering crow-stepped gables, its clustered chimneys, and sculptured door it forms a veritable link with that past when George Warrender was Lord Provost of Edinburgh (1714), and was presented for his services with "ane convenient meadow nigh his dwelling." The "convenient meadow" has since been feued and has proved a veritable gold mine to the descendants of the worthy baronet. The old house is full of interest, both externally and internally. Besides the inevitable ghost and secret chamber, those indispensable adjuncts of all well-conditioned mansions with any pretensions to romantic eeriness, it contains some excellent specimens of the decorative art of old Norrie. About 300 yards further on we pass a gateway, surmounted by a massive knotted rope in stone, which gives entrance to St. Margaret's Convent, erected in 1835, and dedicated to St. Margaret, Queen of Scots, the wife of Malcolm Canmore. The convent is attached to the Order of the Sisters Ursuline of Jesus—an organisation which, by the vast amount of good it achieves amongst the sick poor, deserves well of the community. In the chapel of the convent lie the remains of "good Bishop Gillis"—a man whose name for charity and good works is still revered by Catholic and Protestant alike.

## The Story of Edinburgh

The buildings of this religious house, though extensive, are severely simple in architectural detail.

We now press rapidly onward until Whitehouse Loan meets *Grange Loan*, along which the Young Chevalier led his army in 1745 to escape the fire of the Castle. Here, retired and hidden within its wooded grounds, is *Millbank*, the suburban residence of the great surgeon, James Syme, where Carlyle was a guest when he came north to deliver his Rectorial Address in 1866. A little further east is the mansion house of St. Roque, in the grounds of which can still be traced the faint outlines of the site of the old chapel which stood here, dedicated to St. Roque, who was believed to have power to save his worshippers from the plague. Hence, during the visitation of the pest in 1562, thousands made a pilgrimage hither. In *Marmion* Scott thus refers to the place:—

“Thus clamour still the war-notes when  
The king to mass his way has ta'en  
Or to St. Katherine's of Sienne,  
Or Chapel of Saint Roque.”

(CANTO IV. STANZA XXXI.)

We now travel westward along the Grange Loan, and rejoin the main southern route of the tram-line beside the Parish Church of Morningside, into the boundary wall of which is built the celebrated “Bore-Stone,” in which the standard of James IV. was fixed when his forces were mustering on the Boroughmuir for that disastrous expedition into England which was to be terminated by the dark day of Flodden. Who does not recall Scott's vivid lines describing the scene:—

“Highest and midmost, was descried  
The royal banner floating wide;  
The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight,  
Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,  
Which still in memory is shown,  
Yet bent beneath the standard's weight

## The Southern Suburbs

Whene'er the western wind unroll'd,  
With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold,  
And gave to view the dazzling field,  
Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,  
The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold."

All this district, northward almost to the Castle, westward to Slateford, eastward to the lands of St. Giles' Grange, belonging to the clergy of St. Giles, and southward to Blackford was included in the *Boroughmuir*, whence the burghers drew their supplies of timber.

We here note the various thoroughfares giving access to the secluded yet popular suburb of *Morningside*, filled with beautiful and stately villas. As early as the end of the seventeenth century the village of Morningside was a summer resort of the citizens of Edinburgh, being sheltered from the keen bite of the east winds blowing in from the Forth. For sheer beauty of situation it is perhaps the loveliest of all the suburbs, the view of the green Pentlands stretching westward towards Dunsyre, and of the richly-wooded strath undulating in fertile reaches towards Colinton, being picturesque in the highest degree.

We now press onward down Morningside Road, noting on the right the great *District Lunatic Asylum*, an immense building standing within sequestered grounds; the quiet Morningside Cemetery, situated by the side of the Suburban Railway, which encircles the city as with necklace of steel. Still onward we push up Comiston Road, between never-ending blocks of houses in the new suburbs of Comiston and Craiglockhart. Still on the right we note the wooded tops of Easter and Wester Craiglockhart Hills, between which lie the ruins of Craiglockhart Castle, the ancient keep of the Lockharts. The City Poorhouse nestles at the foot of the Wester Hill, and at a little distance lies the veritable "township" which represents the new *Fever Hospital*, lately erected by the City Corporation.

## The Story of Edinburgh

We now reach the Braid Hills, the greater part of which has been laid out as a golf course at the public expense. The walks here lead one to an endless variety of charming scenery. Seats are provided at points of vantage where one can rest and enjoy at leisure the prospect, now of the great city, with its spires, its domes, its lofty lands, its grim old Castle mounting guard on the north-west, with the lion-couchant mass of Arthur's Seat as its fellow sentinel on the east, while behind gleam the blue waters of the Firth. If we turn to the south and west our eye travels along the rounded grassy summits of the Pentland range, from Cairketton on the extreme east, past Allermuir, Capelaw, Bell's Hill, with the top of Castlelaw, along to the misty Black Hill in the dim azure of the extreme west. Between Cairketton and Allermuir lie the cottage, the farmhouse and village of Swanston, identified with the life of Robert Louis Stevenson, and the scenery of which he has introduced with such artistic fidelity into *Weir of Hermiston*, and others of his works.

Satiated at last even with a pleasure so purely æsthetic as charming scenery, we begin our homeward journey after obtaining refreshments either in the comfortable *Braid Hills Hotel*, or at the *Braid Dairy Farm*, where delicious milk is always to be obtained. We strike down the lane skirting the beautiful woods of *Hermitage House*, long the residence of Sir John Skelton, and leading to the *Blackford Glen* and the *Rustic Bridge*. Within ten minutes we are seemingly buried in a lonely Highland glen, with the lofty crags of Blackford Hill towering above us on the left, while on the right we are shut in by the high meadow lands sloping down from the Braid Hills. Through the middle of the glen murmurs a wimpling stream, clear as crystal—

“ Chattering over stony ways  
In little sharps and trebles ”—

## *The Southern Suburbs*

as it winds its way through this sequestered scene down to the sea. Yet the fringe of the city over the crest of the hill is just less than a mile distant. We scale the somewhat steep side of Blackford Hill to the summit, and sitting in the "Travellers' Shelter" erected there, we try to recall the scene which Marmion is said to have beheld beneath him when, with Sir David Lyndsay, he stood and gazed upon the Scottish host below. Scott too was fond of lying here basking in the sun, and nourishing those dreams of romance and chivalry which made him the greatest Wizard of Romance the world has seen. His feelings are thus beautifully described :—

" Blackford ! on whose uncultured breast,  
Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,  
A truant-boy, I sought the nest,  
Or listed, as I lay at rest  
While rose, on breezes thin,  
The murmur of the city crowd,  
And from his steeple laughing loud  
Saint Giles's mingling din."

Blackford Hill was purchased by the Town Council of Edinburgh in 1884 and thrown open to the public as a recreation ground. As this was done by the advice of the late Sir George Harrison, Lord Provost, a memorial archway of red sandstone at the eastern entrance to the hill has been erected to commemorate the debt of gratitude Edinburgh owes to its erstwhile chief magistrate. Halfway down the eastern slope towards the archway is the *Royal Observatory*, which has been brought here from the position it long had occupied on the Calton Hill. Erected in 1894-95 it has already proved that the present situation is much better adapted for the study of celestial phenomena than the former one. It is under the charge of the Professor of Astronomy in the University, and, besides one very powerful telescope, is richly furnished with all necessary instruments for prosecuting those astronomical, æronometrical, and

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

seismographic investigations which in the past have won for the Edinburgh Royal Observatory a reputation second to none in Britain. From this point of vantage we obtain a fine bird's-eye view of the suburbs of the Grange, lying immediately below us, and, to the eastward, of Newington and Mayfield, extending from the vicinity of Arthur's Seat almost to Liberton. More beautifully-situated suburbs could scarcely be conceived. Lying on the southern slopes of the town they bask in the afternoon sun and yet are protected from the bitter northern winds that chill the equally beautiful suburbs of Comely Bank and Ravelston.

We walk up Blackford Avenue and along *Grange Loan* until we reach the Grange House, formerly the old "grange" or granary of the clergy of St. Giles; also, according to tradition, the abode later of Sir William Kirkcaldy of Grange (Fifeshire), and finally the mansion house of the Dick Lauders of Grange and Fountainhall. Here Principal Robertson, the historian, lived for many years and here in 1792 he died; while after it had been enlarged it was the residence during the later years of his life of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, author of the *Morayshire Floods* and *The Wolf of Badenoch*. The house, a curious old edifice in the Scots Baronial style, is a mass of corbelled towers, crow-stepped gables, quaint coigns and heavily-mullioned windows; while the entrance porch, evidently of great antiquity, and the avenue of ancestral beeches leading up from the porter's lodge would appear to date from the still older building, which has been incorporated and absorbed in the present one. There is a tradition that an underground passage connects the "Grange House" with the Castle.

We now traverse the *Lovers' Loan*, once a beautiful walk between hedgerows and the only means of communication between the Grange and the "Old Town,"



## *The Southern Suburbs*

but now enclosed between high walls. This leads us up to the *Grange Road* and to the gates of the *Grange Cemetery*, still another of the picturesquely-situated graveyards of Edinburgh. Here lie the remains of Thomas Chalmers, Alexander Duff, the great Indian missionary; Principal Cunningham of the New College; Dr. Thomas Guthrie, founder of the Industrial or Ragged Schools; Sir Thomas Dick Lauder; Thomas Nelson, the founder of the firm of T. Nelson & Sons; Professor A. B. Davidson, the Semitic scholar; Lord Dunfermline, the jurist, and many others. Immediately opposite the gates is the Chalmers' Memorial Church, long the scene of the labours of the Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar, one of the finest of English hymn-writers.

## CHAPTER XXV

### *The Northern Environs*

OUR point of departure on' this occasion is from the Post Office, which occupies the site of Shakespeare Square and the old Theatre Royal, which Scott used to patronise so frequently. The foundation-stone of the Post Office was laid in 1861 by the Prince Consort, and the new building was opened in 1866. Starting from the Post Office, therefore, we cross the *Regent Bridge*, commenced in 1815 and opened in 1819, and pass on our right-hand side what remains of the "Old Calton Graveyard," one of the oldest in the city. Here are interred David Hume, the philosopher and historian; Archibald Constable and William Blackwood, two of the greatest publishers Edinburgh has known, rivals in life but now resting quietly almost side by side; Dr. Candlish, church leader and theologian; David Allan, the Scots Hogarth; Professor George Wilson, author of the *Five Gateways of Knowledge*; and a crowd of others. Two monuments, however, attract immediate attention, one a towering obelisk, which casts its shadow well across the graveyard and is called somewhat inappropriately the "Martyrs' Monument." It was erected in 1844 to the "Friends of the People"—Muir, Palmer, Skirving, Margarot, and Gerald—who were tried, convicted, and banished for daring to avow Radical opinions. The other monument is erected to the memory of *President Lincoln*, and serves the double purpose of paying a tribute to one of the noblest men and truest-hearted of Americans, and of commemorating those Scoto-American soldiers who

## *The Northern Environs*

fell in the Civil War. A freed slave kneeling on the pedestal gazes up with grateful love to the bronze statue of the heroic statesman who earned for himself so nobly the title of the "Saviour of the Slave."

A few steps onward and we pass the *Calton Gaol*, a picturesquely castellated structure surmounting that part of the Calton Hill called "The Doo Craig" and erected in 1808-10. We then cross the street and ascend the flight of steps to the main portion of the Hill, noting as we do the medallions placed there to commemorate the three great Scottish vocalists—Templeton, Wilson, and Kennedy. The summit of the hill is crowned by the *National Monument*, intended to be a memorial of the splendid achievements of our country during the Peninsular War, the model selected being the Parthenon at Athens. The scheme at its inception was enthusiastically taken up. George IV. laid the foundation-stone during his historic visit to Edinburgh in 1822, but the cost of the great columns was enormous, and ere long the work came to a stand-still for lack of funds, and remains so to this day, all that was completed being the basement, twelve columns of the hard Craigleith stone, and the architraves. Travellers, however, who see the building from the Firth of Forth, say that the unfinished monument is like the Parthenon of the present day, and completes the resemblance between Edinburgh and Athens.

The other features of interest on the hill are *Nelson's Monument*, on the southern crest, overlooking the Regent Road, shaped like a marine telescope, and erected during the years 1805-16. In it are collected many mementoes of the victor of Trafalgar. The monument is in electric communication with Greenwich, and by means of the "time-ball" the one o'clock gun is fired from the Castle every week day. At the foot of the monument are some of the cannon captured from

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

the Russians at Sebastopol. Westward are the *Old and New Observatories*, the former erected in 1776, the other in 1818, with the monument to Professor John Playfair, the physicist, at the south-eastern end of the latter; while at the head of the steps leading up from Waterloo Place is the memorial to Dugald Stewart, one of Scotland's greatest philosophic thinkers and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University.

At the foot of the south-east corner of the Calton Hill is the Royal High School, a capital example of the purest Grecian Doric architecture, and following even in its minutest details the Temple of Theseus at Athens. This institution has played an important part in the educational life of the city and still maintains its high reputation. On the opposite side of the road from the great hall of the High School, is the *Burns Monument*, a reproduction of the Greek peripteral Temple of Lysicrates at Athens.

In order to reach Leith we can either proceed down the Regent Road, past the village of *Jock's Lodge*, where are situated the Cavalry Barracks of Piershill, through the quaint little hamlet of Restalrig, with its ancient church and burying-ground lying to the north-east, and reach Leith *via* the Links. We prefer, however, to walk along Regent, Carlton, and Royal Terraces and join Leith Walk at Greenside, where in the days of Mary the jousting lists were placed, and where James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, captivated the heart of the fair queen by riding his war horse full speed down the steep incline into the lists. At a little distance down the "Walk" and near Pilrig was the site of the "Gallowlee," where was the *widdy tree* or town gibbet in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, too frequently decorated with the corpse of a criminal hanging in chains.

We press on down the long line of Leith Walk until

## *The Northern Environs*

we cross the burgh boundary at Pilrig and are in the municipality of Leith. The "port" is almost as ancient as Edinburgh. As far back as the days of David I. we find it recognised as a place of some importance, for the "sair saunct" in his charter to the monks of Holyrood gave them the water, meadows, and fishings of Inverleith nearest the harbour. The name is variously spelt in the old charters—Leyt, Leathe, Leth, etc. In 1329 Robert Bruce made a grant of the harbour and village to the town of Edinburgh; and until 1832, when the provisions of the Reform Bill came into force, Leith was subject to the "superiority" of its larger neighbour; though in 1398 Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig contested the right of Robert I. to assign what was not his to give, and compelled the town of Edinburgh to purchase a ratification from him. In 1482 James III. granted to Edinburgh a charter containing a record of the customs, profits, exactions, and revenues of the Port of Leith. As showing the petty tyranny the magistrates of the capital exercised over the port, we find that in 1485 they enacted "that no merchant of Edinburgh presume to take into partnership any indweller of the town of Leith under pain of forty pounds to the Kirk Wark, and to be deprived of the freedom (of the city) for ane zeir."

The earliest houses built in Leith were erected in the twelfth century, on the "Shore," or place where the river empties itself into the sea. This was the site of the first "harbour," and the houses of merchants clustered round it, the locality being bounded on the south by Tolbooth Wynd, on the west by the "Shore" or "quay," on the north by Broad Wynd, and on the east by "Rotten Row," now Water Lane. In this oldest part of Leith, the widest alley is only 10 feet broad and was called *Burgess Close*, being the earliest road granted to the citizens of Edinburgh by Logan of Restalrig.

As a seaboard town Leith was exposed to attack from hostile fleets. In 1544, as Knox relates in his *Historie*, the Earl of Hertford, and his men, disembarking from their vessels, marched into Leith on Sunday, 4th May, and "fand the tables covered, the dynnaris prepared, with abundance of wyne and victuallis, besydes uther substances, that the lyk ritches were not to be fand either in Scotland nor in England." On this occasion Leith was sacked and burned. The same fate overtook it after the battle of Pinkie, four years later (1548).

During the stirring times of the Reformation struggle (1557-60), Mary of Guise, the queen-regent, made Leith the headquarters of the Catholic cause. Strong fortifications were accordingly thrown up to guard the town against the attacks upon it by the Lords of the Congregation, assisted towards the end of the campaign by the English troops. Despite the stubborn resistance made by the French mercenaries under Maréchal Strozzi, whom the queen-regent had brought from France to assist the Catholic cause, they were forced to yield, being reduced to the last straits by famine. A truce, eventually developing into the peace of 1559, was concluded between the belligerents, and the troops of both sides were withdrawn. A century later Leith was again fortified by General Monk, Cromwell's chief lieutenant. On the site of the Church of St. Nicholas he erected the citadel of Leith, a structure of a pentagonal shape, faced with hewn stone, having five bastions, and containing the barracks. The house immediately over the arch, part of which still remains, is said to have been his own dwelling. In July 1689 the disastrous Darien expedition, consisting of four frigates, having on board 1200 men and 300 gentlemen volunteers, sailed from Leith. After the ferment occasioned by the Union negotiations had subsided, the inhabitants of the port to a man being opposed to any understanding

## *The Northern Environs*

whatever with the hated southern merchants who had caused the failure of the Darien scheme, the history of Leith may be said to be summed up in the record of its extraordinary growth in commercial importance. Since it received a municipal constitution of its own in 1833, it has developed with marvellous rapidity, until now it stands sixth in the list of the great ports of the United Kingdom. The population of Leith at the census of 1901 was 76,667. Some years ago the question of the re-absorption of Leith in Edinburgh was mooted. But the port having had experience of the "tender mercies" of Edinburgh "superiority" for 600 years, was able successfully to resist the strenuous wooing of the amalgamation advocates.

One of the best streets in Leith is *Constitution Street*, which adjoins the *Links*, a fine open expanse of common, where on a Saturday afternoon all sorts of games are in progress. The game of golf was much played here by the Edinburgh people, particularly by the Duke of York, afterwards James II. Here can still be traced the two mounds named respectively *Giants' Brae* and *Lady Fife's Brae*, which are the remains of the two batteries, "Fort Somerset" and "Fort Pelham," raised by the English auxiliaries sent in 1559 to assist the Reformed Party in Scotland against the queen-regent and the French. At the southern corner of the Links stands the *Watt Hospital* for the reception and maintenance of aged men and women in destitute circumstances, erected in 1862 from funds bequeathed by a Leith merchant named Watt. West of this stands the *High School* of Leith, a two-storeyed edifice in the Doric style of Grecian architecture, surmounted by a clock-tower and cupola. Returning to Constitution Street we pass the *Municipal Buildings and Town Hall* at the corner of this thoroughfare, and Charlotte Street, an ornate pile in which the Grecian Doric and Ionic styles

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

are aptly intermingled, while lower down, towards the foot of Constitution Street on the east side, are the *Exchange Buildings*, an imposing edifice also in the Grecian style with a fine tetra-columnar Ionic portico. On the west side of the street is the beautiful Roman Catholic Church of *Maris Stella*, erected in a mixed type of Early Gothic. Still further on is the handsome structure of the *Leith Chamber of Commerce*, in front of which is the fine statue of Burns, recently erected by the Leith Burns Club.

From Constitution Street we enter *Bernard Street*, so called from a famous taverner called "Bernard Lindsay," who lived early in the seventeenth century. In this street, and covering the ground between it and Broad Wynd stood in ancient times a large building called the "King's Wark." Erected about 1470, it seems to have been the earliest example of a Scots arsenal and naval armoury. As Bernard Street is one of the busiest localities in Leith most of its antiquarian features have disappeared. We therefore turn ere long to our left and enter *Water Street*, which is the ancient "Water Lane" often mentioned in early charters. This is the oldest part of Leith, being formerly called "the Rotten Row," and relics of antiquity in ancient houses meet us on all sides. Here Mary of Guise lived while her palace on the Castlehill was building.

From Water Street we pass into the *Kirkgate*, the most interesting and most historic thoroughfare in Leith. At the corner of Coatfield Lane and the Kirkgate stand the remains of an old mansion, erected by the Earl of Carrick, but afterwards occupied by Lord Balmerino, who was executed in 1746 for his share in the Highland Rebellion of 1745. The house still betrays traces of its former magnificence. On the opposite side is the *Trinity House of Leith*, in the style of the Georgian era, but with a Grecian portico



## *The Northern Environs*

and pilasters, and erected on the site of the original edifice, built in 1555. The inscription which long adorned the front of the latter is now inserted into the south wall of the present one, facing St. Giles' Street. We read in large, antique ornamental letters the following dedication:—"IN YE NAME OF YE LORD, YE MASTERIS AND MARINERIS BYLDIS THIS HOUS TO YE POVR. ANNO DOM. 1555," while in the east wing a stone is still preserved whereon is carved a cross staff, two globes, an anchor, and other nautical instruments and implements of the sixteenth century, with the motto, "*Pervia, virtuti, sidera, terra, mare,*" and beneath this inscription, "Instituted 1380, built 1555, rebuilt 1816." This association, which prior to 1797 was designated "The Corporation of the Shipmasters of the Trinity House of Leith," was originally a charitable society to succour distressed seamen, but in that year was incorporated by Royal Charter into a board to examine and to license persons to be pilots. In the large hall wherein the "Trinity Masters" meet is a portrait of Mary of Guise, who was the foundress of the "House," also a model of the vessel, *La Belle Esperance*, in which she came to Scotland. There are likewise several portraits of "Old Brethren of the Trinity House," and a large painting, "Vasco da Gama passing the Cape of Good Hope."

On the opposite side of the street is the ancient *Church of St. Mary*, the Parish Church of South Leith. Though renewed in 1848, it still retains many traces of extreme antiquity. First mentioned in contemporary documents in 1490, it must have been in existence at least 200 years before that time, and the nave as it now stands dates back to the early decades of the fifteenth century. The choir and transepts are of later date, the original fabrics being destroyed by the English during the invasions of 1544 and 1547. The first

Protestant minister of St. Mary's was the famous David Lindsay, Moderator of the General Assembly in 1567 and 1582, who attended Kirkcaldy of Grange to the scaffold in 1573. He accompanied James VI. on his wedding trip to Denmark, performed the marriage ceremony there, and afterwards baptised their two sons—Prince Henry, who died in 1612, and Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I. Lindsay yielded to his royal master's wishes, became an Episcopalian and died Bishop of Ross. Cromwell's men, during Oliver's occupation of Leith, often preached in the church, and on one occasion the future Protector himself delivered an exhortation. The graveyard which surrounds the church holds the dust of many illustrious men—the two Bartons, the great sea-captains of the days of James IV.; Captain Gibson of the Darien expedition; Home, the author of *Douglas*, and many others. King James's Hospital, for the maintenance of indigent females, stood on a part of the ground, the spot being marked at the south-east corner of the churchyard by a Gothic pediment surmounting the boundary wall, adorned with the Scottish Regalia in high relief with the initials J. R., while a large panel below bears the name, royal arms, and initials of Charles II.

*St Anthony's Street*, which opens off the Kirkgate, commemorates the Monastery or Preceptory of the Knights Hospitallers of St. Anthony, which stood on the right-hand side of the Kirkgate, a splendid edifice surrounded by gardens and a burying-ground, but only some subterranean vaults remain to mark the magnificence that has for ever passed away. Many of the privileges held by the Knights or Canons Hospitallers of St. Anthony have been acquired by St. Mary's Church. The Rev. John Logan, poet and essayist, was for some time minister of this church.

We now pass from the Kirkgate into Great Junction

## *The Northern Environs*

Street, and thence into *Mill Lane*, where is the *Leith Hospital*, an admirably-conducted institution; thence into *Sheriff Brae*, associated with the Gladstone family, the ancestors of the late great English statesman having been identified with the district for nearly a hundred years. In Williamson's Directory there stands the name, "Thomas Gladstones, flour and barley merchant, Coal Hill." He was the father of John Gladstone of Fasque, whose youngest son was the late Prime Minister. Sir John Gladstone erected a church here, *St. Thomas's*, with manse, schoolhouse, and almshouses, the whole forming a noble line of Gothic buildings.

We now enter the historic locality of "The Shore," another of the very ancient parts of Leith, in which even yet are many houses with quaint, peaked, crow-stepped gables, dormer windows, and ornate mouldings. At the extreme end and adjoining Coalhill stood till recently the ancient *Council Chamber*, a five-storied edifice of polished ashlar erected by Mary of Guise, where, when Edinburgh was held by Kirkcaldy of Grange, the successive Regents Lennox, Mar, and Morton were wont to meet, and to concoct measures for the overthrow of the "Queen's Party." We cross the *Tolbooth Wynd*, which intersects the "Shore" here—also until lately filled with antiquarian mementoes, but notable chiefly from the fact that herein stood the old Tolbooth of Leith, which was, until the second decade of the nineteenth century, the municipal buildings and the gaol of the port. Erected by order of Queen Mary, it was a grim old building, with forbidding iron gratings over the windows. Identified from first to last with the history of the port, it was by far the most remarkable building in the wynd.

The chief places of interest on "The Shore" are the *Old Ship Hotel* and the *New Ship Inn*, almost adjoining each other, and both of them dating back to

the seventeenth century. For centuries they have had a great reputation for good cheer and conviviality. Both outside and inside they exhibit numerous links with the historic past. Above the wide and substantially built doorway of the former, with its massive panels, is carved a vessel of the old Dutch type, while over the doorway of the latter, the well-known verse in the Vulgate edition of Psalm cxxi., "*Neque dormitet qui custodit te ; ecce non dormitabit neque dormiet qui custodit Israel*" ("Nor will He sleep who watcheth over thee ; lo, He who keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps"), has been wittily altered into, "*Ne dormitet custos tuus ; ecce non dormitat neque dormit custos domus*" ("Thy landlord never nods ; behold the host of this house neither slumbers nor sleeps"). The huge staircases, the black panels and wainscoting, the antique cornices and heavy-moulded fireplaces, have all been referred to by many travellers and writers during the past two centuries. Robert Fergusson, in his poem entitled "Good Eating" describes both these houses and the merry hours he had spent with congenial spirits in them.

We now reach the end of "The Shore," and near the place where it joins Tower Street stood till recently the old Signal Tower, a prominent object in all the views ancient and modern of the port, together with the round *Martello Tower*, erected at some distance from the shore, for the protection of shipping during the last French War. Leith Sands lie further east, formerly the scene of the Leith Races which, as far back as 1661, drew large crowds from Edinburgh for the annual orgies. The "Town Council's" prize was always despatched by special messenger, and "to go down wi' the Purse" meant to join some three or four thousand gaily-dressed men and women who accompanied the officer, and marched in procession down Leith Walk to the

## *The Northern Environs*

“Sands.” In later years the “Races” degenerated into scenes of disgusting debauchery and drunkenness, and eventually they were abolished. Still they were a feature in the City’s life, and Robert Fergusson in his poem on “Leith Races” sings:—

“We’l reel and ramble through the sands,  
An’ jeer wi’ a’ we meet,  
Nor hip the daft and gleesome bands  
That fill Edina’s street  
Sae thrang this day.”

We now reach the great Leith Harbour, and see before us its mighty docks, its extensive wharves and long piers. “The Shore” virtually receives its name from facing the “Inner Harbour,” where the river joins the sea and which from time immemorial has been the mooring place of shipping. From this spot we obtain an admirable idea of the relative situation of each item in the whole system of “Docks.” In all there are six of these, exclusive of what is known as the “Dry Dock.” We are now facing the two “lighthouses” which stand at the extreme ends of the *East* and *West Piers*. On our left hand are the *East Old Dock*, opened in 1806 and covering an area of 5 acres, the *West Old Dock*, completed in 1817 and covering  $5\frac{1}{2}$  acres, and the *Victoria Dock*—which lies the furthest to the north—thrown open in 1852 and embracing also an area of 5 acres. Turning now to the right-hand side we note first the *Dry Docks*, the largest of which is over 450 feet long by 80 broad, furnished with every appliance for the convenient and rapid repair of the largest vessels; next the magnificent *Edinburgh Dock*, completed in 1881, covering an area of  $16\frac{2}{3}$  acres, the *Albert Dock*, opened in 1869 and embracing 11 acres, and finally the *New Dock*, opened in 1902, covering 14 acres. Every appliance of the newest and most approved type for the rapid transmission of goods has been introduced into

these docks, and the two railway companies, whose stations are within a short distance of the harbour, run their lines down on to the dock sides. Round each of the docks are ranged sheds for the housing of merchandise, and most of the great steamship companies, trading to all parts of the world, have their warehouses within a short distance of the various docks. A day may be profitably spent in visiting these great ganglia of traffic where a considerable section of the commerce of the globe is centred.

Retracing our steps along "The Shore" we cross the bridge at the end of Great Junction Street, and find ourselves in North Leith. There is, however, little of antiquarian interest to attract one's attention here, save the *Old Church of St. Ninian*, the Parish Church of North Leith, standing on the bank of the river, and one of the oldest in the port, but now used as a store. Some of the gravestones in the ancient churchyard are very quaint. One of them which, as Grant says, perhaps marks the grave of some old shipbuilder, has a pooped three-decker with two Scottish ensigns displayed, and this line from Horace, "*Trabunter siccas machinae carinae—1749, aged 59 y—*" but the name has been obliterated. The *Citadel of Leith*, erected by General Monk, is still represented by some ancient buildings in Commercial Street and by an old archway called "Oliver's Mount." We next pass *Leith Fort*, utilised as a parade and exercise-ground for the artillery, but also still retaining many traces of an ancient origin.

We now step briskly along the road which skirts the shore, and ere long reach the picturesque fishing village, *Newhaven*, with its pier and little harbour, both of them recently repaired and extended by the Leith Dock Commissioners. The community here is strictly exclusive. The fishing lads and lasses intermarry only among themselves, or with their kinsfolk of Fisherrow

## *The Northern Environs*

(Musselburgh). The women have their distinctive dress, wherein a multiplicity of gaily-coloured petticoats is a prominent feature. Of considerable antiquity, dating back in fact to 1505, when James IV. was building his mighty vessel, *The Great Michael*, many of the houses have carvings and inscriptions upon them which carry their erection back to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A Newhaven "fish-dinner" at the old hostelry on the "Whale Brae" is one of the pleasures in store for all visitors.

Leaving Newhaven we walk onward to Granton, still by the shore-road, and obtain a fine view of the Islands of *Inchkeith* and *Inchcolm*. The former was fortified during the wars with England, being held by the English from 1548-49, and by the French until their departure from Scotland in 1559. In 1580 it was used as a place whither sufferers from the plague were sent, but thereafter was allowed to remain without inhabitants until 1878, when the new fortifications in connection with the protection of the Forth were initiated. Three heavy batteries have now been placed upon it commanding the mouth of the estuary. *Inchcolm* is interesting as containing the ruins of the Priory of St. Serf, of which Walter Bower (1385-1449), the continuator of Fordun's *Scotichronicon*, was Abbot. The view from it, on a clear summer's day, is charming.

We pass through *Trinity*, famous of old for its "Chain Pier," beloved of swimmers, *Wardie*, a pleasant residential suburb, and reach *Granton* which at one time was thought to threaten the supremacy of Leith as the port of Edinburgh. Here is the great harbour built in 1835 by the Duke of Buccleuch at a cost of one million sterling. Granton has a large trade, but the days when it could have challenged Leith in the trade race are over. Pushing onward we pass the large works of the Edinburgh and Leith Gas Commissioners, with

the huge gasometer, and eventually reach *Caroline Park*, formerly called Royston House, which gave the name of Lord Royston to George Mackenzie, Viscount Tarbet, third son of the Earl of Cromarty, and a judge of some note in his day. It afterwards came into the hands of John, the "Great" Duke of Argyll, who named the estate Caroline, after his daughter, who had been married to the Earl of Dalkeith. In this mansion there is decorative work of the very highest order of excellence, in the shape of moulded ceilings and cornices, magnificently-carved fireplaces, painted panels and wainscoting, while some of the mantels above the fireplaces and the frescoes on the walls show the most exquisite artistic taste. The architecture also of Caroline Park deserves notice, particularly the richly-adorned doorway, with its porch surmounted by a balcony and a fine carved French window, surmounted in turn on the third storey by a fine dormer window. Caroline Park now belongs to Messrs. A. B. Fleming & Co., who use it as the offices in connection with their great chemical works and manufactory of printing inks, which are in the vicinity, and the firm exhibits a most commendable zeal in preserving the antiquarian and artistic features of this historic mansion, one of the partners having written a delightful description of the place.

We still push onward, passing the ruins of *Old Granton House* (also called, at a later date, Royston Castle), standing on a grassy knoll. The mansion house was formerly entered by an archway beneath a battlemented barbican, and has evidently been a fortalice modernised to serve the purposes of a mansion house. This was the seat of the Hopes of Granton, a family founded by Sir Alexander Hope, son of Sir Thomas Hope, the famous King's Advocate to Charles I.

We have now a charming shore walk of some two miles amid scenery alike on the seaward and landward



## *The Northern Environs*

sides as rich and varied as any in Scotland, until we reach *Cramond* (Gaelic, *Caer-Almond*—the fort on the Almond), originally a Pictish or Gaelic fort, then later the Roman station of the II. and XX. Legions under Lollius Urbicus, the great Roman road from the south passing by it. Cramond has always retained many historic and antiquarian associations. At the mouth of the river is the "Cobble Ferry," by which we cross to the other side, a boon the traveller owes to Lord Rosebery. The scenery here is surpassingly rich, the woods clothing the banks of the river down to the water's edge, while the village nestles amidst the greenery, a beautiful picture of rural peace and seclusion. About half a mile off the coast lie Cramond Isle and Inch Mickery, the latter little better than a bare rock.

We must now strike up the river bank for some little distance in order to view the famous scene of "The Twa Brigs." The older bridge, dating back to the fifteenth century, consists of three pointed arches, the piers of which are strengthened by heavy buttresses. It has frequently been repaired, having become ruinous as early as 1607, but early in the nineteenth century, its stability being in doubt, a massive new bridge of eight arches was erected by Rennie. The old bridge, however, will always be remembered as the scene of the wooing of the "Gudeman of Ballangeich," one of the numerous names and disguises of James V. He had been flirting with a pretty country maiden, when he was discovered and assaulted by the fair one's father and brethren along with her rustic suitor, and would have fared badly had not a labourer, Jock Howieson, who was threshing grain with his flail at some little distance, observed the unequal contest. Shouting out, "What, sax agin ane, that's no fair; I'm for the ane," he threw himself into the combat, whirling his formidable flail, and speedily disabling his opponents, delivered the king. The grateful

monarch asked him to come to Holyrood and ask for the "Gudeman of Ballangeich." Howieson went, and was rewarded with the farm of Braehead, which his descendants held till recently, on condition of presenting a ewer, basin, and towel for the king to wash his hands when he passed the farm. This service was performed to George IV. in 1822 and Queen Victoria in 1842.

The River Almond, winding like a silver snake through rich meadow-lands, green as emerald, here divides Midlothian from Linlithgowshire or West Lothian. Properly speaking, our walk should stop here, but few indeed will blame us, we wot, if we invite them to take the coach from Cramond Brig to Queensferry or to wander with us round the shore-line under the crest of the finely-wooded cliffs until we reach the policies of Dalmeny Park (formerly called Barnbogle), the seat of the Earl of Rosebery. The mansion house, erected in 1819, does not exhibit any striking architectural features, being essentially modern alike in character of design and execution. The grounds, which extend for three miles between Cramond Brig and South Queensferry and slope down to the water's edge, are finely wooded and singularly beautiful, being laid out with taste and discrimination. The view from certain rooms of the house and from well-known points in the home park is very extensive. The old Norman Church of Dalmeny is also well worth a visit, the arch of the entrance doorway being a fine example of "dog-tooth moulding", while the arcades over it are notable instances of the pointed arch used in Transition Norman architecture. John Hill Burton, the historian, is buried here. The ruined Castle of Barnbogle has been excellently restored and is now used as a dwelling-house.

Leaving Dalmeny we walk down to South Queensferry, which is a quaint old royal burgh with many red-tiled houses and curiously-moulded doorways. Its

## *The Northern Environs*

antiquity is very great, as buildings have certainly been in existence here since the days of Queen Margaret after whom it is named. The "Old Hawes Inn," mentioned by Scott in *The Antiquary*, is still in existence. From the little pier we look up to the mighty structure of the Forth Bridge, which towers above us. This stupendous fabric, one of the greatest marvels of modern engineering, was completed and opened in 1890. Constructed on the cantilever or bracket system, which has been in use among the Chinese for over 2500 years, it consists of north and south approach viaducts, three huge double cantilevers of Siemen's rolled steel, whose brackets extend 680 feet north and south, with tubular towers exceeding in height St. Paul's Cathedral. The bridge is discernible on a clear day from Edinburgh.

On the eminence above South Queensferry is *Dundas Castle*, an ancient fortress with a modern mansion standing by its side. On the other side of the strait is North Queensferry, with St. Margaret's Hope, the site of the new Naval Base, whereon the Admiralty is even now beginning operations.

Here our journey ends for the present.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### *The Southern Environs*

FOR this trip a carriage, motor or cycle will be indispensable. Starting from the Post Office, we proceed *via* the North and South Bridges, Nicolson Street, Clerk Street, and Newington, down Minto Street, the central thoroughfare of the suburb of Mayfield, until we reach Lady Road, down which we turn, casting a glance up the while to Liberton, with its square-towered church, behind which is Dr. Guthrie's excellent Industrial Schools for street arabs, who are there educated and taught a useful trade. Liberton was of old called "Leper-town" from the lazar-house situated there. As we proceed along the Niddrie Road we descry on our right, embosomed amid woods, the ramparted top of *Craigmillar Castle*, the residence of the Prestons of Craigmillar. Erected in the thirteenth century, it was identified with much of Scots history, played a part in the Wars of Independence and was the prison of James III.'s youngest brother, John, Earl of Mar, who was confined here for conspiring against his royal brother's life. Craigmillar consists of a massive donjon keep with wings and off-shooting buildings of a later date. It was a favourite residence of Queen Mary, and here certainly was planned the murder of Darnley, "the bond of blood," signed by Maitland, Morton, and the other conspirators, being dated from Craigmillar.

Passing *Peffermill House*, from which Sir Walter Scott derived many details for the description of "Dumbiedykes" in the *Heart of Midlothian*, we turn off at the

## *The Southern Environs*

Craigmillar Road and strike due north towards Duddingston, passing the St. Leonard's line of the North British Railway and a knot of great breweries. We skirt the south end of Duddingston Loch, pass through the old village of Duddingston, with its ancient Norman Church, and run in a straight line down to *Portobello*.

This popular watering-place obtained its name from an old Scottish sailor who, having served with Admiral Vernon in South America and the West Indies in 1739, named the cottage he built on what were then called the "Figgate Burn Sands," *Portobello Hut*, in honour of his hero's victory there. In 1765, on the banks of the Figgate Burn, a fire-clay field was discovered which has been worked ever since. During the nineteenth century Portobello rapidly increased in popularity as a seaside resort, numerous terraces and streets of new and commodious houses springing up on every side, until it may now be said to be joined to Edinburgh. Five years ago the municipality was absorbed in the capital and the town as a whole has greatly benefited by the change. Fine new Corporation Baths have been erected and Portobello is embarking on a new era of prosperity. Some years ago a pier was erected at which during the summer pleasure-steamers regularly call for excursions round the "beauties of the Forth."

*Joppa* is merely a continuation of Portobello on its eastern side, and the two should really be regarded as one. On leaving Joppa to drive towards Musselburgh, we pass the *Salt Pans*, which have been in operation considerably over 200 years. The coast-road to Fisherrow and Musselburgh is a charming one, as we are in sight and sound of the sea all the way. To *Fisherrow* we come first, where the fishing population is gathered. Like their Newhaven brethren, they are most exclusive, clinging to their old customs and usages, both in clothing and habits, and intermarrying only

## The Story of Edinburgh

among themselves. There are many curious bits of architecture in the village well worth a visit. Fisherrow is divided from Musselburgh by the Esk, here about fifty yards in width, the old foot bridge over the river being unquestionably Roman in construction, though it has been more than once restored. Musselburgh has been a burgh for over 400 years, and the High Street is full of tenements whose crumbling crow-stepped gables and dormer windows have borne the stress of storm and shine since the days of the fourth James. Belonging to the Abbey of Dunfermline prior to the Reformation, Musselburgh was conferred by James VI. on the Lauderdales, by whom it was sold to the Buccleuchs, who are still the superiors of the town. Both here and at Inveresk many relics of the Roman occupation of the district have been discovered. In the vicinity of the town the fatal Battle of Pinkie was fought (1547), when the Scots were defeated so decisively by their "auld enemies of England." D.M. Moir (1798-1851), the well-known "Delta" of *Blackwood*, whose novel, *Mansie Wauch*, as well as his essays and poems, is still read, practised as a physician here, the centenary of his birth having been celebrated in 1898; while a monument to his memory stands in the High Street. The famous "Jupiter" Carlyle (1722-1804), whose *Autobiography* is still such delightful reading, was minister of Inveresk from 1748-1804. Musselburgh has a capital Golf Links and a celebrated Racecourse, both of which are liberally patronised by the votaries of these distinctive sports.

A beautiful drive by Inveresk and Wallyford brings us to Dalkeith, which more than any other of the places we have described retains much of its old-world quaintness and picturesqueness. Its High Street is full of historic associations. In the centre of it stands the East Parish Church, a fine example of the "Second

## *The Southern Environs*

Pointed" style, and dating back to an era prior to 1340. Though the choir with its richly adorned canopied niches, and with a trigonal apse and transepts, has fallen into ruins, the nave is in excellent preservation, being used as the Parish Church. The choir was of old the burial vault of the Earls of Morton, and is now that of the ducal House of Buccleuch. In the



*Dalkeith Palace.*

*Life of Dr. Norman Macleod*, who was a native of Dalkeith, we are told that seventy years ago nave and transept were "choked" with little galleries rising tier upon tier behind and around the pulpit. There was a wonderful picturesqueness in the confused thrusting of these lofts into every nook and corner, while the shields, devices and texts, emblazoned on the pews allotted to the several guilds, conveyed quaint lessons. The weavers reminded the congregation how life was passing "swiftly as a weaver's shuttle," and the hammermen how "the word of God smote the rocky heart in pieces." But the glory of Dalkeith is the ducal

Palace of the Buccleuchs, situated within its magnificent grounds at the upper end of the town. The present edifice occupies the site of the ancient Castle belonging to the Douglasses, where Froissart visited Earl William. This was the fortress of which the noble and knightly Earl James spoke when, after capturing the pennon of Hotspur, he said he "would set it high on his Castle of Dalkeith." With many events in Scottish history it was associated. Here James IV. paid his first visit to his queen-elect, Margaret of England, on her arrival in Scotland. In 1575 James Douglas, Earl of Morton and Regent of Scotland, erected a splendid mansion on this site, which he was not long to enjoy; and some sixty years later, Dalkeith Palace—as it was still designated—was purchased by Francis Scott, second Earl of Buccleuch. The latter was created first Duke of Buccleuch, while his daughter Anne, who married the Duke of Monmouth, became duchess in her own right. The lady, after her husband had atoned for his sins on the scaffold, sought to mitigate her sorrows by devoting herself to the improvement of her estate. By her, Dalkeith Palace as we see it to-day was erected, a massive pile of the Grecian order of architecture, with recessed centre and projecting wings, on a site a little nearer the river and commanding a glorious view of the meeting of the two Esks. In the Palace is a picture gallery containing priceless specimens of most of the "Old Masters" and of nearly all the British schools.

A mile distant from Dalkeith is Newbattle village and Abbey, the latter founded by David I., in 1140, for the Cistercian Order. A modern dwelling adjoins the ruins of the ancient house of prayer, and here the Marquis of Lothian has his residence. The home park is beautifully wooded, many of the yews and elms in the vicinity of the mansion house dating back to the



## *The Southern Environs*

time when "bells were rung and mass was sung" and the people of the district wended their way to the Abbey as their place of devotion.

We now take the road from Dalkeith to Lasswade,



*Lasswade Cottage*

a lovely drive along shady lanes scented with sweet brier and jasmine, and through a district rich in arable and pastoral farming. Lasswade is a charming residential village, beautifully situated on the North Esk. Here Sir Walter Scott began his married life, his cottage being still the resort of hundreds of pilgrims every

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

year ; here too at Mavisbush, near Polton, Thomas De Quincey had his family residence and entertained any visitors who might come from afar to see the Wizard of English Prose.

Passing through Polton, lying in a deeply-wooded vale through which the Esk flows, doing service here for numerous paper mills, we reach Hawthornden, one of the most romantic and lovely glens in all Scotland. A walk through the grounds of Hawthornden House keeps the visitor, who is at all impressionable, in a continual state of rapturous admiration, as bit after bit of the most glorious scenery unfolds itself to him. The Esk here brawls down its rocky bed in a series of miniature cascades, but often the water is hid from sight by the wealth of foliage, and one only guesses its presence by its murmurous music.

The mansion house (the seat of Sir J. Hamlyn Williams-Drummond, Bart.) is a venerable and truly picturesque structure, consisting—if you view it from the right-hand bank of the Esk, the best standpoint—of a grey pile of ivy-clad masonry, much of it over 600 years old, while the portion occupied by the family is a quaint, irregular edifice with innumerable towers, turrets, buttresses, peaked crow-stepped gables, richly-sculptured dormer windows, and clustered chimneys. It looks down upon a sea of foliage in which every variety of green is visible, while from the unseen depths of the rocky ravine comes the mellowed chatter of the stream flowing over its pebbly bed. Romantic though the situation may be, it is excelled in interest by the historic associations clinging round the grand old home. Here William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585-1649), the Scottish Petrarch, had his home ; here he was born, here he wooed and won his lady-love, Miss Cunningham of Barns, only to see her snatched away by death shortly before his anticipated union. To this home also he

## *The Southern Environs*

brought the lady whom he married, loving her as he said for her marvellous resemblance to the object of his first affection. Here Drummond wrote all his mystically beautiful poems, and here in the winter of 1618 he was visited by Ben Jonson, during the visit which the great dramatist paid to Scotland in that year. Drummond was awaiting his visitor sitting under one of the large sycamores near the house. At last the great man appeared. Stepping forward Drummond held out his hand and said, "Welcome, welcome, royal Ben," "Thank'ye, thank'ye, Hawthornden," was the rhyming response of the visitor—at least according to tradition! Of that meeting Masson says in his *Drummond of Hawthornden* :—

"You can see the two sitting snugly on by the ruddy fire far into the night, hardly hearing the murmur of the Esk and the moaning of the wind outside, but talking of all things in heaven and earth, Ben telling anecdotes of his London acquaintance back to Shakespeare, and reciting scraps of poetry and pronouncing criticisms on poets, and Drummond now and then taking out a manuscript from a desk and modestly reading as much as Ben would stand, and Ben helping himself, and going off again, and the noise and the laughter always increasing on his part, until Drummond at length would grow dizzy with too much of it and light their bedroom tapers by way of signal."

The poet both enlarged and embellished the house, and in a Latin inscription near the doorway he has recorded the fact that he did so for his successors as well as for himself. Under the house are some artificial caves, where many brave men during the Wars of Independence used to hide, whence they issued to cut off unwary stragglers. One of the caves, in which are a number of pigeon-holes and shelves, is called "The Library"; another is designated "Bruce's bed-chamber," and a two-handed sword, said to have belonged to the hero, was formerly exhibited in it. On the end of the house is an inscription to Sir Lawrence Abernethy, who

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

in 1338 conquered Lord Douglas five times in one day, but yet was taken prisoner before sunset.

The walk through the woods to *Roslin* is as delightful as could be desired, and we can pick up our carriage at the other end. The vale continues to increase in loveliness the higher we go, for the surroundings of "the Scottish Arno," as the North Esk has been called, are as picturesquely beautiful as they are exquisitely varied. As we issue from the Hawthornden grounds and approach the "linn" the scene becomes more impressive. The rugged grandeur of beetling cliff and lichened rock, of foaming cascade and eddying linn is succeeded by rich diversity and vivid contrasts of colour in the marvellously tinted foliage. Flowery banks and grassy knolls, fairy meads and daisied holm succeed the darkling forest depths, where the eye endowed with fancy's vision, gazes down the forest boles into the mystery and magic of distance until sight becomes lost in "seeming," and the elves and fairies become possible to the imagination.

Roslin village has few features of interest apart from its wondrous glen, its Castle, and its Chapel. The Castle was for centuries the residence of "the lordly line of high St. Clair," Barons of Roslin, Earls of Orkney and Caithness and later Dukes of Oldenburg, and a fortress must have existed here from 1100, when William De St. Clair, is found possessed of the Barony of Roslin. The edifice whose ruins attract us to-day was built by Sir William De St. Clair, who set out with Lord James Douglas to carry the Bruce's heart to Palestine. It consists of a great central donjon keep, with adjoining buildings branching out from it. The family continued to increase in wealth and splendour, until their glory culminated in Earl William, who flourished about the middle of the fifteenth century, and of whose magnificence as well as that of his wife we have already spoken. Destroyed by fire in 1452, the Castle

## *The Southern Environs*

was almost demolished during the English invasion of 1544. Partially restored in 1580, it was again injured by Monk in 1650, and was never fully repaired.

The Chapel, which stands at a short distance from the Castle, was erected in 1450, by this same Earl William De St. Clair, as a Collegiate Church for a provost and six prebendaries, and is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable of pre-Reformation buildings. Both internally and externally it is a marvel of beauty and extreme wealth of ornamentation, Sir Gilbert Scott designating it "a poem in stone." Designed in conformity with a type of "Pointed Gothic" that is very rare, it has many features present in it suggestive of later additions. Inside, the chapel exhibits the same excessive richness of ornamental detail, the "'Prentice Pillar" in particular, even becoming cloying after a time, owing to the excess of ornament that has been placed upon it. The legend attaching to that pillar is so well-known that we need scarcely inflict it again upon our readers. Such then are the southern environs of Edinburgh, scenes of beauty which not alone to visitors, but even to those who live among them from day to day, are joys for ever!

## CHAPTER XXVII

### *The Academic and Literary Associations of Edinburgh*

EDINBURGH may fittingly be styled "a city of song." From the days of William Dunbar, the Laureate of the fourth James, down to those of Scott, Wilson and Aytoun, poets have been born and bred within her gates, and she in turn has inspired their song. Almost from the earliest years of their tenure of the Throne, the Stuarts made her the home of learning and of culture. No one can read the history of Scots literature without being impressed by the fact that the Scots capital, at least from the fifteenth century, was the source and the centre of the intellectual as well as of the political, legal, and social life of the kingdom. True, St. Andrews was the seat of the oldest Scots university, but its tendency was towards ecclesiasticism rather than culture; and the statement made more than once by prominent writers that Edinburgh had no literature worth speaking of until after the foundation of the University in 1582 is quite erroneous, the names of such citizens as William Dunbar, Gawain Douglas, and George Buchanan being conclusive evidence to the contrary.

Further, that the troubadours and minstrels of other parts of Europe were unrepresented at the Courts of the Scots kings is incredible, even when we give all due weight to such testimony as that of Froissart, Æneas Sylvius, Jacques de Lalain, and those other authorities whereon Buckle, in his *Sketch of Scotland in Early Times*, rests his case for the contention that the country was a wilderness and the people barbarians. Many of our

## *Academic and Literary Associations*

early poets and writers refer to minstrels as being quite as prominent and popular personages at the Court of the Scottish kings as elsewhere in Europe. Dr. Dickson, in his introduction to the "Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland," says, "Minstrels as contributing largely to the general enjoyment were not forgotten, a gratuity usually of 9s. to 18s. being given to each one present whether they were in the king's service or not." Travelling minstrels were always welcomed and such entries occur in the Treasurer's books: "1495—Item, to the English menstrellis, by the king's command, £13, 6s, 8d."; "1497—Item, to the minstrelis for their Pasche (Easter) reward"; "Item—that sayme day giffen to twa fithelaris (fiddlers) that sang *Greysteil* to the king, ix. (9s.)"—*Greysteil* being the old ballad of that name.

Education was certainly by no means widely diffused outside the great religious houses. That these were the principal, in many cases the sole, sources of light and leading in most Scottish towns is beyond question, the majority of the monasteries having schools attached to their cloisters wherein they taught the children of their dependants and others. For example, the Augustinian monks of Holyrood founded the Royal High School early in the thirteenth century; the Dominicans or Blackfriars of the Cowgate, and the Franciscans or Greyfriars of the Grassmarket, also had celebrated schools which attracted pupils, especially when such a scholar as John Leyrva, the great Franciscan Latinist, was one of the teachers. Gradually the existence of these schools began to leaven the community, especially in the reigns of James III. and James IV., though the attitude of the great mass of the nobility continued to be that recorded of "Bell the Cat" in *Marmion* :—

"Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,  
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line."

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

During the reign of James III. the first faint ripples of the Renaissance movement appear to have reached Scotland. Learning and culture advanced with rapid strides. St. Andrews University (founded in 1411 by Bishop Wardlaw), and Glasgow University (founded in 1451 by Bull of Pope Nicholas V., obtained by James II. at the instigation of Bishop Turnbull), both showing themselves affected by it; the result being that Scots students began to flock to the great seats of learning abroad, whence they returned bringing with them new ideas and a fresh inspiration to labour for the good of their country.

The invention of printing was another indispensable element in promoting the spread of letters in Scotland, and here Edinburgh, through its early craftsmen, Chepman and Myllar, at once took the lead. Books were both printed locally and largely imported from England and abroad, and the universities were thus able to deepen the impression made by the prelections of teachers, by circulating a compendium of their teaching for the use of students. In a word, then, by the close of the fifteenth century culture was steadily permeating all the upper strata of Society.

That Walter Bower, Prior of Inchcolm, the "continuator" of Fordun, was intimately associated with Edinburgh is now accepted as a fact by most scholars. From his quiet retirement in his sea-girt monastery he was able to exercise an influence as weighty as it was wide. More than one of the six Jameses must be regarded as warm foster-fathers of the nascent learning. James I. (1394-1437), whose education in England had familiarised him with all that was best in the literature of that land, especially with the poems of—

"my maisteris dere,

Gowere and Chaucere, that on the steppes satt,  
Of rhetorike, superlative as poets laureate"—



## *Academic and Literary Associations*

a knowledge admirably utilised in his noble poem, the *King's Quhair*, and which reacted powerfully upon the minds of his subjects.

James III. (1451-88) was, as we have seen, so far ahead of his time and of his fellow-countrymen that he was actually hounded to death by those who regarded his culture as unkingly and his knowledge of letters an evidence of weakness. During his reign, in addition to the men with whom he was on terms of friendship, certain others appear to have flourished—"Maister John Clerk and James Afflek," Sandy Traill, Sir Mungo Lockhart of the Lee, Clerk of Tranent, and Sir Gilbert Hay, Roull of Corstorphine, and Patrick Johnston, Robert Henryson, "Chaucer's aptest and brightest scholar," and Sir John the Ross—all of whom were more or less associated with Edinburgh.

The reign of James IV. (1473-1513) was the golden age of the Stuart dynasty, and Edinburgh then became "a nest of tuneful choristers." William Dunbar, the Laureate of the reign, the author of "The Thistle and the Rose," that noble "Epithalamium" on the marriage of James and Margaret of England, of "The Golden Targe," of the solemn elegy "The Lament for the Makars," of which this stanza is a specimen—

"Sen he has all my brethren ta'en,  
He will not let me live alane.  
On forse, I maun his next prey be,  
*Timor mortis conturbat me*"—

and sundry satires as pungent as they are pithy, stands at the head of the list, closely followed by Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, author of the *Palace of Honour*, and a translation of the *Æneid*; while Walter Kennedy—Dunbar's friend and fellow-flyter—Andro(?) Merse, "Gentle Stobo and Quentin Shaw" were all resident in the Scots capital during this reign. Then came James V., a poet himself as well as the friend and

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

patron of poets and, best title to commendation of all, the admirer of Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, author of the "Satire of the Three Estates" and other works of antiquarian rather than poetic merit.

During the reign of Mary and her son James VI., culture of letters became more general, and Edinburgh was the home of several writers of outstanding merit, such as Alexander Scott, "the Scots Anacreon," whose lyrics can yet be read with delight; Alexander Montgomerie, author of the "Cherrie and the Slae"; Alexander Hume, whose "Day Estival"—the description of a charming summer's day—is as exquisitely musical in rhythm as it is realistic in language:—

"O perfect light ! which shed away  
The darkness from the light,  
And set a ruler o'er the day,  
Another o'er the night."

The Earl of Ancrum, and William Alexander of Menstrie, created Earl of Stirling, were also poets of decided ability, while James VI. himself wrote several pieces, one or two of which are not without merit, as for instance his "Poem on Time." But the glory of his epoch was William Drummond of Hawthornden, in whom a subtle mingling of musical assonance and metrical grace, with true pathos and profound insight, imparted to his poems an elevation and a strength such as are present in the work of no other Scots writer of the day. His madrigal, "A Kiss," is worthy of Ben Jonson:—

"Hark, happy lovers, hark,  
This first and last of joys,  
This sweetner of annoys,  
This nectar of the gods  
You call a kiss, is with itself at odds,  
And half so sweet is not  
In equal measure got  
At light of sun, as it is in the dark.  
Hark, happy lovers, hark."

Another charming lyrist, who anticipated Herrick,

## *Academic and Literary Associations*

was Sir Robert Aytoun, whose "Forsaken Mistress" has often been quoted :—

"I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find  
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,  
Thy favours are but like the wind,  
Which kisses everything it meets.  
And since thou canst love more than one  
Thou'rt worthy to be loved by none."

During this same period the great Scots historian and master of Classic Latinity, George Buchanan, at one time the tutor of James VI., was also resident in Edinburgh. The influence he exercised on his time, both as author and reformer, was second only to that of John Knox.

We have now reached the era of the foundation of Edinburgh University. In 1582 the Town Council, after long hesitation, decided that the Scots capital should no longer be in a position of inferiority to St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. Not that they can claim the merit of initiating the proposal. That was due to Robert Reid, who, in 1558, bequeathed to the town the sum of 8000 merks for the purpose of erecting a University. Queen Mary eagerly supported the proposal and in 1566 drew up a charter pointing out how the new institution could be suitably endowed. But her abdication soon after, rendered her scheme null and void, and the Council was left to undertake the work itself, with the "royal approbation" of James VI., and in 1617 his gracious permission that the college might be called after himself. In 1582 the members of the Town Council busied themselves in securing suitable buildings at Kirk-of-Field, where Darnley had met his death, and next year, Robert Rollock, then a professor at St. Andrews, was invited to become the first "Regent and Master of the New College." He had virtually to formulate an academic system and curriculum, and as at the outset he had to do all the teaching himself, he was compelled to place all the students in one class.

## The Story of Edinburgh

Such a course was very discouraging for those who were more advanced, and next year he was allowed the assistance of Duncan Nairn, who taught the junior classes. Not till 1585 did Rollock receive the title of Principal, and in that year, owing to the increase of students, two more "Regents" or Professors, as they were now called, were appointed, viz., Adam Colt of Inveresk and Alexander Scrimgeour of Irwin. The staff, therefore, four years after the foundation of the college, consisted of a principal and three regents, each of whom carried his classes through all the subjects—Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Philosophy, Divinity, and the sciences. The magistrates of the city were in those days the virtual owners of the University, and took liberties with its management which were most unwarrantable. In fact, until 1859, the influence of the Town Council in directing the affairs of the college was absolute with regard to many questions and offices, and had a most deteriorating effect upon its prosperity. Inefficient principals and professors were more than once intruded into positions for which they were egregiously unfit, simply because they chanced to belong to the party then dominant in the Town Council. Quarrels frequently occurred between the University staff and the Town Council, on which occasions the civic fathers had no scruple in crushing out the opposition with an iron hand. Such for example took place in 1663, when the Council wished the provost appointed as *ex officio* rector of the institution. On the Principal and professors objecting, the magistrates marched with their halberts to the college, removed all the charters and papers, and ordered that in future the provost was to be regarded as the rector of the University. This absurd regulation only remained in force two years, when it was abolished.

Despite all, however, from its foundation until the present day, the institution has steadily advanced along

## *Academic and Literary Associations*

the best lines of progress and development, until now, albeit the youngest, it is by far the largest of the Scots universities. Its system of teaching has in most cases been admirably adapted to the needs of life, as is proved by the large number of its *alumni* who have taken leading places in all departments of human activity and in all parts of the globe.

It may interest our readers to know what the academic curriculum embraced in the earlier days of the University's existence. Its professors did not err on the side of making their working day or their working year too short. In fact, the number of hours during which teaching was pursued seems almost incredible in the light of our experience of to-day. The session lasted from October to the end of August, when an examination took place before the Town Council. The first year's students read Cicero and Virgil, with constant practice in writing and speaking Latin. Greek was commenced in the first year, the text-books used being the Greek Testament, Homer, Hesiod and Isocrates. In the second year Greek Rhetoric was studied, the text-book of Talæus, the disciple of Peter Ramus, being prescribed. The student then went on to the *Progymnasmata* of Aphthonius, the *Organon* of Aristotle, with the *Categories*, *Analytics*, *Topics*, and *Elenchi*. In the third year the study was devoted to the higher branches of Ancient Logic, Hebrew, and Anatomy, the latter being studied wholly from books, no dissections being allowed. The fourth year was devoted to Physics, or natural phenomena, the *De Cælo* and *Sphæra* of Sacroboscus being used, with the *De Ortu* and *De Anima*, concluding with Hunter's *Cosmographia*. The classes assembled at 6 a.m. in winter and 5 a.m. in summer, and studied till 9. Reassembling at 10 a.m. they continued till 12 noon, at which hour the disputations commenced and continued till 4

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

p.m. An interval was allowed until 6 p.m., when they reassembled for examination, which lasted till 8. The "regent system" of one man carrying his class through the entire curriculum of subjects continued in force till 1708, when the practice of appointing professors for special subjects was introduced. Since Rollock, the first Principal, twenty-four individuals have held the office, down to Sir William Turner, K.C.B., D.C.L., the present head of the college. Among both the principals and the professors many distinguished men of European reputation have been found, who have thrown the lustre of their genius and culture over the University with which they were associated. Among the principals such notable names occur as Robert Leighton, William Carstares, William Robertson, Sir David Brewster, and the present holder of the office. To name all the illustrious men who have filled the professorial chairs would be beyond the space at our command.

The influence of the University upon the learning and culture of Edinburgh has been incalculable. Since the foundation of the college, that distinctively academic "atmosphere" which always distinguishes a university town has been increasingly perceptible. The Revolution, and more particularly the succession of the unpopular Hanoverian dynasty, stirred into activity the poetic life of the city and its University, and scores of pasquils and satires, on both the Jacobite and the Royalist sides, were poured out from the press during the last decade of the seventeenth and the first of the eighteenth century. Such pieces as "Would Ye Know What a Whig Is?"—

"Would ye know what a Whig is and always was,  
I'll shew ye his life as it were in a glass,  
He's a rebel by nature with a villanous face,  
A saint by profession who never had grace"—

## *Academic and Literary Associations*

with its reply couched in imitation of the first Psalm in the metrical version—

“That man is blest who hath not lent  
To French pistoles his ear ;  
Nor raised himself as traitors do,  
Nor sat in trickster’s chair ;  
But in the laws of Old England  
Doth set his whole delight,  
And in these laws doth exercise  
Himself both day and night”—

show the bitterness of feeling at the time in Edinburgh. Yet at this same time the scholarly William Carstares, the trusted statesman-cleric of William III., was Principal of the University, Colin Drummond was Professor of Logic, James Gregory of Mathematics, and William Law of Moral Philosophy, while the celebrated Dr. Archibald Pitcairn was writing his delightful “*Latin Eclogues*,” wherein the quaint familiar life of the old town is so vividly described ; and Allan Ramsay was deep in his matchless pastoral idyll, the *Gentle Shepherd*, wherein the existence of the rural environs of the city is so marvellously reflected.

The next half century—1725-75—may be said to have witnessed the close of the romantic Edinburgh of the wynds and closes, the close of that epoch of snug familiarity, when you could shake hands with your friends from your respective windows on opposite sides of the closes ; when conviviality was a cardinal virtue and the man who did not “belong” to a club or a tavern, to which he went as regularly as to church, and where his accustomed seat was always reserved for him, was looked upon as a being of a different order of nature. This was the epoch of those prolonged dinners when one was apt to forget whether he was sitting at yesterday’s dinner or to-day’s ; when potations pottle-deep were regarded as a duty ; when a magnum of claret per man was considered as by no means savouring of intemperance ; and

## The Story of Edinburgh

when a club of judges, lawyers, and gentlemen of the town actually existed called the *Ten Tumbler Club*, the qualification for membership of which was ability to carry, with unimpeachable staidness of gait and speech, that amount of toddy. These were the days when religion was summed up in morality, and sermons were thought to savour of Quakerism if the name of the Saviour were too frequently mentioned. And yet this was the era when David Hume (1711-75) was writing his noble *History of England* and those philosophic works which have yet not ceased to influence the thought of the world; when William Robertson, elected Principal of Edinburgh University at forty-one, took the reading world by storm with his *History of Scotland*, his *History of America*, and his *Charles V.*, to which was prefixed what is the most valuable of all his works, his *View of the State of Society in Europe to the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century*; when Professor Adam Fergusson wrote his still readable *History of the Roman Republic*, his *Essay on Civil Society*, and his *Institutes of Moral Philosophy*; when the two Monroes, *primus* and *secundus*, were creating the great Anatomical School; when Cullen and the Gregorys were revolutionising the teaching of "Medicine" in the University, just as Professor Stevenson was doing in the subjects of Logic and Metaphysics; when Home was writing his *Douglas* which lost him his position as a minister in the Church of Scotland; when Tytler was telling the other side of the story from Robertson as regards the *History of Scotland*; when Professor Colin MacLaurin, one of Scotland's greatest mathematicians, was demonstrating at the time of the Highland Rebellion of '45, by the counsel he gave to the magistrates regarding the defence of the town, that a mathematician may be an authority on fortification, and when Dr. Hugh Blair delivered those delightful lectures on *Rhetoric and Belles Lettres* which won for him the chair of that important



## *Academic and Literary Associations*

subject in the University. The era was one rich in great men, a large proportion of whom were attached to the capital. Here Adam Smith came to spend the evening of his days in the brilliant society which moved around Hume; here too were Lord Hailes, jurist and antiquarian; Lord Kames, whose work upon feudal tenure, and his *Essay on Man* earned for him even a higher reputation as an author than as a judge; and Lord Monboddo, whose eccentric system of metaphysics still finds readers among the lovers of what may be called the antiquarian side of philosophy. Nor must we forget Falconer, the author of the *Shipwreck*; Dr. Blacklock, the poet, whose blindness lent a peculiar interest to those exquisite descriptions of natural scenery which he had never seen; Robert Fergusson, whose poems in the vernacular inspired the muse of Burns; Hamilton of Bangour, another bard whose friendship with Ramsay brought the latter into connection with Susanna, Countess of Eglinton, and Henry MacKenzie, author of *The Man of Feeling*, who lived to become the *doyen* of letters in the days of Scott. In truth it was a brilliant circle, and if history and philosophy somewhat overshadowed poetry, the succeeding age was to adjust the balance.

The half century from 1775-1825 was also a period of extraordinary literary brilliance. Though the number of stars studding the intellectual firmament in Edinburgh was less numerous than in the preceding, the name and fame of Walter Scott, by the splendour of his genius and the world-wide diffusion of his reputation, atoned for any falling-off in numbers. Scott's literary career really commenced in 1796 with the translation of Bürger's *Lenore*, and all his best work was done by 1826, when the crisis in the publishing world involved him in ruin. Robertson still had twelve years before him of life and of the high office of the Principalship of the University, and was succeeded by Dr. Baird, a good Hebraist and

## *The Story of Edinburgh*

administrator, but a man destitute of any pretensions to letters. Before the advent of Scott, Professor Dugald Stewart had earned for himself a European reputation in philosophy as the chief exponent of the doctrines of Thomas Reid ; while his colleague, Professor Thomas Brown, was at the head of what came to be known as the Scots Sensationalist School. Professors Playfair and Leslie in Mathematics and Physics, Dunbar in Greek, Pillans in Humanity, Monro *tertius* in Anatomy, drew the attention of the world of science and culture to their investigations in their several departments, while the Royal High School under successive rectors—Adam, Pillans, and Carson—attained to a pinnacle of reputation which has not since been surpassed by any kindred institution.

In *Belles Lettres* the school of Scott was the mighty force before which, both in prose, and verse, all other contemporary forms for the time being waned in lustre ; but Thomas Campbell with the *Pleasures of Hope*, James Graham with his solemnly beautiful poem on the “ Sabbath,” Robert Pollock in the *Course of Time*, John Leyden, D. M. Moir, John Wilson (Christopher North), and others, had their own audiences, by whom they were loved none the less if, for a time, the dynamic influence of the genius of “ The Wizard of the North ” compelled their allegiance. The great publishing houses of Creech, Constable, and Blackwood had each its circle of authors whose works tended to swell the aggregate of the literary productions issuing from Edinburgh, and the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*, under the able editorship of Jeffrey, and of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* into which John Wilson, John Gibson Lockhart, James Hogg, and others, poured the wealth of their genius, attracted attention to Edinburgh by means of channels of interest different from any that had yet been known. Nor must we forget the influence of the

## *Academic and Literary Associations*

ecclesiastical element. The eloquence and vast scientific, philosophic, and theological attainments of Thomas Chalmers, combined with his wide sympathy with all the most pressing social and economic problems, rendered him one of the most potent spiritual forces of the age; while Dr. Thomas M'Crie's eminence as an ecclesiastical historian and as a theologian imparted a weight to his statements regarding all questions coming within the domain of his studies, which even so great an authority as Sir Walter Scott was compelled to acknowledge.

After the death of Scott in 1832, Edinburgh's literary pre-eminence speedily waned. True, many distinguished men were associated with her University and with herself throughout the remainder of the nineteenth century. Principal Baird was succeeded in that responsible office by Dr. John Lee, a clergyman of great personal worth but of merely local reputation. In 1859 the University ceased to be under the heel of the Town Council, and a Principal corresponding in celebrity and influence to the great institution over which he would preside, and not merely one distinguished by prominence in Church Courts, was selected—Sir David Brewster. The precedent of electing a layman has been consistently followed since, and the position has been excellently filled by Sir Alexander Grant and Sir William Muir, both of them retired officials of the Indian Civil Service, with the prestige of a long and distinguished career behind them.

Though her literary glory decidedly waned as time went by, and as London continued more and more to attract men of letters to that spot, which more than any other on earth may be styled the "centre of the world's life," there were still many distinguished men who deliberately chose Edinburgh as their home. The city which among its University professors boasted of a Blackie and a Butcher in Greek, a Sellar in Humanity,

## The Story of Edinburgh

a Sir William Hamilton in Logic and Metaphysics, a John Wilson in Ethics, a Kelland in Mathematics, a Spalding, an Aytoun, and a Masson in Rhetoric and English Literature, a Chalmers in Divinity, a Syme and a Lister in Surgery, a Simpson in Midwifery, and a Christison in *Materia Medica*, can scarcely be said to be obscure or undistinguished. But in addition to these, the traditions of the past were maintained by such writers as Sir Archibald Alison, who, if he did not reside wholly in Edinburgh, always looked upon it as his home. Thomas De Quincey came hither to spend the evening of his days, and here much of his best work was done. Here also resided Captain Thomas Hamilton, the brother of Sir William, a novelist of great descriptive gifts; Miss Ferrier, author of *Marriage*, and the successor of Scott in the delineation of Scots character; James Grant, author of the *Romance of War*; Sir Theodore Martin, the biographer of the *Prince Consort*; Alexander Smith, whose *Life Drama* aroused hopes in the minds of readers which the poet did not afterwards fulfil; James Ballantine, who has the misfortune to be remembered by his least worthy production, the *Gaberlunzie's Wallet*, while his chastely-beautiful *Lilies Lee* is unread; Mrs. Crowe, an authoress whose genius for the delineation of the terrific was only surpassed by that of Mrs. Radcliffe; W. F. Skene, the erudite historian of Celtic Scotland, a man whose learning was so profound in many varied fields; John Hill Burton, the historian of Scotland, whose history he has written with praiseworthy impartiality notwithstanding his own strongly-marked views on many important subjects; Sir John Skelton, the defender of Queen Mary; David Laing, the editor of many ancient Scottish works in prose and verse; Robert Louis Stevenson, poet, novelist, dramatist and essayist, a man whose nature was as noble as his genius was varied, and who might have been greater even

## *Academic and Literary Associations*

than he was, had disease not hurried him from Europe to America, from America to Oceania, to die in lonely Samoa—these *et omnes ceterorum* whose names are passing dear to us to-day, were the sons either by birth or adoption of our Scots “City of the Seven Hills.”

Our story of Edinburgh is ended. Notwithstanding the romantic interest which still invests the grand old city, a poignant feeling of sadness is also aroused when the fact becomes daily more apparent how rapidly the “Edinburgh of the past” is disappearing from view. Soon it will have become but a memory and a dream. Another Edinburgh—spic, span, and new from the hands of the omnipresent jerry builder—is in process of evolution. Of two things, however, she can never be deprived, her matchless situation and the exquisite natural scenery of her environs. Professor Wilson’s noble tribute expresses the feelings of all who have spent any time within her, and come to love her as she deserves—and with these lines we close our story:—

“Then proudly fling thy white arms to the sea,  
Queen of the unconquered North ! lo ! yonder deep,  
With all his subject waves, doth worship thee !  
Stately thou sittest on thy mountain throne,  
Thy towers and temples like a cloudy sky ;  
And scarce can tell what fabrics are thine own,  
Hung ’mid the air-built phantoms floating by.  
Oh ! ne’er may that bright diadem be shorn,  
By thee, for many an age, majestically worn ! ”



# INDEX

## A

**ABERCROMBIE, DR. JOHN**, 302  
 Abercromby Place, 299, 304  
 Abercromby, Sir Ralph, 304, 354  
 Aberdeen, 44  
 Aberlady, 3  
 Adam, Dr., 412  
 Adrington, or Haddington, Castle, 48  
 Advocates' Close, 194  
 Advocates' Library, 115, 117, 183  
 Aethelfrith of Bernicia, 4  
 Ainslie Place, 313  
 Albany, Alexander, Duke of, 40, 41, 42, 45  
 Albany, John, Duke of, 54, 55  
 Albany, Robert, Duke of, 17  
 Albany, Murdoch, Duke of, 17  
 Albert, Prince-Consort, 134  
 Alclud, 4  
 Alison, Sir Archibald, 264, 330, 414  
 Allan, David, 237, 372  
 Allan, Sir W., 309  
 Alexander, Dr. Lindsay, 334  
 Alexander II., 11  
 Alexander III., 311  
 Almond, River, 388  
 Anchor Close, 199  
 Ancient Council Chamber, Leith, 381  
 Ancrum, Earl of, 1404  
 Angus, Earl of, 39, 44, 48  
 Ann Street, 317  
 Annan, 5  
 Anne, of Denmark, Queen, 88, 89  
 Antiquarian Museum, 138, 301  
 Antiquaries, Society of, 301  
 Archery, 19  
 Argyll, Duke of, 386  
 Argyll, Earls of, 48, 145, 235, 271  
 Argyll, Marquis of, 109  
 Arran, Earl of, 54, 67  
 Arthur, King, 4  
 Arthur's Seat, 2, 260  
 Assembly Halls, 159, 160  
 Athole Crescent, 322

2D

Athole, Earl of, 48  
 Augustine Church, 334  
 Auld Reekie, 2  
 Ayala, Don Pedro de, 55  
 Aytoun, Sir Robert, 405  
 Aytoun, W. E., 304, 313, 330, 414

## B

**BACK STAIRS, THE**, 193, 264  
 Bailie Fyfe's Close, 220  
 Baird, Principal William, 411  
 Bakehouse Close, 236  
 Ballantine, James, 414  
 Ballantyne, James, 234, 304  
 Ballantyne Press, 224  
 Bale-fires, 31  
 Banks—  
     British Linen, 295  
     Commercial, 294  
     National, 294  
     Royal, 295  
     of Scotland, 162  
     Union Bank, 193  
 Bannatyne, Lord, 238  
 Barclay U.F. Church, 364  
 Bearford's Park, 281  
 Beaton, David, Cardinal, 64, 69, 210  
 Beaton, James, Archbishop of Glasgow, 210  
 Beattie, William, 171  
 Beechwood, 329  
 Begbie Tragedy, 214  
 Bell, Sir Charles, 313  
 Bell's Mills, 315  
 Bell's Wynd, 204  
 Bernard St., Leith, 378  
 Bernicia, 4  
 Berwick, Town and Castle of, 44  
 Big Jack's Close, 231  
 Bishop's Close, 219  
 Black (A. & C.) Adam, 308  
 Blackford Glen, 368  
 Blackford Hill, 2, 368  
 Blackfriars' Wynd, 39, 210, 266  
 Blackie, Prof. J.S., 327, 330, 413

417

Blacklock, Dr., 171, 352, 411  
 Blackwood, John, 314  
 Blackwood, Wm. & Son, 293, 372  
*Blackwood's Magazine*, 130  
 Black Turnpike, 206  
 Blair, Dr. Hugh, 111, 237, 410  
 Blair, Lord President, 355  
 Blue Blanket, the, 46  
 Bonar, Dr. Horatius, 237, 371  
 Book Hunters' Stall, 334  
 Bore-Stone, 366  
 Boroughmuir, 44, 366  
 Boroughloch, the, 350  
 Botanic Gardens, 320  
 Bothwell, Adam, Bishop, 82, 257  
 Bothwell Bridge, Battle of, 111  
 Bothwell, Earl of, 80, 82  
 Bough, Sam, 330  
 Bower, Walter, 385, 402  
 Braid Hills, 128, 368  
 Braxfield, Lord (Robert Mac-  
 queen), 354  
 Brewster, Sir David, 324, 346,  
 413  
 Britons, 4  
 Broad Wynd, Leith, 375  
 Brodie's Close, 169  
 Brodie, Deacon William, 169, 233  
 Brougham, Henry, Lord, 131, 266  
 Brown, Prof. Hume, 4  
 Brown, Prof. Thomas, 412  
 Bruce, King Robert, 12  
 Bruce, Sir W. (of Kinross), 282  
 Brudi, 7  
 Bruntsfield Links, 364  
 Buccleuch, Dukes of, 175, 392  
 Buccleuch Place, 356  
 Buchanan, George, 6, 336, 400,  
 405  
 Buckingham Terrace, 316  
 Burgess Close, Leith, 375  
 Burnett, James, Lord Monboddo,  
 234  
 Burney, Dr., 237  
 Burns, Robert, 128, 237  
 Burton, John Hill, 334, 388, 414  
 Butcher, Prof. S. H., 413

## C

CAITHNESS, EARL OF, 48  
 Calatria, 34  
 Calendar, alteration of, 196  
 Cameronian Meeting-House, 210,  
 334

Campbell, Thomas, 248, 412  
 Candlemaker Row, 271  
 Candlish, Rev. Dr., 322, 372  
 Canongate Church, 237  
 Canongate, the, 38, 88, 107, 223  
 Canonmills, 281, 320  
 Cant, Adam, 209  
 Canter o' Coltbrig, 328  
 Carberry Hill, 82  
 Carey, Sir Robert, 97  
 Carham, Battle of, 7  
 Carlton Terrace, 374  
 Carlyle, Rev. Dr. ("Jupiter")  
 392  
 Carlyle, Thomas, 311, 316, 366  
 Carnegie, Andrew, 334  
 Caroline Park, 386  
 Carrubber's Close, 219  
 Carstares, William, 348, 409  
 Castle Street, 284, 293  
 Castle, the, 6  
 Argyll Tower, 141  
 Burgesses allowed to live  
 within the walls of, 16  
 Capture by Randolph, 12  
 Capture by William Bullock,  
 12  
 Crown-Room, 147  
 David's Tower, 14, 41  
 Defended by Duke of  
 Gordon, 143  
 Fortified by David II., 14  
 "Half-Moon Battery," 141,  
 146  
 King's Bastion, view at, 144  
 Mons Meg, 144  
 Old Parliament Hall, 151  
 Royal Apartments, 150  
 St. Margaret's Chapel 9,  
 145  
 Siege of, by Cromwell, 106,  
 107  
 Siege of, by Hertford, 64  
 Siege of, by Morton and  
 Drury, 85  
 Subterranean Passages, 154  
 Time-Gun, the, 146  
 The Esplanade, 140  
 Wellhouse Tower, 27, 154  
 Castle Terrace, 278  
 Cat Nick, the, 5  
 Cathedral, Saint Mary's, 138  
 Cellar, the Union, 116, 202  
 Chalmers Close, 220  
 Chalmers, Dr Thomas, 214, 371,  
 413, 414



# Index

Chalmers' Hospital, 361  
 Chalmers' Memorial Church, 371  
 Chambers, Robert, 311  
 Chambers Street, 340  
 Chambers, Dr. William, 187, 196, 326  
 Charles I., 102, 248, 264  
 Charles II., 106, 108, 111, 282  
 Charles X. (of France), 132  
 Charles Edward, Prince, 121, 122, 123, 245, 247  
 Charles Street, 350  
 Charlotte Square, 292  
 Charter, the Golden, 46  
 Chaseabout Raid, 79  
 Chepman, Walter, 187, 402  
 Chessel's Court, 233  
 Christison, Prof. Sir Robert, 309, 414  
 Church of St. Mary, South Leith, 379  
 Clarendon Crescent, 316  
 Clarinda (Mrs. Maclehose), 302, 348  
 Clark, T. & T., 293  
 "Claudero," 263  
 Claverhouse, John Graham of (Viscount Dundee), 111, 272, 275  
 "Cleanse the Causeway" tulzie, 55  
 Clubs, 127, 284  
 Clyde, the, 5  
 Coates Crescent, 322  
 Cobble Ferry, Cramond, 387  
 Cochrane, Thomas, 43  
 Cockburn, Lord, 330  
 Cockburn, Mrs., 350  
 Cockpit, the, 275  
 Coinage, the Scots, 40, 112, 213  
 College Street, S. and N., 348  
 College Wynd, 266  
 Colt, Adam, 466  
 Coltbridge, 327  
 Comely Bank, 316  
 Congregation, Lords of the, 72, 73  
 Constable, Archibald, 283, 329, 372, 412  
 Constitution Street, Leith, 377  
 Conventicles, 109  
 Cope, Sir John, 123  
 Corn Exchange, 276  
 Cornelius of Zurich, 335  
 Coull's Close, 227  
 Covenant Close, 204  
 Covenant, Solemn League and, 265

Covenant, the National, 105, 106, 268, 272  
 Covenanters, 105, 106, 111, 264  
 Cowgate Port, 227  
 Cowgate, the, 38, 60, 74, 262  
 Craigcrook, 329  
 Craig's Close, 198  
 Craig, James, 282  
 Craig, Lord, 302  
 Craigmillar Castle, 41, 56, 81, 260, 390  
 Cramond, 387  
 Crawford, Earl of, 48  
 Creech, William, 128, 176  
 Crichton, Lord Chancellor, 22  
 Crichton Street, 350  
 Cromarty, Earl of, 386  
 Cromwell, 107  
 Crosbie, Andrew (Counsellor Pleydell), 192, 195  
 Cross, the City, 39, 201  
 Cullen, William, 410  
 Culloden, Battle of, 124  
 Cumberland, William, Duke of, 124, 250  
 Cunningham, Principal, 371  
 "Cunzie Nook," 271  
 Cymry, the, 5

## D

DALKEITH, 50, 56, 134, 251, 393  
 Dalkeith Palace, 394  
 Dalmeny Park, 388  
 Dalziel, General Sir Thomas, 110, 231, 272  
 Darien Expedition, 114, 377  
 Darien House, 340  
 Darnley, Henry, Lord, 79, 80, 81, 247, 251, 257  
 David I. (Saint), 10, 11  
 David II., 12  
 Davidson, Prof. A. B., 371  
 Dean Bridge, 315, 316  
 Dean Cemetery, 330  
 Dean of Guild Court, 93  
 De Quincey, Thomas, 279, 309, 317, 348, 382, 395, 414  
 Dick, Sir William, 105, 193  
 Dick Lauder, Sir Thomas, 370  
 Dickson, "Half-Hangit Maggie," 274  
 Dickson, David, 279  
 Dickson's Close, 209  
 Disruption, the, 135, 294

Donalbain, 10, 143  
 Donald, Lord of the Isles, 17  
 Donaldson's Hospital, 327  
 Douglas, Castle of, 44  
 Douglas, Gawain, 54, 400  
 Douglas, Home's, 233  
 Douglas, James, Seventh Earl of,  
     <sup>24</sup>  
 Douglas, James, Ninth Earl of,  
     <sup>30</sup>  
 Douglas, William, Sixth Earl of,  
     <sup>24</sup>  
 Douglas, William, Eighth Earl of,  
     <sup>24</sup>  
 Douglasses, the, 24, 25, 28, 29, 56,  
     57, 62  
 Dowden, the Right Rev. John,  
     D.D. (Bishop of Edinburgh),  
     <sup>324</sup>  
 Drummlog, Battle of, 111  
 Drummond, Annabella, Queen,  
     <sup>16</sup>  
 Drummond, George, 282  
 Drummond Place, 306  
 Drummond, William, of Haw-  
     thornden, 101, 397, 404  
 Duddingston, 259, 391  
 Duff, Dr Alexander, 371  
 Duke's Walk, 261  
 Dumbiedykes, 259, 390  
 Dunbar, Castle of, 44  
 Dunbar, Gavin, Archbishop of  
     Glasgow, 56  
 Dunbar, Prof. George, 412  
 Dunbar, William, 51, 54, 59, 178,  
     335, 400, 403  
 Duncan, Lord, 352  
 Dundas of Arniston, 356  
 Dundas Castle, 389  
 Dundas, Henry, Lord Melville,  
     <sup>220, 295</sup>  
 Dundee, Viscount (Claverhouse),  
     <sup>111, 143</sup>  
 Dunfermline, Lord, 371  
 Dunsappie Hill and Loch, 2, 260

## E

ECGFRITH, 7  
 Edinburgh, opening description  
     of, 1  
     Becomes joint security for  
     David II.'s ransom, 12  
     Capture of, by Prince Charles  
     Edward, 122

## Edinburgh (*continued*)

Clubs, 127, 199  
 Constitution of, 87  
 Court of James IV., 49  
 Domestic, 125  
 Effects of the Union, 119.  
 First Wall of, 27  
 Flodden Wall, 52, 53, 64, 276  
 Foundation of, 3  
 Foundation of Holyrood  
     Abbey, 10  
 Guilds of, 47  
 Merchant Company of, 117  
 North Bridge built, 127, 282  
 One of Royal Burghs, 11  
 Provosts and Lord Provosts,  
     46, 110, 198  
 The high lands in, 125  
 The New Town formed, 127  
 Town Council of, 35, 46  
 Water Supply, 157  
*Edinburgh Review*, 130, 280  
 Edward I., 11  
 Edward IV., 44  
 Edward VI., 65  
 Edwin of Deira, 4  
 Eglinton, Susanna, Countess of,  
     <sup>200, 231, 411</sup>  
 Eldin, Lord (John Clerk), 303  
 Eliot, George, 326.  
 Elizabeth, Queen, 73, 97, 250  
 Episcopacy, 24, 109, 113  
 Errol, Earl of, 48  
 Erskine, Henry, 199, 353  
 Esk, the, 5, 394  
 Eskmouth, Bight of, 3  
 Eton Terrace, 317  
 Exhibition, Edinburgh, 138

## F

FALCONER, WILLIAM, 411  
 Falkirk, Battle of, 124  
 Falkland, Palace of, 57, 62  
 Fergusson, Prof. Adam, 128, 237  
     <sup>352, 410</sup>  
 Fergusson, Robert, 237, 411  
 Ferrier, James, 296  
 Ferrier, Miss Susan, 414  
 Fettes, Sir William, 220, 320, 321  
 Fife, Kingdom of, 3  
 Figgate Burn Sands, 391  
 Findlay, J. R., 301, 315  
 Fisher's Close, 169  
 Fisherrow, 391

# Index

Fleming, A. B., & Co., 386  
 Flodden, Battle of, 52  
 Flodden Wall, 52, 53, 64, 276, 361  
 Forbes, Edward, 330  
 Forbes, Sir William, 298  
 Fordun, 385  
 Forresters' Wynd, 39  
 Forth Bridge, 389  
 Forth, the, 5, 144, 332  
 Fountain Close, 214  
 Fountainbridge, 362  
 Frances II., 65, 74  
 Frederick Street, 293  
 "Friends of the People," 129, 274, 275, 372  
 Froissart, 400

## G

GALLERY, NATIONAL, 289  
 Galloway's Entry, 238  
 Gallowlee, 218, 374  
 Geddes, Jenny, 104  
 Geddie, John, 316, 319  
 General's Entry, 348  
 Geographical Society, Royal  
   Scottish, 301  
 George III., 283  
 George IV., 131, 252  
 George IV. Bridge, 332  
 George Square, 352  
 George Street, 293  
 Giants' Brae, "Fort Somerset," 377  
 Gibson, Captain, 380  
 Gillespie's Hospital, 364  
 Girth, the, 240, 243  
 Gladstone, Sir John, 381  
 Gladstone's Land, 171  
 Gold mining, in Scotland, 213  
 Golfer's Land, 237  
 Goodsir, Prof., 330  
 Goold, Dr. W. H., 334  
 Graham, James, 412  
 Grange, Lady, 208  
 Grange Cemetery, 371  
 Grange House, 370  
 Grange Loan, 366  
 Grant, Sir Alexander, 413  
 Grant, James, 414  
 Granton, 134, 385  
 Grassmarket, 38, 272, 278  
 Greenside, 374  
 Gregory, Dr. James, 410  
 Gregory, Dr. John, 410

Greyfriars, 17, 99, 111, 268, 271, 335, 336  
 Greyfriars' "Bobby," 334, 335  
 Grierson of Lag, 110, 272  
 Guardhouse, the City, 206  
 "Gudeman of Ballangeich," 387, 388  
 Guilds, 47  
 Guthrie, James, 272  
 Guthrie, Dr. Thomas, 136, 166, 333, 371, 390  
 Guthrie Street, 342

## H

HADDINGTON, EARL OF ("Tam o' the Cowgate"), 269  
 Haddington, or Adrington, Castle, 44  
 Hailes, Lord, 171, 230, 411  
 Halidon Hill, Battle of, 19  
 Halkerston's Wynd, 218  
 Hamilton of Bangour, William, 411  
 Hamilton, Captain Thomas, 414  
 "Hamilton, Cocked-Hat," 298  
 Hamilton, Sir William, 279, 305, 309, 326, 414  
 Hamiltons, the, 55  
 Hammermen, Guild of, 269, 270, 271  
 Hanover Street, 293  
 Hart, Andro, 198  
 Hawley, General, 124  
 Hawthornden, 101, 397  
 Haymarket, 327  
 Henryson, Robert, 403  
 Heriot, George, 102, 192, 193  
 Heriot's Hospital, 102, 107, 359  
 Heriot Row, 299, 304  
 Hermitage Castle, 44  
 Hermitage House, 368  
 Hertford, Earl of, 64, 65  
 Henry VIII., 65, 250  
 High School Wynd, 263  
 High Street (anciently Hie Gate), 39, 60, 75, 88  
 Highland and Agricultural Society, 333  
 Huntly, Earls and Marquises of, 44, 48, 236  
 Hogg, James, "Ettrick Shepherd," 412  
 Holyrood, 10, 11, 28, 29, 49, 55, 99, 107, 113, 243

Home, John, 380, 410  
 Homildon Hill, Battle of, 19  
 Hope, Lord President Charles, 312  
 Hopetoun, Earl of, 220  
 Horse Wynd, 266  
 Howe Street, 305  
 Hume, Alexander, 404  
 Hume Castle, 44, 66  
 Hume, David, 166, 170, 230, 294,  
 352, 372, 410  
 Hyndford, Earls of, 268  
 Hyndford's Close, 212

I

INFIRMARY, ROYAL, 137, 343, 357  
 Inchcolm, 385  
 Inchkeith, 66, 385  
 India Buildings, 333  
 Inns, statutes regarding, 19  
 Institution, Royal, 289  
 Institutions—  
   Calton Jail, 373  
   City Poorhouse, Craiglock-  
     hart, 367  
   General Post-Office, 372  
   King James' Hospital, Leith,  
     380  
   Leith Hospital, 381  
   Lunatic Asylum, Morning-  
     side, 367  
   Municipal Buildings and  
     Town Hall, Leith, 377  
   Municipal Buildings, "Royal  
     Exchange," Edinburgh,  
     197, 198  
   New Fever Hospital—Colin-  
     ton Mains, 367  
   Observatories, Old and New,  
     374  
   Register House, 284  
   Royal Infirmary, 137, 343,  
     357  
   Royal Institution, 289  
   Royal Observatory, 369  
 Inveresk, 392  
 Ireland, John, 43

J

JACK'S LAND, 230  
 James I., 17, 20, 402  
 James II., 22, 402  
 James III., 33, 42, 245, 390, 401

James IV., 33, 49, 245, 366, 394,  
 401  
 James V., 56, 245, 257, 403  
 James VI., 83, 192, 223, 257, 403  
 James VII. and II., 113  
 James's Court, 170  
 Jamesone, George, 102  
 Jeffrey, Lord, 133, 300, 312, 329  
 Jock's Lodge, 374  
 Jonson, Ben, 101, 397  
 Joppa, 391  
 Justiciary Court, 88

K

KAMES, LORD, 171, 411  
 Kelland, Prof. Philip, 414  
 Kennedy, Bishop, 25, 33  
 Kennedy, Walter, 54, 403  
 King's Drive, 259  
 King's Park, 259  
 King's Stables, 39, 75, 276  
 King's Wark, Leith, 378  
 Kirkcaldy of Grange, 83, 84, 85,  
 370  
 Kirkgate, the, Leith, 378  
 Knox, John, 69, 77, 85, 161, 178,  
 220, 249, 271

L

LADY FIFE'S BRAE, "Fort Pel-  
 ham," 377  
 Lady Lawson's Street, 361  
 Laing, David, 343, 414  
 Lammermoors, 3  
 Lang, Andrew, 4  
 Lang Dykes (or Lang Gait), 281  
 Lasswade, 395  
 Laud, Archbishop, 99, 103  
 Lauder, 44  
 Lauderdale, Duke of, 109, 111,  
 112, 272  
 Lauriston Gardens, 361  
 Lauriston Tower, 329  
 Law, William, of Lauriston, 329  
 Law, Prof. William, 409  
 Lawnmarket, the, 39, 162  
 Laws, Sumptuary, 20, 106  
   Defensive, 30, 31  
   Export and Import, 68  
 Lee, Principal John, 413  
 Leishman's School, 348  
 Leith, 3, 47, 73, 105

# Index

Leith, Harbour and Docks, 383  
 Leith Links, 377  
 Leith Races, 382  
 Leith Walk, 374  
 Leith Wynd, 34, 61, 223  
 Lennox, Earl of, 44, 84  
 Leonard, John, 43  
 Leprosy, 90  
 Lesley, General, 105  
 Leslie, Prof. Sir John, 412  
 Leven, the, 5  
 Leydon, John, 412  
 Leyrva, John, 335, 401  
 Liberton's Wynd, 39, 174  
 Library, 333  
 Lincoln, President, 372  
 Lindsay, Rev. David, "Bishop of Ross," 380  
 Lister, Lord, 414  
 Livingstone, Sir Alexander (Regent), 22  
 Loch Leven Castle, 82  
 Lockhart, John Gibson, 305, 412  
 Lockhart, Lord President, 170  
 Logan, Rev. John, 380  
 Lothian, Marquis of, 394  
 Lothian Road, 279, 280  
 Lothian Street, 348  
 Lounger, the, 177  
 Luckenbooths, the, 178  
 Lyndsay, Sir David, 1, 56, 404

## M

M'CRIC, DR. THOMAS, 413  
 M'Ewan Hall, 349  
 Mackenzie, Henry, 304, 411  
 MacLaurin, Prof. Colin, 410  
 Macle hose, Mrs. (Clarinda), 302, 348  
 Macmorran, Bailie, 93, 167, 168  
 M'Vicar, Charles, 279  
 Madalene, Queen, 58, 257  
 Magdalen Chapel, 269, 270  
 Maitland of Lethington, 83, 86  
 Maitland Street, 322  
 Malcolm II., 7  
 Malcolm III. (Ceanmohr), 8  
 Manor Place, 323  
 Mar, John, Earl of, 40  
 Mar, the Regent, 85  
 Margaret of Denmark, Queen, 37  
 Margaret of England, 50  
 Margaret, Saint, 8  
 Maris Stolla, Church of, 378

Markets and Market-places, 38, 39, 61, 62  
 Marlin's Wynd, 206  
 Martello Tower, Leith, 382  
 Martin, Sir Theodore, 414  
 Martyrs' Church, 334  
 Mary of Gueldres, Queen, 26, 33, 247, 257  
 Mary of Guise, Queen, 67, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 270, 376, 379  
 Mary King's Close, 197  
 Mary Queen of Scots, 65, 70, 74, 88, 249, 390, 405  
 Masson, Prof. David, 397, 414  
 Meadows, the, and Meadow Walk, 356, 357  
 Medical School, the, 118, 138  
 Melvil, Andrew, 94  
 Melville Street, 324  
 Merchant Company of Edinburgh, 117  
 Merchiston Castle, 364  
 Merchiston Place, 364  
 Middleton, Earl of, 109  
 Midlothian, 4  
 Millbank, 366  
 Mill Lane, Leith, 381  
 Mint Close, 212  
 Mirror, the, 177  
 Mississippi Scheme, 329  
 Moir, D. M., "Delta," 392, 412  
 Monboddo, Lord, 171, 352, 411  
 Moncrieff, Rev. Sir Henry, 279, 299  
 Monk, General, 348, 376  
 Monro, Alexander, "Primus," 410  
 Monro, Alexander, "Secundus," 410  
 Monro, Alexander, "Tertius," 412  
 Montalembert, André de, Comte d'Esse, 66  
 Montgomerie, Alexander, 401  
 Montrose, Marquis of, 106, 109  
 Monuments and Statues—  
   Adam Black, 288  
   Albert Memorial, 292  
   Allan Ramsay, 291  
   Burns Monument, 374  
   Chalmers, Dr., 293  
   Dean Ramsay, 291  
   Duke of Buccleuch, 175  
   George IV., 293  
   Livingstone, 287  
   Martyrs' Monument, 339

Monuments and Statues (*continued*)

National, 373  
 Nelson's, 373  
 Playfair, Prof. John, 374  
 Prof. John Wilson, 288  
 Scott, 133, 136, 287  
 Sir J. Y. Simpson, 291  
 Stewart, Dugald, 374  
 William Pitt, 293  
 Moorfoots, 3  
 Moray, Earl of, 79, 83, 191  
 Moray House, 235  
 Moray Place, 311  
 Morningside, 367  
 Morocco Close and Land, 228, 229, 230  
 Morrison, Dr. Hew, 334  
 Morton, Earl of, 50, 79, 86  
 Moryson, Fynes, 94, 243  
 Moultrie's Hill, 281  
 Mound, the, 289  
 Muir, James, 372  
 Muir, Principal Sir William, 413  
 Municipal Chambers, 198  
 Murchison, Sir Roderick, 4  
 Murray, Lord, 330  
 Murrayfield, 329  
 Museum, Royal Scottish, 137, 341  
 Music Class Room (Reid), 350  
 Music Hall, 294  
 Musselburgh, 391  
 Mylne, Robert, 162, 245  
 Mylne Square, 201  
 Mylne's Court, 162  
 Mystery and Morality Plays, 51

N

NAIRN, DUNCAN, 406  
 Napier, Macvey, 280  
 Nasmyth, Alexander, 302  
 National Portrait Gallery, 138  
 Nectansmere, 7  
 Nelson, Thomas, 371  
 Netherbow Port, 38, 218  
 Neville's Cross, Battle of, 12  
 Newbattle, 394  
 New College, the (Free Church), 137, 162  
 Newhaven, 384  
 New School of Medicine (Bristo), 347  
 New Street, 230

Newton, Lord (Charles Hay), 302  
 Niddry Street, 207  
 Niddry's Wynd, 39  
 Nisbet of Dirleton, 241  
 Nith, the, 5  
 "Noctes Ambrosianæ," 286  
 Non-Intrusionists, 133, 135, 136, 318  
 Nor' Loch, the, 27, 60, 171, 282  
 Norrie, J. (Decorator), 169  
 North Bridge, 127, 139, 282  
 Northumbria, 5, 7

O

OLD ASSEMBLY CLOSE, 203  
 Old Bank Close, 169  
 Old Calton Cemetery, 372  
 Old Fishmarket Close, 203  
 Old Granton House, 386  
 Old Stamp Office Close, 200  
 Osborne, Alexander, 303

P

PALACE OF MARY OF GUISE, 159, 160  
 Parliament, the (Scots Estates), 68, 113  
 Parliament Close or Square, 178, 192  
 Parliament Hall, 181  
 Paterson, William, 114  
 Paton, Sir Noel, 355  
 Patton, George, Lord Justice-Clerk, 299  
 "Paul's Work," 224  
 Peebles' Wynd, 39  
 Peffermill House, 390  
 Pentlands, 3, 367  
 Perth, Earl of, 113, 122  
 Picardy Place, 302, 303  
 Picts, 3, 4  
 Piershill Cavalry Barracks, 374  
 Pilkington, W. H., 364  
 Pillans, Prof. J., 304, 412  
 Pinkie, Battle of, 65, 392  
 Pitcairn, Dr. Archibald, 409  
 Pitscottie, 33  
 Playfair, John, 412  
 Playfair, W. H., 347  
 Playhouse Closes, New and Old 233

# Index

Pleasance, 54, 243, 262  
 Pollock, Robert, 412  
 Polton, 396  
 Porteous Mob, the, 119, 120, 121,  
 274  
 Portobello, 391  
 Portrait Gallery, National, 301  
 Ports or Gates, 77  
 Post Office, 103, 137  
 Potterrow, 54, 348  
 Presbyterianism, 94, 109, 113, 114  
 Prestonpans, Battle of, 123  
 Prince-Consort, 134  
 Princes Street, 281, 284  
 Princes Street Gardens, East, 287  
 Princes Street Gardens, West, 291

## Q

QUEEN STREET, 298  
 Queensberry, Duke of, 115, 177  
 Queensberry House, 241  
 Queensferry, 8  
 Queensferry Road, 315  
 Queensferry, South, 388, 389

## R

RADICAL ROAD, 261  
 Raeburn Place, 316  
 Raeburn, Sir Henry, 279, 316  
 Railways, 134, 136  
 Ramsay, Allan, 155, 176, 219, 409  
 Ramsay, Dean, 279, 314  
 Ramsay Lodge, 155  
 Randolph, Thomas, Earl of  
 Moray, 12  
 Randolph Crescent, 314  
 Ravelston, 329  
 Rebellions, the, 119, 121  
 Reform, Burgh, 133  
 Reform, Parliamentary, 132  
 Reformation, the Scots, 70  
 Regalia, the, 130  
 Regent Terrace, 374  
 Regents, or "Professors," 406  
 Register House, 284, 285  
 Reid, Thomas, 412  
 Reid's Close, 241  
 Renaissance, the, 34, 43  
 Renwick, James, 272  
 Restalrig, 374  
 "Resurrectionists," 132  
 Riddle's Court, 168

Rizzio, 80, 251, 258  
 Robert III., 14, 15  
 Robertson, Lord, 307  
 Robertson, Principal, 265, 370,  
 411  
 Rollock, Robert, 405  
 Roman Eagle Hall, 169  
 Rood, the Black, 9  
 Rose Court (George Street), 283  
 Rosebery, Earl of, 388  
 Roseburn, 328  
 Roses, Wars of the, 33  
 Roslin, 398  
 Roslin Castle, 398  
 Roslin Chapel, 399  
 Rothes, Duke of, 109, 272  
 Rothes, Earl of, 48  
 Rothesay, Duke of, 16  
 Roxburgh Close, 195  
 Royal Exchange, 197  
 Royal Terrace, 374  
 Royston, Lord, 169, 386  
 Rullion Green, Battle of, 110  
 Runciman (Artist), 169  
 Russel, Alex. (*Scotsman*), 330  
 Rutherford, Lord, 330

## S

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, 294  
 St. Andrew's Square, 294  
 St. Andrew's Street, 294  
 St. Anthony's Street, 380  
 St. Anthony, Hermitage of, 26  
 St. Bernard's Well, 318  
 St. Clair, William de, 212, 399  
 St. Cuthbert's, or the West Kirk,  
 278  
 St. David's Street, 294  
 St. George's Church, 292  
 St. George's Church, Free, 322  
 St. Giles', 36, 55, 78, 103, 185  
 St. John's Church, U.F., 333  
 St. John's Episcopal Church, 279,  
 292  
 St. John's Parish Church, 333  
 St. John's Street, 234  
 St. Leonard's, 75  
 St. Margaret's Convent, 365  
 St. Margaret's Hope, 389  
 St. Margaret's Loch and Well, 261  
 St. Mary's Cathedral, 323  
 St. Mary's Wynd, 39, 61, 223, 226  
 St. Ninian's Church, Leith, 384  
 St. Roque, 366

## Schools, etc.—

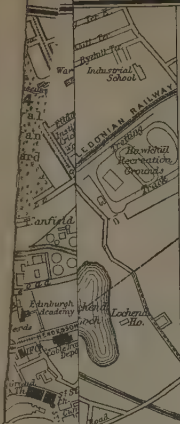
Daniel Stewart's College, 331  
 Edinburgh Academy, 131, 318  
 Edinburgh Institution, 301  
 Fettes College, 321  
 George Watson's College, 361  
 Heriot-Watt College, 341  
 High School, Leith, 377  
 Merchant Company's Schools,  
     352  
 Merchiston Castle School, 365  
 Minto House Medical and  
     Surgical School, 342  
 Normal School, Church of  
     Scotland, 342  
 Normal School, U.F. Church,  
     236  
 Ragged or Industrial, 136, 158  
 Royal High School, 374, 401  
 . Watson's Institution, 331  
*Scotichronicon*, Fordun's, 385  
 Scotland, Church of (Offices of),  
     301  
*Scotsman, The*, 130  
 Scott, Alexander, 404  
 Scott, Allan, 330  
 Scott, Sir Gilbert, 323  
 Scott, Sir Walter, 128, 129, 130,  
     132, 133, 260, 261, 266, 296, 342,  
     389, 395, 400, 411, 413  
 Scott, Walter (W.S.), 353  
 Scrimgeour, Alexander, 406  
 Seafeld, Earl of, 116  
 Sellar, Prof. W. Y., 413  
 Sempill, the Barons, 158  
 Session, Court of, 59, 180, 184  
 Settlement, Act of, 285  
 Shakespeare Square, 372  
 Shandwick Place, 322  
 Sharp, Archbishop, 109, 272  
 Sharpe, C. K., 306  
 Sheriff Court Buildings, 333  
 Shoemakers' Land, 231  
 Shore, the, Leith, 375  
 Signal Tower, Leith, 382  
 Signet Library, 174  
 Simpson Memorial Hospital, 361  
 Simpson, Prof. A. R., 300  
 Simpson, Sir J. Y., 300, 414  
 Skelton, Sir John, 368, 414  
 Skene, W. F., 414  
 Smeaton, Prof. George, 161  
 Smellie, William, 199  
 Smith, Adam, 237, 352, 411  
 Smith, Alexander, 414  
 Smith, Sydney, 301

Smollett, Tobias, 177  
 Solway Moss, Rout of, 62  
 South Bridge, 342  
 South Gray's Close, 212  
 Spalding, Prof. William, 414  
 Steell, Sir John, 285  
 Stage Coaches, 98  
 Stair, Lady, 172, 173  
 Stanfield, Sir James, 216, 217  
 Stevenson, Prof. John, 410  
 Stevenson, R. Louis, 305, 368, 414  
 Stewart, Dugald, 238, 312  
 Stewart, Lord Provost, 124  
 Stewart, Prof. Sir T. Grainger,  
     330  
 Stirling, Earl of (William Alex-  
     ander), 404  
 Strathclyd, 4  
 Strichen's Close, 209  
 Strozzi, Marchal, 376  
 Stuart, Sir John, 298, 340  
 Surgeons' Hall, 347  
 Surrey, Earl of, 52  
 Sutherland, Earl of, 48  
 Swanston, 368  
 Sylvius, Æneas, 20, 400  
 Sym, Robert ("Timothy Tick-  
     ler"), 353  
 Syme, Prof. J., 330, 366, 414

## T

TAILORS' HALL, 266  
 Tait, M. S., 306  
 Tanfield, 318  
 Tantallon Castle, 44  
 Taverns and Hotels—  
     Ambrose's, 286  
     Clerihugh's, 178, 196  
     Douglas Hotel, 295  
     Fortune's, 178, 201  
     Isle of Man Arms, 199  
     Jenny Ha's Changehouse, 238  
     Johnnie Dowie's, 174  
     John's Coffee House, 193  
     New Ship Inn, 381  
     North British Railway Sta-  
     tion, 285  
     Old Hawes Inn, 389  
     Old Ship Hotel, 381  
     Somers's, 178  
     White Hart Inn, 275  
     Whitehorse Inn (St. Mary's  
     Wynd), 226  
 Tea, 112





## REFERENCE TO PLACES OF INTEREST

- 1 THE CASTLE
- 2 NEW COLLEGE AND ASSEMBLY HALL.
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- 25 ST JOHN'S CHURCH.
- 26 ST CUTHBERT'S CHURCH AND GRAVEYARD.
- 27 CHARLOTTE SQUARE AND ST GEORGE'S ESTABLISHED CHURCH



# Index

Templar Lands, 165  
 Terrot, Bishop, 305  
 Teviot, the, 5  
 Thomson, Andrew, D.D., 292, 325  
 Thomson, the Rev. John, 260  
 "Timothy Tickler" (R. Sym), 353  
 Tinto, 3  
 Tolbooth, the Canongate, 232  
 Tolbooth, the, 39, 55, 78, 175  
 Tolbooth, the, Leith, 381  
 Tolbooth Wynd, Leith, 381  
 Tollcross, 363  
 Torphichen, William, 43  
 Trinity, 385  
 Trinity College, Church of, 34,  
   35, 219, 226, 257  
 Trinity Fund, 36  
 Trinity House, Leith, 378  
 Tron, the, 39  
 Tron Church, the, 106, 207  
 Tulzies, 55, 212  
 Turgot, 9  
 Turner, Principal Sir William, 408  
 Twa Brigs, 387  
 Tweed, the, 5  
 Tweeddale Court, 214  
 Tytler, P. Fraser, 326, 410

## U

UNION, THE, 116  
 Union of Presbyterian Churches,  
   318  
 United Free Church of Scotland,  
   Union of, 139  
 University, the, 87, 101, 128, 138,  
   344, 405, 406, 407, 408  
 University Medical School, 349  
 University, Principals of, 408

## V

VEITCH, PROF. JOHN, 326  
 Vennel, the, 276

Victoria, Queen, 134, 137  
 Victoria Street, 333

## W

WARDIE, 385  
 Warrender House, 365  
 Warrender, Sir George, 363  
 Warriston Cemetery, 318  
 Warriston House, 319  
 Warriston's Close, 195  
 Water of Leith, 315  
 Water of Leith Village, 315  
 Water Street, Leith, 378  
 Waverley Bridge, 287  
 Waverley Hotel, 285  
*Waverley Novels*, 129, 130  
 Waverley Station, 286  
 Weigh-house, the, 39, 165  
 Weir, Major, 111, 164  
 Wellington, Duke of, 285  
 Wells o' Wearie, 260  
 West Bow, the, 165, 272, 333  
 West Port, 276  
 Whitefoorde House, 238  
 White Horse Close, 239  
 Whitehouse Loan, 366  
 Whyte, Rev. Alex., D.D., 322  
 William III. (of Orange), 113  
 William, Roger, 43  
 Williamson, David, 279  
 Wilson, Dr. J. H., 364  
 Wilson John ("Christopher  
   North"), 300, 310, 330  
 Wilson, Prof. George, 372  
 Witchcraft, 90, 91, 92, 93  
 Wood's Farm, 281  
 World's End Close, 216  
 Writers' Court, 196

## Y

YORK PLACE, 302  
 Young, John, 283

THE END





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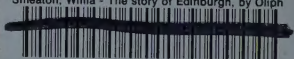
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